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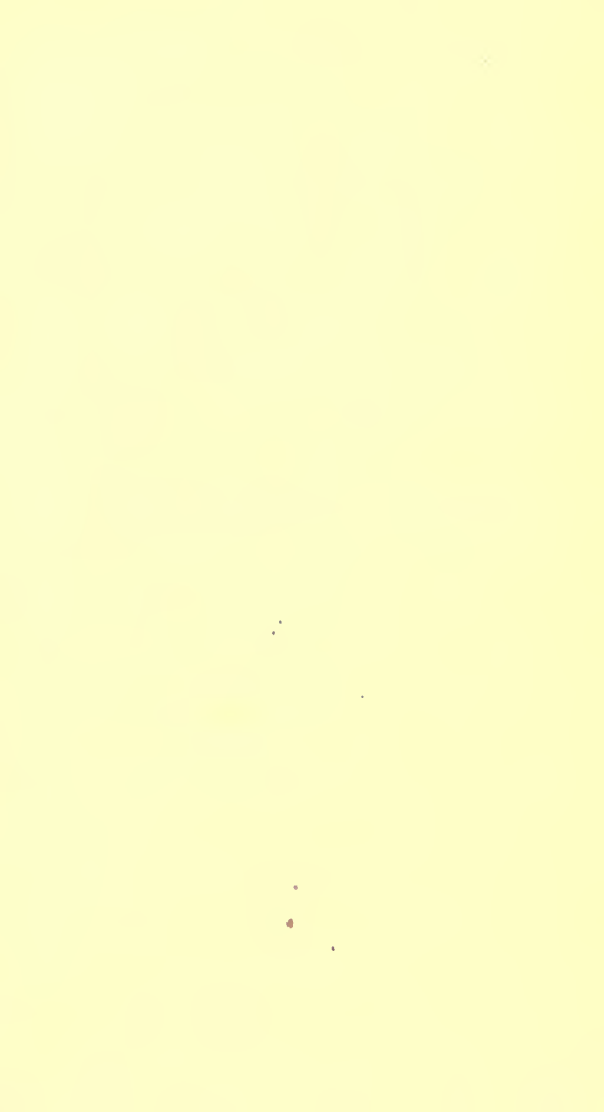
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BIOGRAPHY
OF
PIOUS PERSONS.



BIOGRAPHY
OF
PIOUS PERSONS;

ABRIDGED FOR YOUTH.

“Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the
guide of my youth?”—*Jeremiah.*

Springfield :
MERRIAM, LITTLE AND CO.
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1832.

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PREFACE.



THE individuals whose biographies are here selected and condensed, resided in different parts of Europe and America, and occupied a space of time nearly equal to three centuries. They were of both sexes, and of every date, from the bloom of childhood, to the decrepitude of age. They exhibited varieties of intellect, attainment, profession, and doctrinal belief. Some were scarcely known beyond the narrow sphere of domestic duty,—others became illustrious throughout distant climes, as poets, philosophers, physicians, civilians or divines. They were also diversified by every grade of rank and station, from the obscurity of the humble householder, to the pomp of nobility, and the splendor of a throne.

Yet amidst all this contrast of structure and circumstance, a pervading principle of uniformity may be discovered. One possession was common to all, whether in poverty or wealth. They were sustained under adversity, and guarded in prosperity, by the same

invisible Hand. From one source, both the favorite of genius, and the child of ignorance, derived knowledge ; that knowledge of man's infirmity, and of God's mercy, which "maketh wise unto salvation." However differently they might seem arrayed to the eye of the world, it was the armor of true piety which shielded them in misfortune, and gave them victory over temptation. It was the steadfast faith of the Christian, which took from the ills of life their power to hurt the soul ;—it was the "hope full of glory," that gave a smile to death, either amid the terrors of a scaffold,—or the protracted agonies of disease.

To those who may contemplate these examples, the question is submitted, whether that religion is not worthy of persevering search, of ardent prayer,—which can render the illusions of prosperity harmless, and the pains of sorrow salutary,—make life's pilgrimage a scene of virtue, and beautify death as an angel of repose,—exchange the coveted and perishing goods of time for an eternal heritage in the heavens ? And to the young, —to whose perusal these pages are particularly and affectionately dedicated,—do they not offer additional inducements to "remember their Creator," ere the period of that promise shall expire, "those that seek me *early* shall find me ?"

Hartford, Conn., January, 1832.

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BIOGRAPHY, &c.

CATHARINE PARR,

LAST QUEEN OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH, OF
ENGLAND.

HER birth was in the year 1509, the beginning of the reign of the monarch who was afterwards her husband. Her father, Sir Thomas Parr, gave her a learned education, and her progress was fully answerable to her uncommon advantages. But with all her endowments, she seemed less solicitous to shine than to serve her fellow-creatures, and to please her God; and in every stage of life consecrated her talents and accomplishments to the best and wisest purposes. Very early in life she was married to John Neville, Lord Latimer, and after his decease the beauties of her person, and charms of her mind, so captivated the changeable king Henry the Eighth, that he induced her to become his wife, on the 12th of July, 1543.

She was now in a situation to do extensive good, and industriously availed herself of every opportunity, either to relieve the distressed, espouse the

cause of the injured, or soften the asperities of her irritable consort. Piety preserved her pure from the vanities of a court, and in prayer her affections continually ascended upward. From infancy her mind had received deep religious impressions, and her matured reason rejected the errors of a Popish education, and embraced the Protestant faith. This creed exposed her to many persecutions from her enemies, and more than once her life was endangered by their influence over the mind of her husband.

Bishop Gardiner, a fiery Popish zealot, with much art persuaded the king to sign a warrant for her commitment to the Tower, but this instrument, being accidentally dropped, was conveyed to Catharine, who was so deeply affected with such base ingratitude, and the hard condition of female royalty, that she was thrown into a severe fit of sickness. Henry visited her in her sufferings, and the wavering flame of his affection was rekindled. Soon after he was himself ill, and during her careful attendance upon him, he endeavored to draw from her an avowal of what he suspected were her articles of belief; but she knowing his bigoted attachment to Popery, and that an acknowledgment of her principles would inflame him to madness, and perhaps overwhelm many with herself, expressed her opinions with such prudence, caution, and delicacy, as soothed his temper, though without removing his suspicions, and drew from him the strongest assurances of reconciliation and love.

But the fury of the conspirators did not abate, and when the time specified in the warrant for her imprisonment had arrived, they again renewed their

efforts, thirsting for innocent blood. She had gone to walk in the garden with some ladies who shared her intimacy, and who being suspected of agreeing with her in the Protestant faith, were secretly appointed to share her imprisonment. The King joined them in their walk : the conversation became sprightly and interesting, and he began to realize what his heart was always susceptible of—the force of female attraction. Suddenly forty of the guards appeared, led on by the Lord High Chancellor, when Henry, giving him a stern look, in the most passionate and contemptuous expressions bade him to depart instantly from his presence.

The Queen, observing him to be much embarrassed, said with great sweetness and in a supplicating tone of voice, “I pray your Majesty, if the fault of the Chancellor be not too heinous, that you would pardon him for my sake.” Henry, abashed at her goodness, and the remembrance of his fault, stood silent, while she repeatedly entreated, “for my sake—for my sake.”—At length he hinted to her that his design was to have imprisoned, and perhaps executed her ; but when he saw her still persist in benevolent entreaties for his pardon, he was so powerfully struck with her forgiving piety, that his mind, usually wavering and inconstant, never forgot the impression, or would admit any accusation against the Queen.

Thus miraculously did divine Providence defeat the malice and snares of her enemies ; and this imminent danger was rendered salutary to her soul, by exciting it to new fervency in prayer, and quickening its preparation for eternity. Such was the visible answer of God to her petitions, and to such

a degree were the affections of the monarch rivetted upon her, that after the failure of Gardiner's cruel plan, her enemies, though they wished it, never dared to make a similar attempt. She still continued to search the Scriptures, and to converse with her chaplains on the doctrines of the Reformation, and had a sermon preached in her chamber every day. She procured an able translation of Erasmus' Paraphrase of the New Testament into English, for the instruction of the common people, and the cost of this expensive work she defrayed entirely from her own resources. During the time of her continuance as queen, notwithstanding her many and peculiar avocations, she wrote much on religious subjects. Some of these papers were published during her life, and others after her death.

Her first printed composition, was one in which she acknowledged the religious errors of the early part of her life, when she relied on external performances, ignorant of that internal power of religion, which had afterwards been granted to her humble and persevering prayers. All her manuscripts exhibit a true spirit of devotion, and a deep sense of dependance upon God, and prove how much of her time and thoughts, amid the pomps and ceremonies of her station, were devoted to the concerns of her soul, and the dissemination of piety and virtue among her people.

She considered useful learning, as favorable to the interests of religion, and used constant endeavors to extend and promote it. So much was she considered the patroness of literature, and such was her supposed influence over the king, that when the

University of Cambridge was alarmed at the passing of an act which declared all the Colleges at his Majesty's disposal, the principal heads and dignitaries addressed a letter to her, entreating her to intercede that their privileges might not be abridged.

In her reply, after signifying that his Majesty had granted her intercessions in their behalf—she adds—"I doubt not, your daily invocations will be offered up to Him who alone disposeth of every creature, for the preservation and prosperity of your royal benefactor." After commending the flourishing state of literature at Cambridge, she exhorts them "not so to hunger for the exquisite knowledge of profane learning," as to neglect the simplicity of the doctrines of Christ. She concludes this excellent letter—"I am taught to say by St. Paul—'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ;' to the sincere setting forth of which, I trust you will conform your various gifts and studies, that Cambridge may be accounted an University, not only of moral and natural, but of *divine* Philosophy."

Next to the duties of devotion, and the study of the scriptures, it was the care of this excellent woman to perform her duty to the king. Perhaps no one but herself could so well have executed that arduous task. The ill health that was his constant portion during her continuance with him, added fierceness to his harsh and intractable disposition, and though his principal favorites suffered severely from his caprice and passion, the amiable qualities of his consort, her gentleness, tenderness, and charms of conversation, alleviated his pains, and fixed his mutable affections. His death took place, three years and a half after she became his wife, and she

was again married to Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral of England. The harshness and ambition of her second husband, and the unexampled pride of some of his family, embittered her days, and hastened their decline. In the month of September, 1548, she passed where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

To this little sketch of her character I add part of one of her prayers, which these narrow limits compel me reluctantly to abridge;—

“Most benign Lord Jesus! Grant me thy grace always to work in me, and persevere with me unto the end. Let me have no desire to will, or not to will, but as thou wilt: for thou Lord knowest what is most profitable and expedient for me. Give me therefore *what thou wilt*:—*as much* as thou wilt;—and *when* thou wilt. I pray thee, grant me thy grace, that I may never set my heart on the things of this world, but that all carnal and worldly affections may utterly die, and be mortified in me. For thou, Lord, art the very true peace of my heart, and perfect rest of my soul, and without thee all things are grievous and unquiet.

I beseech thee, be with me in every place, and at all times; yet if thou withdraw thy comfort from me at any time, keep me, O Lord, from desperation, and make me patiently to bear thy will. If thou wilt that I be in light, be thou blessed:—if thou wilt that I lie in trouble, and without comfort, be thou likewise blessed. Keep me, Lord, from sin, and then I shall dread neither death or hell. Oh! what thanks shall I give unto thee, who hast suffered the grievous death of the cross, to deliver me from my sins, and to obtain everlasting life for me? Thou

gavest us the most perfect example of patience, fulfilling and obeying the will of thy Father even unto death. Make me, wretched sinner, obediently to order myself after thy will in all things, and patiently to bear the burden of this corrupt life. For though it be tedious, and as an heavy burden to my soul, yet nevertheless through thy grace and example, it is made much more easy and comfortable. Thy holy life is our way to thee, and by following that, we walk to Thee our head and Saviour.

Except thou hadst gone before, and showed us the way to everlasting life, who would endeavor of himself to follow thee, seeing we are yet so slow and dull, having the light of thy blessed example and holy doctrine to lead and direct us? O Lord Jesus, make that possible by grace, which is to me impossible by nature. Thou knowest well that I can suffer little, that I am soon cast down and overthrown with a little adversity: wherefore I beseech thee, O Lord, to strengthen me with thy Spirit, that I may willingly suffer for thy sake all manner of troubles and afflictions."

JANE, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

SHE was the daughter of Henry Second, King of Navarre, and Margaret of Orleans, 1528. sister of the celebrated Francis First, of France. She was married to Anthony, of Bourbon, son of the Duke of Vendome, and the mother of Henry the Great, fourth king of France and Navarre. Early initiated by her parents in the truths of the Protestant religion, she became a firm adherent to them, in times of distressing bigotry and persecution. The leading French papists, finding her firm against their insinuations, endeavored to detach her husband from the Protestant interest, and so far was he duped by their artifices, as to solicit his queen to return with him to the bosom of the Romish Church, and on her refusal, withdrew from her his affections and his confidence. She therefore retired to Podiani, in the country of Berne, where she kept her diminished court, and enjoyed the consolations of her religion.

Soon after, she became a widow, for the King of Navarre was mortally wounded in the shoulder, at the siege of Orleans. The Catholic faction immediately attempted to seize the queen with her son and daughter, and bring them before the Spanish

Inquisition. But this cruel design was frustrated by a signal interposition of that Almighty Being, who preserves those whose trust is in his merey, and whose prayers continually ascend before his throne. Persecutions of the Protestants now commenced with the greatest fury, and fountains of innocent blood were seen to flow.

In the third civil war, the queen of Navarre finding every pacific proposal rejected, advanced with considerable force to Rochelle. After the first unfortunate battle, where the prince of Condé was slain, she gathered the scattered remains of the Protestant army, and animated a great assembly of nobles and soldiers, by the spirit of her eloquence. She applauded the piety and constancy of the fallen hero, and called upon all who heard her to imitate his example, and to persevere in supporting the cause of Christ, and the liberties of their country. "For the good cause, said she, is not dead with the Prince of Condé, neither ought worthy men in such losses to yield to despondency. God having so provided for his cause, that he gave Condé a companion while he lived, who may succeed him now he is no more. I have brought with me, my only son Henry, who being the heir of Condé's name is heir also of his virtues."

After striving to inspirit her nobles, and giving the young prince much private counsel and admonition, she returned to Rochelle to raise new reinforcements. But misfortune still attended her arms; the countries of Berne and Foix were reduced, and the Papists laid furious siege to Navarre, the only place of strength that remained. It was then found that the humble prayers of the saints, "were

mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds, and to the casting down of every high thing that exalteth itself." A victory, unexpected, and almost miraculous, was given to the persecuted saints, and the enemy retreated with disgrace, resigning the conquered territory, and offering conditions of peace. To confirm the treaty still more effectually, they proposed a marriage between the young Prince Henry, and the sister of the king of France. The Queen of Navarre objected, on account of their different religious belief,—but her remonstrances were overruled by the argument, that it would establish peace on a more permanent basis, and stop the effusion of blood.

She improved the little interval of quiet which attended this negotiation, in disseminating the principles of the reformed religion among her subjects. She sent a number of pastors into the neglected province of Cantabria, and translated into their dialect, the New Testament, Catechism, and prayers used in the church at Geneva. While she was employing herself in these pious designs, the French King sent dispatches to her, insisting that the proposed nuptials should be celebrated at Paris. To this she assented reluctantly, and in the spring of 1572, left her hereditary dominions with her children and retinue. She was observed to depart with regret ;—but she went "as a bird to the snare of the fowler,—not knowing that it was for her life."

The festivity attending the marriage of her son, was chosen by the inhuman Papists, as the signal of the massacre of the unsuspecting Protestants, and so secretly was this abominable plot laid, and so

unprovided were they for defence, that on the 24th of August, 30,000 of them were butchered without regard to age or sex. The French queen dowager; one of the principal instigators, fearing that Jane might escape the massacre, and dreading the effects of the greatness of her spirit should she survive, resolved to make sure this victim. Two months previous to the intended massacre, while all wore the appearance of satisfaction and joy, she engaged an Italian wretch, of the name of Rene, to sell to the innocent Queen of Navarre, some perfume, mingled with the most subtle, and powerful poison. She was immediately thrown into a lingering and excruciating fever, which she perceived must terminate in death. With dignified composure, with profound solemnity, she prepared her soul for the approaching event. Calling her son Henry to her couch, she gave him much excellent advice, and among other things said,—“I enjoin you above all, carefully to serve God in the religion in which you have been educated, and not to suffer your soul to be diverted by the empty pleasures and delights of this world. Inviolably preserve the constitutions which have been given respecting it, in the principalities of Berne, and the lower Navarre. Purge your family of all irreligious counsellors, vicious persons, and flatterers, the abusers of princes. Take a tender care of your sister Catharine, and give her an education in the same school of piety where you have received your own.”

After appointing him her heir, and entreating the King of France to be the protector of her orphan children, and allow them the free exercise of their religion, she requested that she might have

suitable persons around her, to pray with her, and administer consolation to her departing soul. "I take all this," said she, "as sent from the hands of my most merciful Father. Nor have I during this extremity been afraid to die; much less have I murmured against this chastisement, knowing that whatsoever God does shall in the end turn to my everlasting good. As for this life, I am in a good measure weaned from it, by the afflictions which have followed me from my youth to the present hour; but especially because I cannot live without offending my God, with whom I desire to be with all my heart."

Her minister requested her to pray, that if it were the will of God she might be longer employed in his service upon earth. She replied, "For myself this sinful life is not dear, but I have a concern for the children whom God has given me, and if I were now to die they would be left alone in their early years. Yet, I doubt not, if he were to see fit to take me from them, he himself will be a Father and Protector for them, as he has ever been to me in my greatest afflictions: and therefore I commit them wholly to his government, and fatherly care. Death is not terrible to me, because it is the way to pass to eternal rest." Then with her hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, she said in the voice of prayer, "my sins which I have committed against the Lord are innumerable, and more than I can recount; yet I hope that God, for Christ's sake, in whom I put my whole trust, will be merciful to me."

The steadiness of her faith imparted a cheerful serenity to her countenance; and her pains, though

very severe, never extorted from her an impatient word, or scarcely a groan. Often amidst edifying discourse, she was heard to utter in prayer, "O my God, in thy due time deliver me from the body of this death, and from the miseries of this present life, that I may no more offend thee, and that I may attain to that felicity which thou in thy word hast promised to bestow upon me." Seeing her ladies weeping round her bed, she said, "I pray you do not weep for me, since God by this sickness calls me to the enjoyment of a better life; and now I am about to enter the desired haven towards which my frail vessel has been so long steering." Just as she was expiring, one of her ministers said, "Are you now willing to go?" "Yes, I assure you," she answered, "much more willing than to linger here below in this world where I see nothing but vanity," and thus sweetly yielded up her breath, June 9th, 1572, in the 44th year of her age. "Queen Jane of Navarre, says Bishop Burnet, reformed not only her court, but her whole principality; and to such a degree that the golden age seemed to have returned under her, or rather Christianity appeared again in its primitive purity and lustre. Her dominions were so narrow, that though she had the rank and dominion of queen, it was like sovereignty in miniature; though the colors were light, it was of the smallest form."

LADY JANE GREY.

LADY JANE GREY, the daughter of Henry, Marquis of Dorset, and Lady Frances Brandon, grand daughter of Henry Seventh, was born 1536. in the year 1536. Her attractions began early to display themselves ; for to beauty of person she united many accomplishments—elegance in the performances of the needle and pen, skill in vocal and instrumental music, gracefulness of deportment, and an inexpressible charm of conversation. Still she aspired to acquisitions of greater solidity, and having obtained such a knowledge of her own language as to speak and write with peculiar accuracy, she acquired the French, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic. These she studied so thoroughly as to render them perfectly familiar, and it is asserted on the authority of the most learned men of that period, that she wrote in each with facility. This great mass of knowledge was secured in childhood and early youth ; and so far was she from vanity or self conceit, that she mingled all her attainments with modesty, humility, and piety.

Yet though the sweetness and gentleness of her demeanour attracted universal admiration, it is an unaccountable fact, that she was treated by her pa-

rents with cold and stern severity. This led her to seek for happiness in the retirement of intellectual pursuits; and depressed by the unmerited chidings of her parents, she returned with double pleasure to the lessons of her beloved tutor, Aylmere, whose gentleness was as a cordial to her spirit, crushed by unnatural austerity. Yet her own reflecting mind perceived that this trial had been sanctified to her improvement, and she said cheerfully to a friend, "One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me, was to send me such sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster." This was also one of the first incentives to that fervent and uniform piety, which was so early observable in her; for checked in the natural effusions of a susceptible heart, and chilled with rigors, where her first confidence sought to repose itself, she found Him who comforteth the mourner, and raiseth up the spirits that are cast down.

Childhood, which is so often devoted to vanity, was in her case marked with piety, and while her daily devotions comforted and strengthened her, they gained a visible blessing upon her pursuits, studies and attainments. Her parentage, and situation in life, sometimes required her attendance at court, where her conversation, accomplishments and humility, strongly awakened the admiration and esteem of the young King Edward, who was himself a conspicuous example of virtue, learning and piety. Soon after, her father was created Duke of Suffolk, and the father of her future husband was made Duke of Northumberland. She was married to the young Lord Guilford Dudley, May, 1553, at the age of 16, and the King, who requested that the

nuptials might be celebrated with great pomp, contributed liberally to their expenses from the royal treasury. But the magnificence and splendor of this scene was the last gleam of joy that shone in the palace of King Edward. His decline increased—he withered and decayed like some feeble and beautiful plant, until the 6th of July, 1553, when he expired, beloved and lamented. Religion had long been his guide and his consolation, and in the hours of his last suffering, its interests were peculiarly dear. He knew his sister Mary to be a bigoted Roman Catholic, he feared that the Protestant religion which he had fostered she would crush in its infancy, and trembled with a prophetic spirit, at the persecutions that would rage, and the blood that must flow if she should be seated on his throne.

He was led to meditate on Lady Jane, as his successor, and the strong solicitations of the Duke of Northumberland, so seconded his own choice, that one of the last acts of his life was to authorize a deed of settlement, signed by himself and all the Lords of the Council, in which Lady Jane Grey was declared the rightful heir to the crown and sceptre of England. Of this she knew nothing, until her father, and father-in-law entered Durham Castle, and informed her of her exaltation, and while she struggled with astonishment and terror, they, falling on their knees, paid her homage as queen. As soon as she could express herself audibly she entreated them not to persist in their design, or for a moment indulge a thought of trespassing on the rights of Mary and Elizabeth. “Shall I scruple, said she, at the stealing of a shilling, and not at the usurpation of the crown? Or shall I accept a crown

violently wrested from Catharine of Arragon, and made more unfortunate by the punishment of Ann Boleyn and others that wore it after her? Why will you have me add my blood to theirs, and be the third victim from whom that fatal thing has been wrested, with the head that wore it? Rather if you love me sincerely, and so earnestly as you say, let me remain in a secure and quiet condition, and not force me into such an exalted situation, so exposed to the wind, and so likely to be followed by some dismal fall."

But her arguments were disregarded, and her entreaties silenced by the Duke of Northumberland, who assured her that all was done according to law, and the wishes of the people; by the commands of her father, to which she had ever been accustomed to submit; by the tears and intercessions of her mother, and the ardent entreaties of her husband, whom she loved tenderly, and by whom she was equally beloved. Finding herself unable to resist, with a reluctant and heavy heart she suffered herself to be conveyed to the Tower, where she was immediately proclaimed, and arrayed with the insignia of royalty. But short indeed, was the date of her sovereignty; on the morning of the tenth day commenced the reign of Queen Mary, announced by a proclamation in London. The Duke of Suffolk, entering her apartment with a disturbed air, and a faltering tone, imparted the intelligence, but she received it with a serene and composed countenance, and answered that the message was far less painful than her advancement to royalty; that from obedience to him she had done violence to herself and deeply sinned, and would now gladly make all

possible reparation for the error she had committed.

But immediately after her relinquishment of royalty, her gentle heart was doomed to bleed at the sight of sufferings which she had innocently caused. Mary, incensed and vindictive, threw into close confinement the Dukes of Suffolk, and Northumberland, and brought the latter to the block. The whole family of Northumberland suffered the pains of imprisonment, and thither Lady Jane and her husband after their trial were brought, under sentence of death. This amiable lady has hitherto furnished us with proof of uncommon intellectual excellence and exhibited a sensibility and gentleness, which it is impossible not to admire. She will now display to us her fortitude—greatness of soul—conscientious rectitude—and inspiring piety, which, breaking forth with brighter lustre, shed unfading radiance upon her closing days. Neither repining, grief or dejection, sat upon her countenance; no murmur escaped her lips that she must thus be torn from life and all its enjoyments.

She wrote to her father during her imprisonment, that she was not only reconciled to the approaching event, but thankful for it; that however painful it might appear to him, nothing to her could be more welcome, than from this vale of misery to aspire to a seat with her Saviour, and she prayed that he might be so divinely preserved in the faith of Jesus, that they might meet in heaven at last. She spent her imprisonment in acts of piety and devotion, though much interrupted by the officiousness of the Popish priests, who were continually sent by Queen Mary, to endeavor to convert her to their faith. These found her belief steadfast, and her arguments unan-

swerable, and having heard that one of her former preceptors had changed his faith, through fear of persecution, she addressed to him a most excellent and convincing letter. Towards the conclusion she says—"Come home again like Mary; and with Peter bitterly weep. As, with the lost son you have wandered, be not ashamed with him to return from the riot of strangers, acknowledging that you have sinned against Heaven and Earth: against one by staining the glorious name of God; against the other by becoming a stumbling block to your weak brethren."

To her sister, the night before her death, she wrote a long and valuable letter at the end of a Greek Testament, which she sent her as the last memorial of her friendship and affection. "As to my death, good sister, rejoice as I do, that I shall be delivered from this corruption, and put on incorruption; for I am assured that by losing a mortal I shall gain immortal life, which I pray God to grant you, and send you grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith, from which in God's name, I exhort you never to swerve, either for hope of life, or fear of death."

The day appointed for the execution of the two innocent victims was February 12th, 1554. When the fatal morning arrived, Lord Guilford Dudley earnestly besought the officers for liberty to take a last farewell of his beautiful and beloved consort. This was readily granted, but on being notified to her, she thought it inexpedient, and collecting the whole force of her mind endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. "Such a meeting," she sent him an answer, "would only add to your afflictions,

and disturb the quiet with which we ought to arm our souls for the stroke of death. You demand a lenitive which will inflame the wound ; for I fear my presence will rather weaken than strengthen you.— If your soul is not now firm and composed, I can neither settle it with my eyes, or confirm it with my words. Defer then this interview, until a few moments are past, and then we meet in another world. There indeed, friendships will be happy, and unions indissoluble, and ours doubtless will be eternal, if we carry nothing terrestrial with us to hinder our rejoicing.”

When she saw her husband led out to execution, she involuntarily testified great emotion, but soon overcame it by reflecting how soon she should follow him, and giving him her farewell from the window, composed herself for the approaching solemnity. He suffered on the scaffold with much Christian meekness ; and his streaming body laid upon a car, and his severed head wrapt in a linen cloth, in a few minutes after, passed under her window. She beheld this shocking spectacle with a composed countenance, and immediately wrote in her table book three sentences in Latin, Greek and English. This book she presented to Sir John Bridges, Lieutenant of the Tower, as a grateful acknowledgment of his kindness during her imprisonment. The Greek sentence was, “ If this slain body shall give sentence against me before men, his most blessed soul shall render eternal proof of my innocence in the presence of God.” The Latin, “ The justice of man destroyed his body ; but the mercy of God has preserved his soul.” The English, “ If my fault deserved this punishment, my youth and my

imprudence admit at least of excuse. God and posterity will show me favor."

She proceeded to the scaffold with a serene and sweet countenance, fixing her eyes upon a book of prayers, and paying little attention to the discourses of the Popist priest who followed her. She addressed a short speech to the people who surrounded her, kneeled down and repeated the 51st Psalm in a most devout manner, mildly gave her forgiveness to the executioner, who kneeling entreated it, suffered herself to be disrobed by her women, and laying her head upon the block said, "Lord, into thine hands I commend my spirit." Thus perished this amiable being at the age of seventeen. Among her devotional papers is found a prayer, written in the time of her adversity, with some extracts of which I close this imperfect account of a most interesting and admirable character.

"O Lord, thou God and Father of my life ! hear me, a poor and desolate woman, who fly to thee alone in all troubles and miseries. Thou, O Lord, art the only defender and deliverer of those who put their trust in thee : and therefore I, being defiled with sin, encumbered with afflictions, disquieted with troubles, wrapped in cares, overwhelmed with miseries, and grievously tormented with long imprisonment in this vile body of clay, do come unto thee, merciful Saviour, craving thy mercy and help, without which so little hope of deliverance is left, that I may utterly despair. Although it is expedient that we should be visited with adversity, whereby we may both be tried whether we be of thy flock or not, and also know thee and ourselves better, yet thou who saidst thou wouldst not suffer us to be

tempted above our power, be merciful unto me, a miserable creature.

I beseech thee, that I may neither be too much lifted up with prosperity, or too much pressed down with adversity. O merciful God, consider my misery, best known to thee, and be thou now to me a strong tower of defence, I humbly entreat thee. Suffer me not to be tempted above my power ;—but either deliver me from this great misery, or give me grace to bear patiently thy sharp correction. It was thine hand that delivered the people of Israel from Pharoah, who for 400 years did oppress, and keep them in bondage. Give me grace to tarry until thy pleasure, patiently bearing thy work, and assuredly knowing that as thou canst, so thou wilt deliver me, when it shall please thee ; nothing doubting or mistrusting thy goodness unto me ; for thou knowest better what is good for me than I do ; therefore do with me in all things as thou wilt. Only arm me, I beseech thee, with thine armor, that I may stand fast ; my loins being girt about with verity, having on the breast plate of righteousness, and the shoes of the gospel of peace ; above all things taking the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God ; praying always, with all manner of prayer and supplication, that I may refer myself wholly to thy will, abide in thy pleasure, and comfort myself in those troubles which it shall please thee to send me, seeing such troubles are profitable for me, and seeing I am assuredly persuaded, that it cannot but be well—all that thou dost. Hear me, O merciful Father, for his sake whom thou wouldst to be a sacrifice for

my sins ; to whom, with thee, and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory.—Amen.”

In the place of her gloomy confinement she engraved with a pin, the following lines.

“ Think not, O mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free ;
The bitter cup I drink to-day
To-morrow may be drank by thee.
Harmless is malice if our God be nigh ;
Fruitless all pains if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of Eternal Day.”

I cannot forbear transcribing the concise and elegant character given of her by Mr. Fuller. “ She had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle life—and all at 17. She had the birth of a princess, the learning of a divine, and the life of a saint ; and yet suffered the death of a malefactor, for the offences of her parents.”

PHILIP DE MORNAY,

LORD DU PLESSIS.

PHILIP DE MORNAY, an illustrious French nobleman, was descended from an ancient family, which had produced many eminent men, 1549. and born Nov. 5, 1549. His education was conducted with the utmost care; tutors were provided for him in all languages and sciences, and his progress was such as might be expected from a superior genius, with close application. While his young mind was forming, his mother, who was a Protestant, insensibly inspired it with her own principles, and laid true religion as the foundation of his future fame. His zeal against popery exposed him partially to the persecutions which the Huguenots experienced, and he and his mother very narrowly escaped the diabolical massacre at Paris.

His youth was divided between a military life, which the state of his country seemed to require, and travels into foreign parts, where his stock of knowledge gained an immense increase. In his maturity, he was called to the perplexing cares of a statesman, and found himself high in office and in honor, at the court of Henry the Fourth of France.

Amidst the whelming vortex of public life, he found time and attention for study and literary pur-

suits. In his 26th year he married, and published the same year a moral treatise on "Life and Death," and at different periods completed a number of valuable literary works. His treatise "concerning the church," was an explanation of the motives that induced him to renounce the Romish for the Protestant faith. Then followed his "Truth of the Christian Religion;" the "Just Procedure of those of the Reformed Religion;" and "The Eucharist." The latter work occasioned the conference at Fontainebleau, in the year 1600, between Du Plessis and a celebrated Romish Cardinal, which so exalted the reputation and popularity of Du Plessis, that he was known by the title of the "*Protestant Pope*." He produced in 1607, a work named "The Mystery of Iniquity, or History of the Papacy," which traced the gradual progress of ecclesiastical tyranny, compared with Scripture prophecies.

About the same time, he published his "Exhortation to the Jews, concerning the Messiah." But the production that gained the most distinguished rank in the literary and Christian world, was his "Defence of the truth of the Christian Religion," in which he employs the weapons of reason and of learning, with great force and skill against atheists, epicureans, heathens, Jews, Mohammedans and infidels. All his literary works exhibited marks of genius, piety, and deep research, and were most of them written in French first, and then translated into Latin.

He spent the two last years of his life at his barony of La Forest, in Poictou, in retirement, study and devotion. In his last illness his mind was greatly concerned for the distresses of the Pro-

testant church, and many of his seasons of devotion were employed in supplicating her deliverance. When he was reminded of his great services to the church, he replied, "alas ! what was there of mine in the work ? Say not it was *I*, but the grace of God that was in me. I ask for nothing but mercy—free mercy." He declared that his hope was founded on the goodness of God in Jesus Christ, who had been made unto him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. To one who blessed God for giving him such peace and comfort in death, he said earnestly, "*I feel, I feel* what I speak."

On the morning of the day in which he died, he repeated with great emphasis, "*We know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "Are you assured," said a friend, "of sharing in that eternal weight of glory ?" "I am perfectly assured," answered he, "by the demonstration of the Holy Spirit, more powerfully, more clear and certain, than any demonstration of Euclid." As he secretly prayed, the following broken sentences were gathered by surrounding friends. "I fly, I fly to heaven. Let the angels now carry me to the bosom of my Saviour." As his last moments vanished, he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and with these eyes shall I see him ;" repeating several times emphatically, "*hipse oculis.*"

Thus in the lively exercise of faith died this good man, in 1623, great in honors, venerable in years, and full of unspeakable peace.

SIR FRANCIS BACON.

FRANCIS BACON was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal, in the reign of Elizabeth, and of Anna, the daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, illustrious both for her classical attainments and domestic virtues. He was born in 1561. the year 1561, and so rapid were his advances in the different branches of science, that he was judged qualified for the university at the age of 12 years, and placed at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he made such incredible progress as to complete the whole circle of the liberal arts before the age of 16, and to perceive, even at that early period, the futility and imperfection of the reigning philosophy, which afterwards, for the service of mankind, he so effectually exposed.

Leaving the university with the highest applause, he was sent on his travels, and there acquired a deep, and almost intuitive knowledge of the manners and customs of other countries, the characters and views of their princes and ministers, which he exemplified in a paper on the general state of Europe, published before he attained his 19th year. During the reign of Elizabeth, the strong enmity of Sir Robert Ceeil prevented his being advanced at court; hence he prosecuted philosophical studies with energy, and

gave his time to the composition and publication of learned works.

In the reign of the First James, he was called from the retirement of his studies, to the disturbed theatre of public life. In 1614, he was appointed attorney general,—in 1616, privy counsellor,—in 1617, lord keeper of the seals. But the rapidity of his promotion excited envy in the ambitious, and hatred in the disappointed rival; and he began to feel that the cares of high office, only opened the way for more formidable causes of pain. He had scarcely attained the dangerous summit of honor, when he was hurled from it, with the impeachment of his honesty, and with the accusation of error in his character of chief judge. Different historians have differently colored this event, according to their particular attachments or prejudices; but the candid and judicious have believed him a martyr, more than a criminal, and have seen in his sudden disgrace an exemplification of Shakespeare's expressive sentiment,—

“Ah how wretched

Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favors!”

The reflecting mind may also perceive the hand of God, taking him from those scenes which often corrupt the noblest soul, compress it in the bonds of the world, and alienate it from its God. May we not apply to him that beautiful passage from the book of wisdom?—“He was taken away suddenly, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul.” Imprisonment gave him leisure to review his past life, to confirm his principles and habits, to renew the fervor of his devotion. From prison he passed to the shades of a literary

and contemplative life, which he had always loved, and from which he had been unfortunately called. Experimental philosophy again allured his genius, and employed his time, and his investigations continued to lead his mind powerfully to the First Cause of the wonders and mysteries of Nature.

He observes in his works, that "a thorough insight into philosophy makes a good believer, but a smattering naturally produces a race of despicable infidels. I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind: and therefore God never wrought a miracle to convert an atheist, because his ordinary works confute atheism. A little philosophy may incline men to atheism, but depth in philosophy will bring them to religion: for while the mind looks on second causes scattered, it must sometimes rest in them, but when it beholds the chain confederated and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and the Deity. The first principle of right reason is religion, and after all my studies and inquiries, I durst die with no other thoughts than those of the Christian Religion."

While this active man was pursuing his researches, and anxiously studying the mysteries in which Nature has enveloped her operations, he was suddenly taken ill, at Highgate, in the midst of his experiments. He was conveyed to the house of the Earl of Arundel in the vicinity, and after a week's sickness, breathed his last on the 9th of April, 1626. So passed away a philosopher,—a man of genius—science—penetration—deep research;—and what is still more,—a Christian.

Addison, in vindication of the Christian religion,

having enumerated some of the wisest men who had believed and practised it, gives this testimony of Bacon; "I shall in this paper only instance a man, who for the greatness of his genius, and compass of his knowledge, did honor to his age and country, I had almost said to human nature itself. He possessed at once, all those extraordinary talents which were divided among the great authors of antiquity; he had the sound, distinct knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful light graces and embellishments of Cicero: one does not know which to admire most in his writings; the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination. I was infinitely pleased to find among the works of this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which for elevation of thought, and piety of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man."

But our present design is not to follow the flight of his genius, or the depth of his philosophical researches; they are preserved for the wonder and admiration of posterity. We come to view him in his devotions; for he possessed that spirit which reason approves, and revelation purifies and exalts. we come to view him as his own private page discloses him, prostrate before the mercy seat, humbled by the afflictions which lay heavy upon him, yet supported by a sense of his integrity, and love of mankind, and proving that the experience of the Psalmist was his also: "It is good for me to draw nigh unto God."

A Prayer preserved among his Manuscripts.

"Most Gracious Lord God, my Merciful Father,

my Creator, my Redeemer, and my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart, thou judgest the hypocrite: thou ponderest man's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measur-est their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hidden from thee. Remember, O Lord, how thy servant has walked before thee; remember what I have sought, and what has been principal in my intentions. I have loved thine assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary; the vine which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that she might stretch her branches to the sea and to the flood. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed, have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart: I have, though a despised weed, procured the good of all men. If any have been enemies, I thought not of them; neither hath the sun set upon my displeasure, but I have been as a dove, free from all superfluity of maliciousness. Thousand have been my sins, and ten thousand my transgressions; but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and mine heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal on thine altar.

O Lord my strength!—I have since my youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, by thy visible providences. As thy favors have increased upon me, so have thy corrections; so as thou hast always been near me, O Lord; and ever as my

worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me ; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee.

And now, when I thought most of peace and honor, thine hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving kindness, keeping me still in thy school, not as an alien, but a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies : for what are the sands of the sea ? Earth, heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy mercies ! I confess before thee, that I am debtor to thee for the precious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, or put out as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made best profit ; but misspent it in things for which I was least fit ; so I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the house of her pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake ; and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy way."

JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, a most illustrious English Poet, was descended from an ancient family. His grandfather, a zealous Papist, disinherited his only son, the father of our poet, for embracing the Protestant faith. He took refuge in London, and obtained the employment of a scrivener; and in that 1608. place, on the 9th of December, 1608, was born his first son, John Milton.

After receiving a domestic education, he was removed to St. Paul's School, where by indefatigable application he made great progress in classical learning; and from the 12th year of his age devoted the greatest part of the night to study. In his 16th year he was admitted to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he continued seven years, strengthening the foundation which he had previously laid, and erecting thereon a superstructure which should contain the whole circle of arts and sciences. He had composed some beautiful Latin Poems, previous to his entrance at the University; and the greatest part of his compositions in that language, were produced during the period of his continuance there. After his emancipation he returned to his father, and prosecuted his studies for 5 years with unparalleled assiduity and success, and read with renewed atten-

tion all the Greek and Latin authors. His father had designed him for the church; but his mind had been so disgusted with the controversies of different sects, that this intention was frustrated.

After the death of his mother, he began his travels, through France and Italy, with the spirit of a studious inquirer, seeking to gain from the customs and curiosities of other countries something to increase his cherished stock of knowledge. He gained many admirers, particularly at Florence, where his literary attainments were highly applauded. In his second journey to Rome, he was informed that the Jesuits were incensed against him, for the freedom of his discourse on religious subjects, and was cautioned to beware of their malice. "I have made it a rule," said Milton, "never to start a religious subject in this country, but if I were questioned concerning my faith, never to dissemble, whatever I might suffer." "He had," says a writer of celebrity, "a soul above disguise and dissimulation, and was never ashamed or afraid to vindicate the truth; for he had in him the spirit of an old martyr."

His purpose was to have visited Sicily and Greece, but receiving intelligence of the civil contentions in his own country, he felt it inconsistent with his principles to continue abroad, even for the improvement of his mind, while his countrymen were struggling for liberty at home. He returned, and engaged ardently in the cause of republicanism, for his powerful and independent mind was disgusted with the yoke and trappings of royalty.

He undertook, also, the education of a small number of young men, and like many other great

characters, delighted in impressing on the unformed mind, the principles of knowledge and virtue. His method of education was as much superior to the pedantry and jargon of common schools, as his genius was superior to that of a common schoolmaster. His letter to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, elucidates in some measure his own method and practice.

The controversies of the times began to engage him, and in the course of the year 1641, he wrote and published, a treatise of Reformation, in two volumes; prelatical Episcopacy; the Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy; and animadversions upon a work of Bishop Hall. When we consider that these books were all completed, within the short circle of a year—of a year given also to the instruction of young persons in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Italian and French languages, with the sciences of mathematics and astronomy, we are astonished at what his diligence accomplished, and amazed at what his mind could contain.

In 1643 he married; but whatever were his engagements, literature and poetry were not long absent from his thoughts. In 1645 a collection of his Latin and English poems appeared, in which the *Allegro*, *Penseroso*, and some others were first published. Controversies, theological and political, with many adversaries, particularly the celebrated Salmasius, employed much of his time. After the tragical death of Charles First, a book was published by one of his adherents, entitled *The Royal Image*; which excited greater emotion and commiseration in the minds of the people, than the King himself did, while alive. Milton answered it with energy and success, entitling his work, "*Ico-*

noclastes" or, The Image Breaker, the surname of some Greek Emperors, who in their zeal against idolatry, broke all superstitious images to pieces.

But to enumerate and give the character of his controversial works would be an impossibility, and I cannot but regret that a man of his talents and erudition, should employ so much of his time in compositions of local value, which though they are strongly marked with the spirit of the times, and the power of a great genius, do not essentially instruct or benefit posterity.

He had begun a History of England, deduced from the earliest period, but proceeded no farther than the Norman Conquest; a call to the office of Latin Secretary for foreign affairs put a partial check upon his private studies. A personal calamity also afflicted him; his eye sight had long been weak and decaying, while his intense studies only increased the malady. The sight of his left eye first failed him, and about the year 1648, he became totally blind. In a letter to his physician, marking the progress of this affliction, he says—"a constant and settled darkness is before me, as well by day as by night; a direct blackness, or else spotted and woven with ash-color, is used to pour itself on me, except now and then, the eye rolling itself a little, seems to admit, I know not what little smallness of light as through a chink." Or to use his pathetic words—

"Hail, holy light—Offspring of Heaven!—but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray and find no dawn.
Seasons return, but not to me return
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine."

Other afflictions also awaited him. The excruciating pains of the gout completed the ruin of his constitution, and led him to the tomb. He suffered great pecuniary losses in the civil wars, and after the re-establishment of monarchy lost his office of Latin Secretary, and narrowly escaped imprisonment and trial, for his attachment to republican principles. He met also with domestic vexations; his first wife disliking his retired and studious life, went again to the gaiety of her father's house, refusing to remain with him; but at length returned of her own accord, and obtained reconciliation. The second, whose sweetness and goodness he commends, died in a few months after marriage; and the third, who survived him, was a woman of a violent spirit.

But no trouble, pecuniary, domestic or personal, could turn his attention or his love from his studies; for his mind was too eager to be diverted, and too strong to be subdued. After the Restoration he spent the remainder of his life in retirement, and closely applied himself to finish *Paradise Lost*, which he began to reduce to its present form in 1655, and published in 1677. Poetry, music and mathematics, were his favorite amusements; and he excelled in the studies of logic, history and divinity. He read in many languages, and was complete master of the Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Italian, French and Spanish. He had a quick apprehension, a sublime imagination, a strong memory, a piercing judgment, a wit always ready and adapted to the occasion.

It was his belief that his loss of sight added vigor to his mental faculties, by turning his attention from frivolous objects and concentrating the energies of

his soul. He had the advantage of a pious education, and all his writings, whether poetry or prose, whether written in youth, maturity or age, deeply evidence a religious turn of mind. He studied and admired the Holy Scriptures above all books whatever, expressed the profoundest reverence for the Deity in all his words and actions, and was full of the spirit of religion.

While we contemplate the mental excellences of men, we naturally form some image or associate some idea of their personal appearance. From a very ancient writer I accordingly extract this description. "In youth, Milton was esteemed very beautiful, and while he was a student in Cambridge, went by the name of the Lady of Christ's College. He had a very fine skin, and fresh complexion; his hair was of a light brown, and parting on the forehead, hung down in curls waving upon his shoulders; his features were exact and regular; his voice agreeable and musical; his deportment erect and manly. He was middle sized, and well proportioned, neither tall or short, lean or corpulent; strong and active in his younger years, and though ever afflicted with severe head aches, and finally with blindness and gout, was still a comely and well looking man to the last. His eyes were of a light blue color, and after he lost the sight of them, which happened in his 43d year, they still appeared without spot or blemish.

The number of his written works was 40, many in the Latin language, and some consisting of several volumes. His sonnets, epigrams and letters are also numerous, and the immense proportion of writing done in his office of Latin Secretary for foreign affairs, during the reign of Cromwell and

the Commonwealth, it is impossible to calculate.— But intense habits of study, and the cruel ravages of the gout, were daily weakening his hold upon life. In his 66th year, on the 10th of November, 1674, he died by a quiet and silent expiration, without a groan, a struggle or a sigh.

Three daughters by his first wife survived him ; the only child of his second wife died with her, and his third had none. His only son died an infant, and his last descendant, the youngest daughter of Milton's youngest, was found some time in the last century, living in great obscurity and poverty. The bounty of a generous people made the decline of her life comfortable, from veneration to the memory of her grandfather ; but his line is now wholly extinct.

Of all the voluminous writings of Milton, that of *Paradise Lost*, has the most greatly contributed to establish his fame, and gain the admiration of posterity. He has scorned the aid of other poets, and pursued a tract of originality, borne on the wings of his own strong and aspiring genius. Dr. Johnson says, "from his cotemporaries, he neither courted or received support ; there is in his writings, nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or their favor gained ; no exchange of praise, no solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance and in blindness, but difficulties vanished at his touch ; he was born for whatever is arduous." Hayley, one of his biographers, says, "Milton was perhaps of all mortals the least selfish ; he contended for religion without seeking emoluments from the church, and for the state without aiming at civil or military employment. There is one characteristic of this great

man which ought to be considered as the chief source of his happiness and fame; that is, his early and perpetual attachment to religion.

“It must gratify every Christian to reflect, that the man of our country most eminent for energy of mind, for intenseness of application, and frankness and intrepidity in asserting what he believed to be the cause of truth, was so constantly devoted to Christianity, that he appears to have made the Bible not only the rule of his conduct, but the director of his genius. His poetry flowed from the Scripture, as if his unparalleled poetical powers had been expressly given him by Heaven, for the purpose of imparting to religion such lustre as the most splendid of human faculties could bestow.”

The majesty and sublimity of this great work, and its uncommon success, may be imputed to the manner and perseverance of the poet's preparation. Deep reflection added solidity to his genius, constant study of the holy Scriptures elevated and gave it sublimity, fervent prayer strengthened, purified, perfected his design. Think not that this is unfounded conjecture, and that without authority we add him to the number of those who have practised the duty of prayer and experienced its efficacy. Read his own unequivocal testimony, given in the “Reason of Church Government,” published in 1641. He there promises with calm confidence to undertake something which may be of use and honor to his country. “This,” says he, “is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of

whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation." Dr. Johnson remarks, that "from a promise like this, at once fervid, pious and rational, might be expected the *Paradise Lost*." Thus setting himself apart by prayer and meditation, as for a holy work, he obtained grace from on high, with the spirit of utterance and wisdom, so that he might live after death, in the memory and admiration of men. In almost every part of this sublime poem, we trace the sentiments and the fervor of a Christian, and on the first page he solicits the aid of the Holy Spirit, that aid which he had so often entreated in the silence of the closet, and the solemnity of secret devotion.

"But chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Above all temples, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me.

What in me is dark
Illumine: what is low raise and support:
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man."

Also in his third book, after a feeling allusion to his melancholy state of blindness, he invokes that divine Light which shineth from above and enlighteneth the darkness of man's heart.

"But thickened clouds and ever during dark
Surround me:—from the cheerful ways of man
Cut off: fair Nature's works expunged and rased
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather, thou Celestial Light,

Shine inward : and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate. There plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight."

He implies that his prayer had been successful, and that the work to him was divested of labor, for as if inspired, the thoughts and expressions were poured upon him in their full tide of melody. He speaks of the assistance given him, under the figure of a celestial patroness, who he says,

"Dictates to him slumbering, and inspires
 Easy his unpremeditated verse."

"I sing with voice unchanged,
 To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
 On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues :
 In darkness, and with dangers compassed round
 And solitude : yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
 Purples the east. Still govern thou my song.
 For thou art heavenly."

His high idea of the efficacy of prayer, may be drawn from the circumstance of his representing our first parents in deep and contrite supplication, after their act of disobedience, and his supposing the Saviour to intercede for them, and even the Almighty to listen and to relent.

"How much more if we pray him, will his ear
 Be open ; and his heart to pity incline.
 So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve
 Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
 Before him reverent, and both confessed
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begged with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from contrite hearts in sign

Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek.
Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the mercy seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, that sighs now breathed
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspired, and winged for heaven with speedier flight
Than lowdest oratory ; in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors, then clad
With incense where the golden altar fumed,
By their great intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne ; then the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began."

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

SIR MATTHEW HALE, lord chief justice of England, was born in Gloucestershire, in the year 1609; the son of a barrister, eminent for integrity and piety. Before he was six years old, he lost both his parents, but by the care of a judicious guardian, great attention was paid to his education. At Oxford he for awhile distinguished himself by his proficiency, until some strolling players took up their abode near the university, and his fondness for theatrical amusements partially stifled his affection for study. He imbibed also a strong inclination for a military life, and it was with difficulty that a valuable friend persuaded him to correct the rashness of his choice, and embrace the profession of the law. After his entrance at Lincoln's Inn, his former love of knowledge returned, and his application was so unremitting that he studied fifteen hours in a day, for many years. In early youth, his fondness for company led him into many levities and extravagances, but this propensity was subdued by a circumstance which made a deep impression on his mind during the remainder of his life.

Having joined a party of young men of his acquaintance, one of them, through excess of wine,

fell down, apparently dead at their feet. Young Hale was so affected on the occasion, that he immediately retired to another room, and shutting the door, fell on his knees, and prayed earnestly to God that his friend might be restored to life, and that he might be pardoned for giving countenance to such excess. At the same time he made a solemn vow that he would never again mingle in such pursuits, or "drink a health" while he lived. The life of his friend was restored, and he ever after religiously observed his vow. There appeared an entire change in his disposition; he forsook all dissipated company, and strictly divided his time between the studies of his profession, and the duties of religion.

He became remarkable for a grave and exemplary deportment, great moderation of temper, and religious tenderness of spirit, was frequent in secret prayer, fasting, and giving alms, and was so far from being lifted up by spiritual pride, that the remembrance of his past infirmities frequently led him to express a fear, "lest he should be left to do some enormous thing, which might cast a reproach upon his profession, and give great advantage to impious men to blaspheme the name of God."

He was exemplary in family religion, performed the service of daily worship, and was so attached to the public ordinances of the Sabbath that for 36 years he was never absent from church. The following short extract from a diary that he regularly kept, shows the piety of his mind, and his solicitude to make the best use of his time.

Morning.

1. "To lift up the heart in thankfulness to God for renewing my life.

2. To renew my covenant with God in Christ ; first by acts of faith receiving Christ, and rejoicing in the height of that relation : secondly by resolving to be one of his people, and to do him allegiance.

3. Adoration and Prayer.

Day Employment.

1. In our ordinary calling to serve God. It is a service to Christ, though ever so mean. Here observe faithfulness, diligence, cheerfulness. Be careful not to overcharge myself with more business than I can bear.

2. Spiritual employment. Mingle somewhat of God's immediate service with the business of the day.

If alone.

1. Beware of wandering, vain, sensual thoughts : fly from thyself rather than entertain them.

Let thy solitary thoughts be profitable. View the evidences of thy salvation, the state of thy soul, the coming of Christ, and thine own mortality ; this will make thee humble and watchful.

Company.

Do good to them. Use God's name reverently. Beware of leaving an ill impression or ill example.

Receive good from them if they are more knowing.

Evening.

Cast up the accounts of the day. If there was aught amiss, beg pardon : resolve to be more vigilant. If thou hast done well, bless the mercy and

grace of God which have supplied thee.”—Thus did this excellent man watch his spiritual concerns, at the same time that he was making progress in the sciences, and becoming a greater proficient in the law than any of his contemporaries. In his office of judge he conducted himself with the strictest integrity, and the motives that influenced him were founded on the only firm basis—that of piety. The excellence of his resolution may be seen by a short extract from one of his papers, entitled “Things to be had in continual remembrance.—That in the administration of justice I am entrusted for God, the king and the country; and therefore that it be done uprightly, deliberately, resolutely. That I rest not upon my own direction and strength; but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God. That in the execution of justice, I carefully lay aside my own passions, and give no countenance to them, however provoked. That I be not biassed by compassion to the poor, or favor to the rich, in point of justice. That popular applause, or court dislike, have no influence in any thing I do in the distribution of justice. That I be not solicitous about what men think or say, so long as I keep myself exactly accordant to the rules of justice.”

He raised the reputation of the court by his impartial administration, diligence and exactness, while he supported the character of a true Christian, by temperance, charity and humility. He reserved a tenth part of all he obtained for works of benevolence, and in an age when the most profuse entertainments were fashionable, never attended any, or gave any except to the poor; literally fulfilling that command of our Saviour, “When thou makest a feast, call the poor, and the lame, the halt, and the blind.” He

would never receive the smallest present from those whose causes were before him, or listen to private addresses from the greatest personages in any matter where justice was concerned. One of the highest peers of England, once went to his chamber, and informed him, "that having a suit in law to be tried before him, he came to acquaint him with its circumstances, that he might the better understand it, when it should be heard in court;" but he interrupted him with the declaration, "that he never received any information of causes but in open court, where both parties might be heard alike." The duke departed, greatly displeased, and complained to Charles Second: but his majesty commanded him "to be content, for he himself should not have been treated better, if he had gone thus to solicit him in any of his own causes."

Among the particular friends of Sir Matthew Hale, was the celebrated Selden, who induced him to engage in the whole circle of the sciences, for his apprehension was quick, his memory tenacious, and his application indefatigable. To his professional knowledge he united an acquaintance with mathematics, anatomy, surgery, physic, experimental philosophy, history, chronology, and divinity. It would seem incredible that amidst all these studies, he should find time for composition, yet he completed fourteen different works, many of them of considerable length, and all bearing the stamp of unaffected piety.

His "Contemplations, moral and divine," are deservedly admired by every friend of experimental Christianity. "True religion," he says there, "teaches the soul an high veneration for Almighty God; a sincere and upright walking as in the presence

of the invisible, all-seeing One. It makes a man truly love, honor, obey him, and be careful to know what his will is. It renders the heart thankful to him, as Creator, Redeemer, Benefactor. It makes a man entirely depend on him, seek for guidance, protection, direction, and submit to his will with patience and resignation of soul. It gives the law not only to his words and actions, but to his very thoughts and purposes ; so that he dare not entertain any, which are unbecoming the presence of that God to whom all thoughts are legible. It crushes all pride and haughtiness, both in the heart and carriage, and gives an humble state of mind before God and man. It regulates the passions, and brings them into due moderation. It gives a man a right estimate of this present world, and sets his heart and hopes above it, so that he never loves it more than it deserves. It makes the wealth and glory of this world, high places and great preferments, but of little consequence to him ; so that he is neither covetous, nor ambitious, nor over-solicitous concerning their advantages. It makes him value the love of God and the peace of his own conscience, above all the wealth and honor in the world, and to be very diligent in preserving them. He performs all his duties to God with sincerity and humility ; and while he lives on earth, his conversation, his hope, his treasures are in heaven ; and he endeavors to walk suitably to such an hope."

Speaking of the divine and invisible guidance which is often granted to the prayers of men, he remarks, "Though this secret direction of Almighty God is principally seen in matters relating to the good of the soul, yet in the concerns of this life, a good man, fearing God and begging his direction,

will very often, if not at all times, find it. I can call my own experience to witness, that even in the temporal affairs of my whole life, I have never been disappointed of the best direction, when I have in humility and sincerity implored it."

This eminently virtuous man enjoyed almost uninterrupted health, till the 66th year of his age, when he was affected with an indisposition which impaired his strength and forced him to retire from the cares of his office. During a painful sickness he exhibited the most exemplary patience, and perfect resignation, and enjoyed the free use of his reason and understanding till the last moment; a favor for which he had often and earnestly prayed. He continued to retire daily for his studies and devotions, and when he was unable to move, would have his servants carry him to the place where he had been accustomed to address God in secret. As the winter came on, he saw with great joy his time of deliverance approaching, and his earnest desire after a more glorious state was tempered with the meekest submission to the will of God. He had lived a life of prayer, and, if it may be so expressed, he died a death of prayer; for when his voice was so sunk that it could not be heard, his friends perceived by the constant lifting up of his eyes and hands, what was the employment of his departing soul. He struggled not, and seemed to have no pang in his last moments, but breathed out his pious spirit in peace, on the 25th of December, 1676, aged 67 years.

"Such was thy life, and such thy death,—in whom
Our British theme has gloried with just cause—
Immortal Hale! for deep discernment prais'd,
And sound integrity;—not more than fain'd
For sanctity of manners undefil'd."—COWPER'S TASK.

REV. ROWLAND NEVIT.

ROWLAND NEVIT was born in the year 1609, at an obscure parish in England, educated at the school of Shrewsbury, and while a youth admitted Fellow of the University of Oxford.

His proficiency in study well merited the honors which were there conferred upon him, and his pious inclinations led him to the clerical profession, to which he was ordained, in his 25th year. He was first presented to the vicarage of Staunton, and afterwards to that of Oswestry, where he labored as a faithful and zealous minister, and strove by his discourses, conversation and prayers, to impress the minds, and benefit the souls of his flock.

When the people of his charge were visited by the plague, and almost all who were able to remove might be seen flying in every direction, he continued with the sick and dying remnant, comforted, instructed, prayed for them, and Heaven not only preserved his life, but added an apparent blessing to his exertions.

With many other faithful ministers he was silenced by the act of Nonconformity, but continued with his people until his death, rendering them every service in his power. He was peculiarly attentive to the several duties of family religion, and to

the pious education of his children, and continued an example to the believers, in "life, in conversation, in doctrine, in spirit, in faith, in purity." He deeply lamented the divisions of the church, and the intemperate controversies of many sects, and though his conscience would not suffer him to read forms of prayer to his congregation, his love of peace prompted him often to join with those who did.

In his conduct to his friends, he was unusually tender and affectionate, and it was observed by them, that he was frequently in ejaculatory prayer, in the midst of the common scenes and employments of life. The service of the ministry was his delight, and though his strength was easily exhausted, he would solemnly appeal to his Maker, that "if he was wearied *in* his service, he could never be weary *of* it." Though subject to the frequent infirmities of a delicate constitution, he used to assert "that he was never better than in the pulpit, and there he could wish to die."

When he began to feel the agonies of dissolving nature, a friend reminded him that he would soon receive his reward, but he replied humbly,—“it is all free grace.” To his children who surrounded him, he gave the advice and admonition of a dying father, praying solemnly for each, that “the Mediator’s blessing might rest upon them,” and adding this weighty command, “I charge you all, that you meet me at the right hand of Christ, at the great day.”—Just before he departed, he said, “Go forth, my soul,—go forth to meet thy God;—it is now done,—Lord Jesus, come quickly,” and thus expired at his own house in Oswestry, in his 66th year, on the 8th day of December, 1675.

REV. FRANCIS TALLENTS.

FRANCIS TALLENTS was a native of a small town in Derbyshire, (Eng.) His family was originally of French extraetion, and his parents, who 1609. were strictly religious, both died when their children were very young. Six orphans stood around the bier on which the guides of their infancy were laid, and the promise was fulfilled to them, which they were then too young to realize—"when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." They had an uncle, a respectable clergyman, who adopted the orphans as his own, and faithfully executed the part of a tender and provident father. Two of the sons he educated liberally, and the eldest, who is the subject of these memoirs, so distinguished himself at the preparatory schools, that one of his instructors wrote to his uncle, that "he was indeed a golden *talent*."

At 16 years of age, he was sent to the Cambridge University, and from thence removed to Magdalen College, to be tutor of the sons of the Earl of Suffolk. Soon after his entrance here he became seriously impressed, and thoroughly reconciled to the way of life recommended in the Scriptures, and though he had strong temptations to infidelity, was enabled to be victorious, and to maintain the true

faith. In his 23d year he began his travels into foreign parts, having under his care, the sons of the Earl of Suffolk, and while he improved his mind by the observation of the varying customs of men, he was so far from being corrupted by their wickedness or infidelity, that he declared on his return, that “ what he had heard and seen abroad had served to confirm him in the Protestant religion.”

At his return from his tour of two years, he became an approved teacher in Magdalen College, and had the honor of assisting to form the minds of many who were afterwards distinguished as eminent scholars. He occasionally preached during his residence at the University, and continued at that seat of literature, receiving and imparting knowledge, until he reached his 33d year, when he quitted his tutorship, to be ordained Pastor of St. Mary's Church in Shrewsbury. He was observed to lay aside the technical terms, and lofty style of a student, and though he had been 20 years an academician, and conversant equally with the abstruse and refined parts of science, he studied to accommodate himself to the meanest capacity, and to preach plainly of him who was crucified.

Mr. Baxter in his memoirs says of him, “ he was a good scholar, and a blameless divine, most eminent for extraordinary prudence, moderation, and peaceable deportment towards all.” Soon after his settlement at Shrewsbury he married, but his beloved partner survived only a short time, and his only child whom he educated at Cambridge, caused him great uneasiness by his unprincipled excesses, and died in early life.

To these deep afflictions was added his eject-

ment from the ministry, by the act of Uniformity to which his conscience would not suffer him to accede, but prompted him rather to resign an employment which he loved, and which was his only dependance for earthly subsistence. Yet was there nothing bigoted or morose in his non-conformity, for he attended the ministry of those who did conform, and used no irritable or improper comparisons. He kept the anniversary of the day in which he was silenced, by secret prayer and fasting, and styled it "a day to bring to remembrance."

Finding himself divested of employment, he was prevailed upon to make a second time the tour of France as tutor to two young gentlemen—Boscawen and Hampden. While at Paris he published a large treatise entitled "a description of the Roman Catholic religion." During his absence he carefully recorded in his journal all that was worthy of notice, customs—curiosities—conversation and character of learned men; yet though this transcript was both interesting and instructive, he never could be persuaded to give it to the world. Soon after his return he published his "View of Universal history," which was first commenced for the use of his collegiate students. About this time he suffered from the unwarrantable oppression of the "Five Mile Act," which forbade all non-conformist ministers to approach within five miles of any church in which they had formerly officiated. He had consequently removed into an obscure part of the country, but his wife going to Shrewsbury upon business, was suddenly taken ill and died there.

Moved by the strong impulse of mourning affection, to go and pay the last sad duties to her re-

mains, he was brutally apprehended and sent prisoner to Chester Castle. After his release he found it necessary to live in privacy and retirement, and to suffer in silence. When a degree of liberty was granted to the dissenters, he accepted it joyfully, and returned to his people, who received him tenderly.

During the exercise of his professional duties, he found time to compose and publish several works, and his last was "The history of Schism, for the promotion of Christian moderation, and the Communion of Saints." This book, though written at the advanced age of 85, shows no traces of decayed intellect, but is the result of much learning, aided by the reflections of a mind deeply tinctured with piety and charity.

Notwithstanding his great age, he experienced no sickness, except the gradual loss of strength, until three weeks before his death, when the decay of nature became more apparent. He then charged his friends not to pray for his life, but that he might be enabled patiently to wait for his change. When the exertions of his friends once restored him from a severe attack of faintness which he had hoped would have been his last, he said, "Why did you not let a poor old man go away quietly? Here I lie, waiting—waiting. Yet I bless God that I am more full of comfort and joy than I am able to express." He was almost constantly in prayer, and on the day of his death seemed to be reviving, but at 9 o'clock in the evening, sweetly sunk into his last sleep at the age of 89.

REV. SAMUEL STONE.

1610.

AMONG those religious persons who were moved to emigrate from Europe, and cast into the mass of this New World's population, the leaven of sanctified talents, and confirmed virtue, was the Rev. Samuel Stone. He was a native of Hartford, in England, educated at Emmanuel College, in the University of Cambridge, and became the first minister of Hartford, in Connecticut. He was originally settled there, as colleague with the Rev. Mr. Hooker, in company with whom, he led a party of emigrants from Cambridge, Massachusetts, in June, 1636, hoping to join a colony which had been commenced on the banks of the Connecticut river, in the autumn of the preceding year.

They travelled more than one hundred miles through a trackless wilderness, over mountains, morasses and streams, with no other guide than the compass, and no covering from night or tempest, but the heavens. About one hundred individuals attempted this pilgrimage. The more hardy of the men carried in packs upon their shoulders, the principal part of their property; the remainder drove before them the cattle on which they depended for subsistence.

More than a fortnight elapsed ere this perilous

journey was completed, for among the colonists were many who in their native clime were accustomed to ease and affluence, women in delicate health, and tender babes who required shelter and care. The wife of the Rev. Mr. Hooker was at that time so much indisposed, as to be borne in a rude litter, upon the shoulders of firmer travellers.

The efforts of the holy men who led this suffering band, were well employed in strengthening their faith, and encouraging them to mingle with the spirit of endurance, cheerful praise to their preserver. The thickets which had heard only the howl of the savage beasts, became familiar with other sounds, as the Christians proceeded, for

“They shook the depths of the desert’s gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.”

New trials awaited them after their arrival at the place of their destination. The process of clearing and rendering an uncultivated country habitable, is always laborious and subject to many obstructions. Their sufferings during the first winter were so extreme, from want of food, and exposure to cold, from which their frail dwellings were insufficient to protect them, that numbers attempted to regain the settlements which they had left in Massachusetts,—and some of these left their emaciated and frozen carcasses in the intervening wilderness.—But the majority remained patient and faithful during their time of trial. Returning Spring enabled them to commit such seeds as they could procure, to the little spots of earth, from whence they had painfully exterminated the lofty trees, and clinging brambles.

Almost the only grain which was at first cultivat-

ed was Indian Corn, and as no mills could be obtained it was pounded in mortars, to produce a coarse kind of bread,—which to those accustomed to the wheat of Europe, was neither palatable nor salutary; so that if disease did not spring from absolute famine, it was often nourished in delicate systems, by an uncongenial diet. In addition to these calamities, the Indians who bordered closely upon them, became infected with dislike and jealousy, and the little colony, which was already diminishing, by the effects of a severe climate, and the pressure of want, was threatened with all the horrors of savage warfare. But a resolution equal to every exigence sprang up among them, whose foundation was a steadfast piety.

It becomes us now to see what part was borne by Mr. Stone, during the darkness which rested upon his people. Naturally possessed of great firmness and cheerfulness, he endeavored to breathe his own spirit into the desponding, and to establish their footsteps upon the rock of Zion. In preaching, instruction from house to house, and visits to the afflicted, he was unwearied. His very countenance and manner had a consoling influence upon the sorrowful, for he had adopted it as a maxim, that many who know not religion, might be led to love it, if they saw that it was consistent with cheerfulness.

The benevolence which he exercised towards all, was guarded by the strictest observance of personal duties.

In prayer he was frequent and fervent, and kept many days of fasting; by which he thought his humility was increased, and the power of the world broken. In the observance of the Sabbath he was

truly exemplary, and seemed to carry from it throughout the week, an elevation of soul, arising from communion with God. He commenced his preparation for this holy season, early on the preceding evening, and after contemplation and prayer, was accustomed to call his family together, and repeat to them the sermon which he had prepared for the ensuing day. This furnished him with an opportunity of adapting subsequent conversation to their instruction on those passages which seemed most to interest or affect them, while by giving him a more thorough knowledge of his discourse, it enabled him by alteration and addition, to render it more lucid, pungent, or practical.

He was considered uncommonly able and acute in argument, and as the colony rose from the weakness of infancy, to the accession of strength and wealth, his society was courted by men of learning and taste. Yet he knew well how to simplify his style to the humblest capacity, when circumstances required, and sometimes the untutored Indian wept and trembled, at hearing from his lips the first sounds of salvation. Thus he continued abundant in labor, and faithful in doctrine, fourteen years, as colleague with the Rev. Mr. Hooker, and sixteen after his death.

The approach of the destroyer of his earthly tabernacle occasioned no dismay. "Heaven," he said, "is the more desirable, since such men as Hooker and Shepherd have taken up their abode there." On the 20th of July, 1663, he quietly fell asleep, lamented and beloved.

He wrote much, but published few of his compositions. Mention is made by the ecclesiastical histo-

rians of that day, of an elaborate body of divinity written by him, parts of which were sometimes transcribed by candidates for the ministry, anxious to enrich themselves from his treasures of theology. Other works of his are alluded to, by cotemporary divines.

A plain monument erected to his memory in the burial place adjoining the Central Congregational Church in Hartford, (Connecticut,) is still in a good state of preservation, though the tempests of more than 150 years have beaten against it; and its epitaph characterizes him in the quaint dialect of the age, as

“New England’s glory and her radiant crown.”

BLAISE PASCAL

PASCAL, one of the greatest geniuses and finest writers that France ever produced, was 1623. born at Clermont, in Auvergne, 1623.

His father quitted a lucrative and honorable public office, that he might devote himself wholly to the education of his son, who never had any other instructor. Almost in infancy he gave proofs of a very uncommon capacity, for he desired to know the *reason* of everything, and if sufficient reasons were not adduced would seek for better ; refusing to yield his assent but to such as appeared well grounded. His father, who mingled religious instructions with his studies, feared that his peculiar turn of mind would lead to scepticism, but he evinced a deep reverence for the truths of Christianity, and seemed to distinguish between those things which were objects of faith, and those which were subject to the reasoning powers. “ Our free-thinkers,” said he, “ are a sort of people who know not the nature of faith, but are possessed with this false principle, that human reason is above all things.”

He displayed in childhood such a strong predilection for mathematics, that his father feared it might retard his progress in the languages, and

locked up all his books in that science. But he would still muse upon geometrical proportions, and was one day surprised at work, with charcoal upon his chamber floor, and in the midst of figures. "What are you doing?" inquired his father. "I am searching," said the boy, "for a demonstration;"—which was found to be the 32d proposition of the first book of Euclid. His father afterwards indulged him in his mathematical pursuits, convinced that it was impossible to divert his self-taught genius from its favorite channel.

At 16, he wrote a treatise on conic sections, which was considered by the learned, as a mighty effort of the human mind; and at 19, invented a highly celebrated arithmetical machine, and tried many novel philosophical experiments on the Ter-nicellian tube. With his profound knowledge he mingled an easy and agreeable address, great modesty, and a native eloquence which was almost irresistible.

When he reached his 24th year, he laid aside the mathematical and philosophical studies in which he had so eminently distinguished himself, and resolved to spend the remainder of his time in retirement, and to devote his talents to the cause of piety and virtue. He employed himself much in prayer, and in reading the holy Scriptures, and in those exercises found the greatest comfort and delight. He used to say, "that the sacred Scriptures were not so much adapted to the head as to the heart of man; that they were intelligible only to those who possessed rectitude of heart, and to all others were obscure and uninteresting."

His charity to the poor was remarkably exten-

sive ; he gave alms even out of his own necessary subsistence. Persons of distinction frequently visited him in his retirement, to consult him on religious subjects, and while they revered his piety and wisdom, they admired his humility and simplicity. A striking picture of the mind of this good man is contained in a few sentences which were found among his papers after his decease. "I respect poverty, because Jesus Christ respected it ; I respect riches because they furnish the means of relieving the distressed. I do not return evil to those who have done me an injury. I endeavor to be sincere and faithful to all men, but I have a peculiar tenderness towards those with whom God has caused me to be intimately connected. Whether I am alone or in company, I consider myself as in the sight of God, who will judge my actions, and to whom I consecrate them all. These are my sentiments ;—and I daily bless my Redeemer who has impressed them on me ; and who by the operation of his grace has taken away the concupiscence, pride, ambition, and misery, to which I was naturally subject. I owe my deliverance to his power and goodness, having nothing of myself but imbecility and corruption."

Among his various literary works he had projected one against atheists and infidels, but before he could digest the materials he had collected, he was attacked by a lingering distemper, which eventually terminated his life. From his youth he had been much afflicted with sickness, and from the 19th year of his age had never passed a day without pain. But he bore all without a murmur, and even with cheerfulness, and during his last illness his deport-

ment was at once astonishing, edifying, and consolatory to his friends. "I know," said he, "the dangers of health, and the advantages of sickness. When we are ill, we are exempt from many of the passions which disturb our health; we are without ambition, without avarice, and in continual expectation of death. We have nothing to do but to submit, humbly, and peacefully. For this reason, all I ask of God is to beseech him to grant me this favor."

He died in 1662, aged 39. His last words were—"May God never forsake me," and he departed full of peace and hope. In a prayer, composed near the close of his life, he says, "I pray not that thou wouldst give me either health or sickness, life or death, but that thou wouldst dispose of my health, my sickness, my life and my death for thy glory, and for my own eternal welfare. Thou alone knowest what is expedient for me, thou art my sovereign Master and Lord: guide and govern me at thy pleasure."

The celebrated Bayle, speaking of this distinguished person, says, "A hundred volumes of religious discourses are not of so much avail to confound the impious, as a simple account of the life of Pascal. His humility and devotion mortify the libertine more than if they were attacked by a dozen Missionaries:—for they can no longer assert that piety is confined to men of little minds, when they behold the highest degree of it in a geometriician of the first rank, a most acute metaphysician, and one of the most penetrating minds that ever existed."

THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

She was the second daughter of the Earl of Holland, born in the year 1627, and married very young, to Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk.

1627. Her powers of imagination, judgment and memory, were extraordinary : in the latter particular she was so happy, that she frequently committed to writing on Monday, the sermon she heard the preceding Lord's day, and nearly in the very words of the preacher. She had a remarkable government of her passions, and it was observed that she was unskilful in manifesting displeasure, if the subject that excited it was of a temporal nature ; but a profane or indecent expression would lead her to reprove the offenders, if acquainted with them ; if strangers, she would often show her disgust by retiring.

She was frank and confiding in friendship, gentle to her inferiors, and affable to all. She was willing to make any sacrifice for those she esteemed, and nothing was more distressing to her, than to be compelled to doubt the merit of those who had once possessed her good opinion. She was tender to the errors of her servants, and, if virtuous and faithful, treated them as humble friends. None had a more correct estimation of relative duties, or

discharged them more faithfully. Her husband, parents, kindred, friends, servants, neighbors—all were witnesses of this truth.

If these are but moral virtues, there was every reason to believe that in her they flowed from a renovated heart. Hence her love and regard to the truth, which in every situation of life, led her to meet any danger and ridicule rather than violate integrity. Hence also her active benevolence,—for her soul seemed composed of Christian kindness and compassion. The poor whom she knew, needed not to come to her for aid ; she sent clothing, food, medicine, and other comforts to their habitations, and provided houses for those who had none. She often visited them to acquaint herself more particularly with their persons and wants ; and if any intreated her charity when she was from home, and happened to be unprovided, she would borrow from her friends to supply them.

Her charity extended beyond their temporal wants ; she endeavored to relieve and instruct their minds, by admonishing the careless, and counseling the scrupulous ; at the same time offering her daily prayers on their behalf. She distributed her bounty kindly, and without ostentation. The poor and distressed, whom she had so often relieved, bewailed at her death, as for a lost parent, and long after thankfully recognized her generosity.

In another species of charity, she was exemplary—that of forgiving injuries, which whether they arose from mistake or malice, she was ever ready to pardon and forget. Though her memory on other subjects was very tenacious, here she seemed to have no recollection at all. Benefits and favors

were never effaced from her mind ; but unkindness, though it might for the time make a deep impression upon her susceptible spirit, was never returned by any similar act.

She possessed a strong faith in the merits of a Redeemer, and a lively hope of immortality. Sometimes the tenderness of her conscience would awaken fears, which she conquered by self-recollection and humble prayer. In times of sorrow, faith and patience were her support. When her only son was in the agonies of death, she sat down almost exhausted, having poured out many prayers and tears. When she found that he had indeed gone, she gave a momentary vent to grief, and then took her Bible, and applied herself to the singing of Psalms, till the violence of emotion had subsided, and her soul was brought into tranquil submission to the will of God.

The lovely grace of humility was observable in all her actions. It was like a robe covering her from head to foot, through which her innumerable excellences shone with an improved lustre. She suffered none of the noble talents of her mind to slumber in indolence. She remembered who had given them, and who would require them again.—Every day was begun, and closed with prayer. As soon as she awoke, she went into her closet, and performed her customary devotions, reading at the same time her portion in the Bible which consisted of the psalms appointed for the day of the month, and six chapters beside ; intending by this course to read the Bible twice in a year. This method she began at the age of 15, and continued regularly till her death, and if any circumstance compelled

her to shorten her usual portion, she proportionably increased the number of chapters, at her next reading season.

She was methodical, as well as diligent in improving her time ; carefully allotting proper hours to business, repasts and reading. In her daily course of the Scriptures, she allowed a portion of time to examine difficult passages by notes, and interpreters. Many other books of divinity likewise shared her attention, and administered to her instruction. She delighted much in the Sabbath, and other seasons for devotion, especially in the preparation for the Sacrament. In this ordinance she endeavored frequently to participate, and found it a great assistance to her piety. She was very attentive during preaching, and often repeated to her family what she remembered of the sermons.

Like many true believers she was for a time subject to spiritual doubts, but it pleased God to deliver her from them, and to grant her an increase of confidence and comfort. Her whole life might be styled a scene of preparation for death ; and apprehending its approach during an illness that afflicted her, she entreated her friends to reveal her real condition to her, without reserve. They confessed that their hopes of her life were small, and that dissolution seemed gradually approaching.

At this she discovered neither terror or reluctance, but sending for her near relatives and friends, with a countenance solemn and serene took an affectionate leave of them. She gave them benedictions, counsels and prayers, adapted to each, especially her husband, children and servants, tending to direct them in the way of well-doing, that so she

might meet them again in glory. With such affection and zeal did she warn, and advise them, and such assurances did she give them that she was going from pains and miseries to celestial rest, that the remembrance of her words, and the image of her serene aspect could never be effaced from their minds. She seemed like Moses on Mount Pisgah, or like Jacob on his last couch distributing blessings. One who should have seen her dearest friends and relatives full of tears and lamentations, and herself unmoved, counselling, comforting, and blessing them, would have been ready to think that they were to die, and that she was giving them Christian exhortation and comfort. Her confidence in God, and her spiritual joy were such, that the anticipation of death seemed to give her a taste of the happiness of the life to come.

The legacy she left to her two dear children was, her desire to their father, that whatever outward provision he made for them, for which she was not anxious, they might be educated in the strictest way of religion: this she had found best for herself in life; and at death she recommended it to those whom she most tenderly loved. Yet after approaching the confines of Death, looking him calmly in the face, and tranquilly surveying all his terrors, it pleased the Almighty to bring her again from the pit of darkness, and continue her in life, very unexpectedly, for six months longer.

This miracle, as it appeared, was an instance of the greatest mercy to another, and it seemed that she was restored, for a great and necessary work. Her father, Earl Holland, was about this time arraigned before the High Court erected by Parlia-

ment, and condemned to die. In this affliction he received inexpressible comfort from his pious daughter, whom it seemed as if Providence had brought for his sake from the brink of the grave. When all hopes of his life were banished, she frequently visited him in prison, and watched all night in a room adjoining his, that she might be near him in the morning. In conversing on religion, she proposed such prudent and searching questions, so judiciously applied both law and gospel, so gently wounded, and then so kindly endeavored to heal, that being at length much comforted, he exclaimed, "Happy am I, that I should receive from a child of my own, such consolation." To a divine who visited him, he said, "I thank God, that I have a child who is able to be my counsellor in all my doubts."

The distressing stroke of his execution she bore with much Christian patience, acknowledging it to be the wise method of Almighty God, to bestow mercy on a soul, which, had it been exempted from so great a calamity, and still conversant with scenes of prosperity and temptation, might never so earnestly and humbly have sought him. She declared, that, thinking as she thought, she could not, even if it were lawful, wish him alive again ; she dared not desire for him so bad an exchange as to leave heaven for earth. Yet it was known by all, that her affection for him had been uncommonly tender and strong.

She told a friend, that now, if God would give her leave, she would retire into the country, having, as she said, so disposed her family and business, that she had nothing to do, but to die. Those who had opportunity to know, observed, that during the

six months which succeeded her dangerous sickness there was not a night in which she rose from her closet devotions without an overflowing of tears.— And now her work being done, Death approached to claim her corruptible part. A few days before her departure, her intellect was affected ; but in one of her lucid intervals, she poured out her soul in a comprehensive prayer ; pleading before God, his name, his attributes, his mercies, the mediation of his Son, and his promises, which she drew from every part of his word.

This seemed her last considerable interval of reason, except that after her strength was spent, she recognized her friends when they came to her, signified her assurance of an interest in Christ, and joined attentively in their prayers. About an hour after, in a quiet sleep, she yielded her spirit to her God, May 10th, 1649, in the 22d year of her age ; most tenderly lamented by her friends, to whom she had been inexpressibly dear and delightful. She was early fitted for heaven, and early received to the participation of celestial joys.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

THIS lady was the daughter of Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork, who began the world with little except an unblemished character, and left at 1630. his death an immense estate to his children.

He was originally a private gentleman, the younger son of a younger brother, and had no other patrimony than what was expressed in his motto—"God's providence is my inheritance." His persevering exertions were crowned with a state of opulence and honor, yet he still retained the motto which he had adopted in his poverty, and caused to be written on his principal buildings and inscribed on his tomb—"God's providence is my inheritance." One of his numerous sons was the philosopher, Robert Boyle, a man equally distinguished by genius, learning and piety; a bright ornament to religion, and to human nature.

The subject of these memoirs was a daughter, who early in life became the consort of the Earl of Warwick. The powers of her mind were strong, and assisted by a regular and pious education; but though her conduct was circumspect and amiable, she confessed that she knew nothing of the life and power of religion in the heart, till after her arrival at maturity. She acknowledged that she entered

her husband's family, with erroneous ideas of religion, and strong prejudices against it; but the true devotion she saw there, the excellent preaching she heard, and the amiable tenderness of her illustrious father-in-law, were effectual in removing her dangerous prepossessions. Afflictions, and occasional retirement were also blessed to her, and served to detach her thoughts from the follies and pleasures of the world.

After this happy change in her sentiments and feelings, she became remarkable for gravity, humility and circumspection, and for a seraphic zeal to promote the interests of religion. It seemed the great object of her life to show forth the praises of Him who had called her from darkness into marvellous light. She regularly kept a diary, in which she recorded the frame of her heart, remarkable providences towards herself and others, answers of prayer, spiritual comforts, temptations prevailing or resisted, and whatever else might be useful for caution or encouragement, humiliation or gratitude.

Prayer, she used to style "the ease of the heart," and such it was to her. She was not only constant in this duty, but so fervent, that when she used not an audible voice, her sighs and groans were frequently overheard from her closet. Prayer was the element in which she lived and died; the vital breath of her soul which eventually wafted it to heaven. She walked two hours every morning for serious meditation, in which important duty she was a great proficient; sometimes employing her thoughts on particular subjects, at others extracting mental improvement from accidental occurrences. Volumes of this kind she left behind her in manuscript.

and the parts that have been published do equal honor to her head and her heart.

She kept the Sabbath with exemplary strictness, as the best preservative to the life of religion. She was a devout communicant, and prepared for the renewal of her covenant with fasting and prayer. If she had a particular interest in any whom she apprehended destitute of religion, she would employ the authority of friendship, and the persuasive powers of her own eloquence, to plead the cause of their own eternal salvation. She studiously kept herself disengaged from sects and parties, that none might suspect her of a design to make proselytes to any but to God.

That she might recommend piety to others, she endeavored to make it appear in its most amiable and alluring form. To an engaging deportment, she added, the attractive charms of Christian meekness, courtesy and benevolence. Her discourse in company was both interesting and profitable, and she evinced great dexterity in giving it an insensible turn towards moral and serious subjects. She took great care of the souls of her servants, and it was her ambition to be the mistress of a religious family. This appeared in exacting their attendance, and reverent behaviour, at the public worship of God,—in personal instruction and familiar persuasion,—in seriously endeavoring to prepare them for the Sacrament and exhorting them to partake of it frequently,—in dispersing good books in all common rooms and places of attendance, that those in waiting might have profitable employment,—and in making religion in her servants, the criterion of her esteem. She treated them all as friends, but those who most feared the Lord, were her favorites.

Neither was she inattentive to their temporal interests; for she seemed to find as much satisfaction in pleasing them, as the best servants have in pleasing their superiors. She delighted to render their lives easy, and free from discontent, that so they might serve God with cheerfulness. She extended her generous care to the period in which their earthly connection should be dissolved, and left them legacies of 2, 3 and 400*l.* with the wages of a full year, and permission to remain at her house, three months, as in her life, that they might have sufficient time to seek other commodious situations.

She spared no pains to accommodate her tenants, and, if any of them sustained material losses, was accustomed to deduct them from their rent. No inconvenience could ever make her recede from obligations into which she had entered, or even from intimated promises, if she found the expectations of others were excited by them.

With this sacred regard for truth, she coupled the divine injunction, "speak evil of no man." She would extenuate the failings of others, by bringing into view the brighter parts of their character, and where she could not commend, was silent.

To her parents she was a pattern of duty and respect;—as a sister, inexpressibly tender and endearing; as a friend, affectionate, unsuspecting and faithful. Her excellence as a mother, appeared in the education of her son, a promising youth, who died before her; and in the instruction of three young ladies, whom she adopted, and to whom she was a mother in the best sense of the word. As a wife, it may be truly said that "the heart of her

husband safely trusted in her, and she did him good, and not evil, all the days of her life." She lived under a constant and impressive sense of the covenant of God which was between them; mingling uncommon tenderness and affection with a conduct uniformly complying. She concealed his infirmities, sympathized in his indispositions, and attended him with the greatest kindness. Above all she loved his soul; fervently praying for him, and counselling him with mingled zeal and prudence.

Among other testimonials of esteem and gratitude, he gave her, by will, his whole estate, and left her his sole executrix. This arduous task she discharged with such attention, prudence and accuracy, as more than satisfied all who were concerned, and this event she acknowledged, as a visible, and distinguishing mercy. During the life of Earl Warwick, she had a stated yearly allowance, and anxiously inquired of her minister, what portion of their substance he supposed people were bound to consecrate to the poor. On his suggesting a seventh part, she immediately answered that she could not think of less than a third; and this proportion she accordingly set apart for charitable uses.

The most pressing exigencies of a different kind never induced her to infringe on this dedicated sum, though she often borrowed from the remainder of her property to increase it; and anticipated her incomes rather than restrain her liberality.

When she came into possession of the large estate bequeathed her by her husband, her management of it confirmed the truth of the remark uttered by a person of high eminence, "that the Earl of Warwick had given all his estate to *pious uses*."

She seemed to have no satisfaction in great possessions but that of doing extensive good ; and frequently declared that she would not be incumbered with the largest estate in England on any other conditions. That her charity was judicious as well as generous, appears from the objects on which she bestowed it :—

1. Persons, really in want, whom the remembrance of better days, or a native modesty and delicacy prevented from complaining of their necessities. Such she liberally relieved, without solicitation, and with such gentleness and meekness as seemed to express a desire to gain their pardon, rather than deserve thanks.

2. Foreigners, who in those days of calamity fled from their native country to preserve their persecuted religion. To these she evinced that she honored the goodness of their cause, and found pleasure in tenderly administering to their necessities.

3. Scholars of promising dispositions and capacities, but of slender resources, whom she educated in great numbers at the universities, allowing them at the same time an annual sum of 20 or 30*l.* as she supposed their needs required.

4. Poor children ;—whom, if she could persuade to learn, she placed at school in neighboring towns, not only paying for their instruction, but supplying them with books and clothing. This noble charity she exercised not only near home, but even the distant regions of Wales, shared liberally in her bounty.

5. Ministers of every denomination, whose livings were incompetent to support their families with decency.

6. Occasional applicants of almost every character ; and though sometimes deceived and abused in such cases, she was not deterred from giving ; often saying, “ I would rather relieve ten who appear proper objects, and are not, than to let one in real distress go unrelieved ; for if they deceive me in giving, God will not deceive me in accepting what is sincerely done for his name’s sake.

7. The poor around her whom she knew. These she fed in great numbers, not with fragments, but with generous supplies purposely provided. She supplied them with medicines, personally visited the meanest of them, to converse with, to instruct, and to comfort them. Her love and compassion for them was unbounded. Twice a week she provided bread and beef for the poor of four adjacent parishes ; and ordered in her will that the same bounty should be continued after her death, and a hundred pounds distributed to the poor of four other parishes.

This was the amiable, the noble, the exemplary life of the Countess of Warwick. “ Give her of the fruits of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.”—From a passage in her diary, written the last Lord’s day of her health, it appears that she had some impressions of her approaching dissolution. The Tuesday following she was seized with an indisposition from which she never recovered. She discoursed with great cheerfulness ; and the last sentence she was heard to utter, was to some friends who surrounded her, as she drew the curtains of her bed—“ If I were but one hour in heaven, I would not be again with you, as much as I love you.”—Soon after, having proposed prayer, she,

almost as soon as it was begun, heaved a sigh as she sat in her chair, turned pale, and immediately expired ; according to her own often repeated request—"that if she might choose the manner and circumstances of her death, she would die *praying*."—

"A soul prepar'd needs no delays,
The summons comes, the saint obeys ;—
Swift was her flight, and short the road,
She clos'd her eyes, and saw her God."

REV. PHILIP HENRY.

PHILIP HENRY was born at Whitehall, (Westminster) on Wednesday, August 24th, 1631. His father had the office of keeper of the 1631. Orchard, and attendant upon the king's second son, James Duke of York. He was very sincere in his attachment to the unfortunate Charles First, and a deep mourner for his untimely death. A little anecdote is recorded, illustrative of his constant and fearless affection. The imprisoned monarch, insulted and despised, going under guard to his trial at Westminster, passed the door of this faithful attendant, who was eager to present him his affectionate respects, and in spite of the menaces of the guard prayed fervently that "God would bless his Majesty." This must have been soothing to the heart of him who suffered many insults, "on whose visage every eye did scowl, and no tongue cried, God save him."

The mother of the subject of these memoirs, was of the family of Rochdales, in Westminster. She was a woman of great virtue and piety, though her lot was cast among the vanities and temptations of a court. She was careful to instruct her children in

the precepts and practice of religion, catechised them, and not satisfied with praying for them, daily prayed *with them*. Observing in this her only son, early inclinations to learning and piety, she solemnly devoted him in his tender years to the service of God in the work of the ministry. To the close of his life he was accustomed to express peculiar gratitude to Heaven for the benefit of such a parent, who poured pious instruction upon his unformed mind, and unceasingly solicited for him the dews of divine grace. After some time spent in the study of the languages, he was received into Westminster school in the fourth form ; then into the upper school under the celebrated Dr. Busby ; then to the honor of King's Scholar.

At his mother's request he was permitted to attend a daily lecture, established by seven pious ministers of the assembly of Divines. This, which he attended without any abatement of his school exercises, was the instrument of much good to his young mind. At the age of eleven years he began the practice of writing what he could recollect from the Sermons he heard, continued it until the decay of his sight, a little previous to his death, and recommended it to others, as a method of fixing the attention, strengthening the memory, and assisting serious meditation.

But while he was prosecuting his studies with diligence and success, the all-wise Providence of God was preparing to write him an orphan. His mother lay upon the couch of languishing, and in the midst of her sufferings was heard to exclaim—“ my head is in heaven ; my heart is in heaven :—one step more, and I shall be there also.” On the

6th of March, 1645, she departed ;—and to her children was fulfilled what the strong faith of the Psalmist once affirmed, “when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”

Two years after, Philip Henry, in the sixteenth year of his age, publicly gave himself up to God, and joined in covenant with his people. On this solemn occasion he writes—“there had been treaties before, between my soul and Jesus Christ ; but then confessing my sins, casting away all my transgressions, receiving him as my righteousness, dedicating myself absolutely and unreservedly to his fear and service, and then coming to this ordinance, there I received him indeed, and he became mine :—*I say mine.*” He mentions with gratitude, Dr. Busby’s careful attention for some time previous in explaining the nature of the ordinance, exciting to serious preparation, and appointing religious exercises, instead of the customary scholastic ones,—“for which,” writes the young communicant, “the Lord recompense a thousand fold into his bosom.”

In December, 1647, he was entered a student at Christ’s College, Oxford, and addressed himself vigorously to its peculiar studies. He was on a visit at London, when Charles First was beheaded, and with a mournful heart witnessed that tragical scene. He noticed that at the instant the fatal blow was struck, such a dismal and universal groan arose from the thousands surrounding the scaffold, as he never before heard, and had not power to describe : and that immediately the soldiers came marching in separate bodies, according to previous orders, to disperse the people, and to scatter their distressing thoughts by forcing them to seek their own safety.

He returned, and resumed his University studies, and was favored with many advantages, for obtaining both classical and religious instruction.

Some of his contemporary students used to associate for the purposes of prayer, and religious conference, which were blest to their preparation for the future duties of the ministry. He received his degrees of Bachelor, and Master of Arts, and answered the Latin philosophical questions with great applause. A copy of Latin verses of his, is printed among the Oxford university poems, which confer on him that reputation as a poet which he had before gained as an orator. Soon after taking his degree of Master of Arts he preached his first sermon from John viii. 34. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin," and the Christian hearers rejoiced that he could so willingly lay aside the enticing words of man's wisdom for the purity and simplicity of the gospel. Yet notwithstanding his diligence, his attainments and reputation, humility led him to perceive and lament lost time and neglected opportunities, and in one of his visits to the place of his education, he inserts in his diary,—“a tear dropt over my university sins.”

At leaving Oxford he was requested to preach as a candidate in the church of Worthenburg, and to officiate as chaplain and private tutor in the family of Judge Puleston, the most pious and influential man in those parts. His constant exertions in this new sphere of usefulness, his amiable and exemplary conduct, so gained him the friendship of his patron, that he confirmed to him the lease of a house erected purposely for him, and the sum of 100*l.* a year while he should continue the minister

of Worthenburg. On the 16th of Sept. 1657, he was publicly ordained in the parish church, and entered on the work of his ministry.

The sphere was narrow and confined for such a burning and shining light, the number of communicants was only 41, and the congregation principally composed of poor tenants and laborers, but the souls of such, he would say, "were precious in the sight of God," and he carefully and affectionately performed his duty towards them, refusing the offers that were made him, which might have flattered his ambition and promoted his secular interest.

In labors he was abundant: beside preaching, he expounded the Scriptures in order, catechised and explained the Catechism, receiving into the number of his Catechumens, adults as well as children, because he perceived that they needed instruction. He established a monthly lecture of two sermons; and a conference, where he encouraged familiar discourse of spiritual things, that he might better understand the state of his flock, and adapt his sermons and prayers to their individual cases. He was very diligent in visiting the sick, instructing them, and praying with them; and in this service said, "he aimed at the good, not only of those who were sick, but also of the relations and friends that were about them." He preached funeral sermons for all who were buried there, of whatever rank or age, for he considered it a time to scatter the good seed of the word, when Providence had softened the heart for its reception. In his preaching and administration of ordinances, he was plain and affectionate, laying aside his great learn-

ing, that he might suit the capacities of the unlearned, and win souls to Christ.

His diary records the affections and emotions of his soul, whether in his study, closet or pulpit, for he kept his heart with all diligence. "For three things he was remarkable," says a writer of those times; "great piety and devotion, and much savor of them in his conversation; great industry in the pursuit of useful knowledge; great self-denial and eminent humility, which cast a lustre upon his other graces: and though like all zealous servants of Jesus Christ he was not without opposers, yet the *vox populi* fastened upon him the epithet of *Heavenly Henry*.

He would receive no compensation for any ministerial services, except his stated salary, which he had agreed to accept of the Puleston family in lieu of the usual tithe: yet of his little portion he constantly laid by a tenth part for the poor, adopting the words of Daniel, "of thine own, Lord, have we given thee."

After finding him so faithful in the concerns of others, entrusted to his care, let us view him in the management of his own; in his house and his family, for there the hearts of men are most successfully developed. He selected as a partner for life, Catharine, the only child of Mr. Daniel Matthews of Broad Oak, and on the 26th of April, 1660, entered into the holy bonds of matrimony. In this design he had carefully sought the direction of God in prayer, fearing without his guidance, to take a step which might materially influence his temporal and eternal happiness. The day previous to his marriage, he devoted to secret prayer and fasting, and

God was pleased to bless an union so religiously begun. His diary often records his great satisfaction in this choice, and his fervent thanks to the Almighty who had given him "an helper and a Comforter."

He was now found exemplary in family religion, and would often say, "we are *really* what we are *relatively*; it is not so much what we are at church, as what we are in our families." He believed the secret duties of the closet to have a great effect upon the conduct of life, and was very faithful in their performance. Merely upon the occasion of removing his closet from one room to another, he records this request in his daily journal: "This day my new closet was consecrated by prayer; and may all the prayers that shall ever be made in it, according to the will of God, morning, evening, and at noon, ordinary or extraordinary, be accepted of him, and obtain a gracious answer." Beside secret prayer, he and his consort constantly prayed together, morning and evening, without a single omission when they were together, either at home or abroad. This he would recommend to others, from his own experience of its benefit, adding that those who were thus united were bound to do all in their power to help each other to heaven, and that they were thus excited to "live together as heirs of the grace of life, that their prayers be not hindered."

When abroad or on journeys he accidentally lodged with his friends, he constantly reminded them, that "those who sleep together, should pray together," and in this performance of duty was usually short but often much affected. Many to whom he gave this advice and example, have bles-

sed God for him, and for his instructions. Family worship in all its parts he performed conscientiously from the day he was first called to the charge of a house, till the day of his release from earth. He attended it early in the morning, before the intrusion and hurry of worldly concerns, and also early in the evening before the children and servants retired. He would tell those who complained they could not find time for it, that if they would arm themselves with Christian resolution, other difficulties would vanish, that it was a great preserver of order and decency in a family, and would bring a blessing upon them, and their possessions.

He was desirous that all under his roof should join with him, not only strangers and visitors, but workmen and day-laborers. His first exercise was a short but solemn prayer, imploring the divine presence and blessing upon this his reasonable service, then the singing of a psalm, in which the whole family joined, then the reading and explanation of a portion of Scripture, of which his children were required to give him an account, and afterwards to write, as a method of exciting their attention, strengthening their memories, and storing their minds with good things. Then followed his prayer in the midst of his kneeling family, his thanksgiving for their mercies, his confession of their sins, his intercession for needful blessings. He observed the custom of Job, who "offered burnt offerings for his children according to the number of them all," so he would often present a petition for each child, and always on the return of their respective birth days, would return thanks for them as a gift, and request renewed favors for them. For every servant, and

sojourner who entered or left the family, he would address a separate petition suited to their circumstances.

He was daily mindful of all who desired his prayers, and very careful to notice particular providences; concluding his morning and evening worship, with a doxology and solemn benediction. Immediately after the service, his children together, with bended knee, came to entreat a blessing of him and their mother, and to desire them to pray to God to bless them. Their blessing was given with great solemnity and affection, always remembering any of them who might be absent—"The Lord bless you, and your brother, (or you and your sister) who is absent. Thus did he daily bless his household, and with such fervor, such affection, such variety of service, that none said, what a weariness is it; his family viewed it not as a task but a pleasure, and those accidentally present were constrained to say, "behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren so to dwell together in unity."

On Sabbath evenings he was usually more full in prayer, soliciting a blessing upon the churches, and the outpouring of the Spirit universally, and was often observed to be absorbed in the work, as if he found the service its own reward, or (as it were,) dwelt for a time, like Moses, in the mount with God. On that day, he constantly sung a psalm after dinner, and after supper, beside those in the stated service, and in the evening examined his children and servants, in the sense and meaning of their Catechism, and heard them repeat what they could recollect of the sermons of the day.

On Thursday evenings, he catechised them, examined them in their knowledge of the useful books they had read, and of their acquaintance with the Scriptures. On Saturday evenings they rendered him an account of the several chapters they had heard him read and explain during the week. This he called gathering up the fragments that nothing might be lost; and would sometimes say affectionately in the words of Christ to his disciples, "have ye understood all these things?" and if not, he would explain them more fully, managing the whole exercise with so much prudence and sweetness, that with the knowledge of the Scriptures he instilled the love of them also.

Thus was he the prophet and the priest of his own house, and he was a king there likewise, ruling in the wisdom and fear of God, and not suffering even the "*appearance* of evil." He had once a servant who was overtaken with intemperance abroad, for which the next morning at family worship, he solemnly reproved him, admonished him, prayed for him with a spirit of meekness, and soon after dismissed him. But many of his servants, by the influence of Heaven upon his endeavors, received abiding religious impressions, and blessed God that they ever came under his roof. Few went from his service till they were called to families of their own, and many who had buried their yoke-fellows, returned again to his service, saying, "Master, it is good for us to be here."

His children,—for God had given him four daughters and two sons,—he brought up with unspeakable care and tenderness, being watchful never "to provoke them to wrath, or to discourage

them, but to hold them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." He indeed preserved his authority, but it was with wisdom and love, and not with an high hand, always allowing them freedom of discourse with him, that he might find the avenue to their hearts, and enter, bearing precious seed. He was their constant instructor, taught them all to write himself, and made them early record the memory of sermons, and other useful extracts. He taught his eldest daughter the Hebrew tongue, at the age of 6 or 7 years, by a Grammar which he compiled for her, and she made such proficiency as to be able readily to read and construe a Hebrew Psalm. He sometimes employed them to write from the Scriptures whatever appeared to them forcible or impressive, and gave each of them a book to record what they thought remarkable in the volumes he selected for them to peruse.

He not only taught his children to pray by his own example, but appointed them a part of every Saturday afternoon, to spend together, or with those of their age who might occasionally be there, in reading good books, singing and prayer, sometimes telling them for their encouragement, that the God whom they addressed, understood broken language; and that if they offered the best they were able, in the sincerity of their hearts, they would not only be accepted, but taught to do better, "for unto him that hath (and useth what he hath) more shall be given." For their use he drew up the following concise covenant:—"I take God the Father to be my chief end and highest good. I take God the Son to be my Prince and Saviour. I take God the Holy Ghost to be my Sanctifier, Teacher, Guide

and Comforter. I take the word of God to be the rule of all my actions. I take the people of God to be my people in all conditions. I do likewise devote and dedicate unto the Lord, my whole self, all I am, all I have, all I can do. And this I do, deliberately, sincerely, freely,—forever.”

Thus each of his children solemnly repeated to him every Sabbath evening, and he labored to give them an understanding of it, and to persuade them to consent to it, not with the lips only, but with the heart. When they arrived at years of discretion, each of them transcribed and very solemnly signed it, which he told them he would keep, and produce as a testimony against them, if they should depart from God, and despise his service. In reasoning with them of their spiritual state he would press upon their minds the circumstance of infant baptism, that they were dedicated to God, and bound to be his servants. “I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid.” This he would illustrate by the comparison of taking a lease of a fair estate for a child in the cradle, who without capability of consenting to the act, hath still a maintenance out of it, and an interest in it, with power to reject or confirm the instrument when arrived at years of maturity. “Now, children, our great Landlord was willing that your lives should be put into the lease of heaven and happiness, and it was done accordingly by your baptism, which is the seal of righteousness by faith; and by that it was assured to you, that if you would pay the rent and do the service, that is, live a life of faith, repentance and sincere obedience, you shall never be cast off; but if you dislike the terms and refuse to pay the rent,—for-

feit now the lease." Thus would he make plain to them the nature of this ordinance, and would sometimes say to his friends—"if infant baptism were more improved, it would be less disputed."

At the age of 16 his children approached the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and made that solemn covenant their own act and deed. Very great care he took to prepare them for that solemn event, and was repaid by their exemplary and pious conduct, and his labors in their education were so rendered effectual by the blessing of God, that they gave him inexpressible comfort, and when they were placed in families of their own, they walked in the steps of their teacher, as he also followed Christ. "Verily, he had no greater joy than to see his children walking in truth."

Five of his children arrived at years of maturity, and were judiciously and happily disposed of in the world, when he was summoned to quit it, but his eldest son, a child of good parts, and most sweet disposition, died of the measles, at the age of six years. He has left this short memorial of him, "*Praeterque actatem nil puerile fuit.*" This was a great affliction to the affectionate parents, and Mr. Henry writes in his diary, "Lord, shew me wherefore thou contendest with me. Have I over boasted, over loved? That child had been always very patient under rebukes, the remembrance of which teacheth me how to behave under the rebukes of my heavenly father. I have laid him in the cold earth: I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Many years after he writes, "This day fourteen years, the Lord took my first born son from me, the beginning of my strength, with a stroke. In

memory whereof my heart melted this evening. I bless the Lord that hath spared the rest, I entreated mercy for every one of them, absolutely and unreservedly dedicating them, myself, my whole self, estate, interest, life, to the will of Him, from whom I received all. Father, hallowed be thy name."

When his only surviving son had attained his tenth year, he was seized with a lingering fever, and so reduced, that his life was despaired of, and death daily expected. The afflicted father, watching the agonies of a promising and beloved child, was sent for to preach at a considerable distance, and felt it his duty to leave him, though perhaps he should see him alive no more on earth. He left his house very sad in spirit, performed the work that was assigned him, returned, and his son still lived. "At such a place and time upon the road," said he, "I did most solemnly, freely and deliberately, resign my dear child to God, to do what he pleased with him and me." "And I believe, sir, (said an aged and pious friend who came to assist in their time of affliction) I believe, at that place and time, God gave him back to you again," for from that period he speedily and almost miraculously recovered. His eldest sister writes, "I was then a child of eight years, and could think but as a child, yet this discourse very much affected me, and tended to endear my brother more to me, who I believed was-given back to us in an extraordinary manner."

This worthy man had many times and measures of affliction, being heir to the promise that "all who would live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer tribulation." Upon the death of Judge Puleston

and his lady, the rest of the family, not realizing the value of a godly minister, and "loving this present world," withheld his annuity and ejected him from his office without alleging any fault, except his not reading or using the Book of Common Prayer. A servant of Mr. Puleston gave public notice to the church that he was to be dismissed, and the same day he preached his farewell discourse from Philippians i. 27. "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ." Soon after he retired to his wife's paternal estate in Broad Oak, and though he ceased to preach to this people he continued to love and pray for them, still feeling as if a kind of relation subsisted between them.

On St. Bartholomew's day, 1662, he with a great number of zealous, faithful ministers, was silenced for not acceding to the act of uniformity. This was his greatest affliction, to be debarred from his work, which he considered as his honor and delight. In the midst of his days and usefulness, in his glory and prime, he was cast aside as a "despised broken vessel in which there was no pleasure." The next year he was imprisoned upon a false accusation of plotting against government; but nothing being proved he was released, and returned to his house with thanksgivings to God, and a fervent prayer that he would forgive his enemies. He was a second time imprisoned, for meeting with a few friends to pray and seek the mercy of God, at the time the plague raged with great fury at London.

The Five Mile Act then commenced, by which every non-conformist minister was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, if they approached within

five miles of any town or corporation where they had formerly preached. Broad Oak was but four reputed miles from Worthenburg, so he was compelled to part from his beloved family, and afterwards removed them also for a time, till the fury of the persecution turned away. In many other afflictions and losses he participated with his injured brethren, who were cut off from all means of support, and "had no certain abiding place," while their sufferings were the subjects of merriment in the luxurious and abandoned court of the Second Charles. Yet he sustained his troubles with the temper of a Christian, sorrowing most of all that he could not be about his master's business. In his private capacity he exerted himself to do good, in charity and hospitality he was exemplary, and if he was not permitted to preach, none could hinder his "prayers to the God of his life."

But to recount his particular sufferings in the cause of the gospel, would exceed my prescribed limits; they were rendered remarkable by the resignation and deep feeling with which he sustained them, his prayers for his enemies, and his affection for the government which persecuted him and his brethren. But after the accession of James, a shadow of liberty was held out to the dissenters: they beheld it, and rejoiced with trembling. They were at first permitted to preach in their own houses, and soon after, Mr. Henry, at the earnest request of the people of Broad Oak, prepared one of his own buildings for a church, and officiated there as minister until the time of his death.

As if regret at the loss of so much time, or a presentiment of approaching death, stimulated his

exertions, he was observed to disregard himself and his own ease, and to give his time and strength to the work of the gospel. In the stated duties of the Sabbath, lectures on week days, catechising, visiting the sick, preaching in neighboring places, he was active as in the days of youth and strength. The national fasts, which were frequently appointed, he observed with great solemnity, and from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon never left the pulpit, but spent the whole time in its various exercises; and it was noticed by his hearers that he grew more lively and engaged towards the close of the day, as if the spirit received greater supplies of strength, when his frame was weary and exhausted. All these laborious performances, in which he continued nine years, till his death, were without the least profit or compensation, for he sought no perishable riches, and was willing to spend and be spent for Christ. At his own expense he distributed the word of life, and without doubt has now obtained a durable reward.

About the year 1687, in the course of a few months he performed the ceremony of marriage for all his children, much to his satisfaction and comfort. He preached a wedding sermon for each, and when the last of them left his house, writes thus in his diary. "We have sent her away, not as Laban said he would have sent his daughters away, with mirth, and with songs, with tabret, and with harp, but with prayers, and tears, and sincere good wishes. And now we are alone as at the beginning; God enable us to finish well: the Lord be better unto us than many children."

His letters to them now breathed the affection of

a parent, and the spirit of a counsellor, and some of them preserved in an account of his life, shew that while his chief desire was to have them approved of God, he participated in all their joys, and in all their afflictions was afflicted. They were ever on his heart in his prayers and intercessions ; in his family devotions he offered “ offerings and petitions according to the number and situation of them all,” and would sometimes say, “ Can the children of so many prayers be abandoned ?” Their remarkable unity and love gave him great satisfaction, and when he perceived that their transplantation into separate families, had rather increased and confirmed it, he gave fervent thanks to the God of all consolation, and in his last will and testament inserted this petition : “ That the Lord would build them up in holiness, and continue them still in brotherly love, as a bundle of arrows that cannot be broken.”

His house was scarcely emptied of his own children, when it was filled with those of his friends, who were desirous that their families should enjoy the benefit of his example and prayers. Many who had completed their university education came to pass some time under his care previous to their entrance upon the ministry. To such he would say, with his usual humility, “ you come to me as Naaman did to Elisha, expecting that I should do this and that great thing for you, when alas ! I can only say as he did, *Go wash in Jordan, Go study the Scriptures.*”

His constitution was naturally delicate, yet by strict temperance, and regularity in diet and exercise he retained health and strength for incredible exertion. He was about the middle stature, and his

countenance expressed a gravity and sweetness almost angelic ; yet when his parishioners earnestly desired to have his portrait taken that they might look upon it when he was no more, he would answer affectionately “not so : the best picture of a minister is in the hearts of his people.” He had always accustomed himself to the meditation of death, that its actual appearance might not overwhelm him with terror. No presage no warning, announced its approach : on the morning of his departure, he arose in vigorous health, and began his family service. In his exposition he was animated and copious, but in his prayer not so much so as usual, for while in this duty, he was taken with a sudden weakness, and received the sentence of death in himself. “Happy is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.”

Immediately after prayer he retired to his chamber, without mentioning his illness, and was found in great extremity of pain, which no remedy could relieve. His son was sent for, and at his entrance he said, “O Son, you are welcome to a dying father ; I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand.” To his neighbors he said, “make sure work for your souls, get an interest in Christ while you are in health, for if I had that to do now, what would become of me ? but I bless God I am satisfied.” The agonies of death increased upon him, but he continued in prayer, committing his soul to God. At ten at night his pulse and his sight failed. This he noticed, took an affectionate leave of his son, and consort, giving her “a thousand thanks for her care

and tenderness," left a blessing for his children and their little ones, called anew upon God his Salvation, and quietly resigned his soul unto him at one o'clock on the morning of June 24th, in the 65th year of his age. He died after an illness of 16 hours, and his last words upon earth were—"O death, where is thy sting?" It pleased God that this servant, so eminent for prayer, should obtain his repeated request "never to outlive his usefulness;" it pleased him also that in the act of prayer he should pass from this mutable state, to an haven of everlasting rest.

REV. MATTHEW HENRY.

MATTHEW HENRY, the son of Philip Henry, was born at Broad Oak, October. 28, 1662. 1662. In his infancy and childhood, he was peculiarly subject to the evils of a delicate constitution; but these neither hindered his capacity, or inclination for learning. At three years of age, he was able to read properly, and with some observation of what he read; and it is remarked by a companion of his younger days, that he very early put away childish things. His temper was gentle and submissive, and however astonishing it may appear at the present day, it is confirmed by unquestionable authority, that no angry or unkind word ever passed between his sisters and himself, the whole time of their continuance in their father's house. He was observed to be fond of preaching, and so much affected by it as to retire to his chamber to weep and pray, and scarcely to be prevailed upon to come down and dine on the Lord's day, lest he should lose the forcible impression.

In his tenth year he was supposed to be the subject of genuine conversion, and ever after considered himself as dedicated to God. Papers of considerable length are preserved, written in his thirteenth year, entitled "Spiritual and Temporal Mercies and Deliverances," in which with an un-

derstanding far beyond his years, he notices several interpositions of Providence, in behalf of his family and himself, and particularly gives thanks "for good instructions, for good parents, for the means of grace, for prayer, for succor and help under temptation, for brokenness of heart, for an enlightening."

In 1680, he went to London to complete his education, and was there noticed for proficiency in study, cheerfulness and frankness of disposition, and a talent at introducing religious subjects in common discourse. During his absence, he seldom failed to write twice a week to his father, making him the confidant of his temporal and spiritual concerns, and his letters to him and other friends breathe that spirit of piety, which had effectually preserved him from the temptations and vanities of youth. The silence and hardships imposed upon dissenting ministers, prevented many from educating their sons to that profession, and by the advice of influential friends, he was sent with several companions to prosecute the study of law. He was noticed as one likely to be eminent in that profession, as he possessed a quick apprehension, correct judgment, retentive memory, and remarkable fluency of expression.

But his desire was to the work of the ministry, notwithstanding the darkness of the times, for he "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." He promoted social prayer and religious conference among the young practitioners, frequently expounded the Scripture to them, and at his departure bade them farewell in an affectionate discourse from 2d Thess.—"By the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering

together to him." Liberty, or occasional liberty of preaching, began to be allowed to dissenters, and he immediately commenced preaching as a candidate for the ministry. Success attended his first attempts, and a remarkable conversion was wrought by a sermon of his, from this text, "With God is terrible majesty." On the ninth of May, 1687, he was ordained, and soon after complied with the earnest solicitations of the people of Chester to come and settle among them. In a short time he was married to Miss Catharine Hardware, a person every way accomplished for an agreeable and suitable companion. But the happiness of this union was of short duration.

In little more than a year after their marriage, God was pleased to take her from the world, and from this his servant to separate the "desire of his eyes with a stroke." A contemporary of Mr. Henry, mentions how much he was affected by the solemnities of the ensuing Sabbath. The pious and aged Mr. Philip Henry came to comfort his son on this mournful occasion, and preached from the pathetic request of Job, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me." At the conclusion of the service, the bereaved man came forward to present in baptism his only child, an infant just introduced into a world of tears. He uttered again a confession of his faith, renewed his covenant, and the tears of the audience were mingled with his, when he gave the motherless child to the baptismal font, and added, "although my house be not now so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, and this is all my salvation and all my desire, although he make me not to grow ;

yet according to the tenor of this covenant offer I up this my child unto the great God, a plant out of a dry ground, desiring that it may be implanted into Christ."

In his ministerial labors, stated and occasional, he was an example of diligence and activity. Beside his preaching upon the Sabbath, lecture days, and fast days, which were frequent, he catechised and explained the catechism on Saturdays, attended two conferences in the week, one for young persons where religious questions were proposed and decided, and another for conversation upon experimental piety. He preached to the malefactors in the castle of Chester, for the space of twenty years, with some appearance of success, and his sermons were so much esteemed in other places, and his help so often requested, that scarce a week elapsed in which he did not preach several times, in the neighboring towns, sometimes at the distance of thirty miles. In his preaching at Chester he began and completed a regular body of divinity, interrupting it only by occasional sermons adapted to the peculiar circumstances of his flock, or varying state of public affairs. He expounded to them the whole of the Bible in course, more than once, so that the people of Chester were observed to excel in the knowledge and understanding of the Scriptures. In visiting the sick he was uncommonly attentive, sometimes devoting a part of every day to the duty, and visiting five or six in a day, while his diary records the variations of their sickness, and situation of their minds.

But in no part of his office did he excel more than in prayer. "In this," says a pious writer, who had often listened to him, "he had a wonderful faculty of

engaging attention and raising the affections, and though copious was never tedious." His people, who placed unbounded confidence in him, would frequently solicit his advice for the direction of any consequential affair, and though his judgment and knowledge of human nature were unquestionable, he hesitated to give his advice unless it was sanctified by prayer. Thus when the people of his charge were under apprehension of danger, about to take a journey, or to part with a child, their minister was found with them, to assist, or to counsel, and to recommend their particular case to the notice and favor of a prayer-hearing God. This variety of employment was attended faithfully and discharged affectionately without interfering with family duties, or preventing those literary labors which were afterwards to instruct the world. He was enabled to accomplish so much, by the divine blessing upon his constant improvement of time, and daily prayers for divine assistance. He never presumed to attempt any thing without dedicating it to God by prayer, and his diary gratefully records many evident answers of petitions; "even in the day when he cried he was answered, and strengthened with strength in his soul."

Some time after the vacancy made in his family by the death of his wife, he was again married to Miss Mary Warburton, a woman of much piety, and who seemed to increase the measure of his earthly happiness. The loss of three children called him again to mourning and wo, and in the midst of those sorrows of which his heart was tenderly susceptible, the deep submission and faith of a Christian were seen to triumph. "All is well that God doeth;

he performeth the thing that is appointed for me, to make me meet for his glory." Five daughters and a son were continued to him, and in his method of education, he followed the excellent example of his father, and had the pleasure of seeing his work prosper in his hands.

Among his greatest afflictions was the death of his beloved father. In his diary, the faithful witness between him and his soul, he poured forth his sorrows without restraint. "What is this that God hath done unto us? he calleth my sins to remembrance this day. Our morning worship was as the ark of weeping; among the neighbors lamentation and mourning; my dear mother cast down, but not in despair; I myself, full of confusion, and as a man astonished." At considerable length he gives vent to the feelings of a wounded and a humbled soul, for his heart was ever keenly sensible to the claims of affection, gratitude and friendship. The next year he followed to the tomb his two youngest sisters, and two years after, two of his brothers-in-law. To extract his pathetic expressions of grief, his intercession that these sorrows might be subservient to his future joy, would exceed my prescribed limits, yet could I wish that every Christian might read and profit from the sufferings of one deeply afflicted, yet "strong in the faith, giving glory to God."

By the death of his last brother-in-law, a large family of children were left orphans. Notwithstanding the great number of his burdens, he took upon him the care of their encumbered estate, received several of them into his house, and so educated and provided for them, that they knew not the want of father or mother, and felt not the mis-

ries of orphanage. Their estate improved by his economy, and their souls by his affectionate instructions, will doubtless like the alms and prayers of the centurion "come up for a memorial before God."

For twenty-four years he had never been absent from Chester at their monthly Sacrament, and so attached was he to his flock, that repeated solicitations to become the pastor of three different churches in London, were refused. But at length the earnest entreaties of the people of Hackney, who would accept no denial, and the opinion of the ministers he most valued, that it was his duty to accept of a sphere of more extensive usefulness led him to deliberate upon the measure. Solemn and earnest prayer recommended the event to God, and the reluctant consent of his people upon the ground of his greater usefulness seemed to remove the barrier to its accomplishment. Their parting was upon the Lord's day, May 11, 1612, and his farewell discourse from 1st Thess. iv. 17, 18. "We shall be forever with the Lord, wherefore comfort one another with these words." He writes in review—"a very sad day; O that by the sadness of our countenances our hearts may be made better. I look *back* with sorrow; I look *forward* with fear; but unto thee, O Lord, do I look *up*."

Upon his entrance to a larger field of service, it became evident that he was calculated for great exertions, and that such a burning and shining light ought not to have been confined to narrow limits. He now frequently preached four times on the sabbath, and every day in the week, for several weeks successively, and sometimes thrice on the same day. He seemed to realize that the time of his departure

was at hand, and his motion in duty and holiness was accelerated, as he approached the centre of his rest. The next year he went on a visit to his flock at Chester, having promised at his departure to spend some Sabbaths with them every year, and in his annual review of mercies, mentions gratefully, "the comforts of that journey, and happy state of his congregation."

The ensuing year he again visited them, not knowing that he came to deposit his bones among them. His last sermon to them was from Hebrews; "Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." On Monday he left them, in usual health, preached on the road, was taken ill at the house of a friend, and said, "you have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men, and this is mine; that a life spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any can live in this world." The next morning at five, June 22, 1714, his spirit quietly departed to Him who gave it.

The number of his printed works is thirty-two, of which the largest are his Scripture Expositions in five folio volumes. Each of these was commenced, finished and sent into the world, with particular and earnest prayer that it might be the instrument of good, and by them, he, being dead, yet speaketh. The venerable author from whose works I have condensed this little account of a most extraordinary man, says, "that the one half has not been told us, of his unwearied diligence and exemplary piety."

SUSANNA BICKS.

THIS child, whose life and death might serve as a pattern for experienced Christians, was a native of Holland, and born at Leyden, January 1650. 24th, 1650. Her parents gave her religious instruction, as soon as she was capable of receiving it, and delighted to present her to the ministers of the place, that she might be taught and catechised by them. The divine blessing descended upon their efforts, and almost as soon as she could speak and act, she put away childish things. She was attentive to her studies, strictly dutiful to her parents, of a sweet and humble disposition, fond of the institutions of religion, and conscientious in secret prayer. Her amiable deportment was not only proposed as a pattern of imitation for other children, but even older persons found themselves both edified and reproved by her exemplary life and conversation.

In the summer of 1664, when the pestilence raged terribly in Holland, this sweet child was smitten, and declined her little head, like some broken flower—drooping, yet beautiful. Bending beneath the anguish of that cruel disease she said with great feeling—“If thy laws were not my delight I should now perish in my affliction.” Her father, coming

to encourage her, said, "Be of good comfort, my child ; God will be near thee and us, under this heavy trial—he will not forsake, though he chasten us." "Our heavenly Father," she answered, "chastens us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness ; and though for the present it is not joyous but grievous, it yieldeth afterwards the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The Lord is now chastening me upon this bed, but I hope he will so bless it that it may yield blessed fruit, according to his mercies which fail not." Then with her eyes lifted to heaven, she prayed, "Be merciful to me, O Father ; be merciful to me a sinner, according unto thy word."

Looking again upon her sorrowful parents, she said—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee ; he will never suffer the righteous to be moved." Therefore, my dear mother, cast all your care upon him, who will cause all things to go well that concern you." Her mother answered, "O, my dear child, God by his grace has given me great comfort in thee, in thy religious temper, thy attention in reading the Scripture, prayer and pious discourse, to the edification of us as well as thyself. The Lord himself, who gave thee to us, make up this loss, if it be his pleasure to take thee away." "Dear mother," said the pious child, "though I must leave you, and you me, yet God will never leave either of us. It is said, Can a woman forget her child ? yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee : behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands. Oh, comfortable words, both for mother and children."

Being fatigued with her exertions in speaking, she

sank into a slumber, and as she awoke inquired what day it was. On being told it was the Sabbath, she immediately asked her father if he had recommended her to the public prayers of the church. He assured her he had. "I have learned," said she, "that the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." She had a high esteem for the faithful ministers of Christ, and delighted in their conversation, but knowing the danger that such a visit would expose them to, she would not consent that they should come near her person, but cast herself wholly on the Lord, and found great comfort in her uncommon knowledge of the Scriptures.

Though so young, she was greatly concerned for the interests of religion, and the welfare of its ministers. Her father, coming in to see her, one day, was much astonished to find her weeping violently, and inquiring what distressed her, was answered—"Have I not cause to weep, when I have just heard that our minister was taken sick to-day in his pulpit, and went home very ill? Is not this a sad sign of God's displeasure to our country, when he smiteth such a faithful pastor?"—Thus she who could endure the bitter pains of her own sickness without murmuring, mourned bitterly for the sorrow of the church of God. She entertained a low opinion of herself, and her own merits, and would often exclaim, "The sacrifices of God are a contrite heart; a broken, and a contrite spirit, O God, thou wilt not despise. I desire that brokenness of heart which is built upon and flows from faith, and that faith which is built upon Christ, who is the only sacrifice for sin."

Soon after, as she awoke from sleep, she said—

“ O dear father, and mother, how weak do I feel.” “ My dear,” said her father, “ God in his tender mercy will strengthen your weakness.” “ Yes, Father,” she replied, “ that is my confidence ;—for it is written, A bruised reed will he not break, and the smoking flax he will not quench.” She then discoursed on the nature of faith, and requested to hear the 11th of Hebrews, upon which she remarked—“ O, what a steadfast faith was that of Abraham, which made him willing to offer up his only son. Truly, faith is the substance of things hoped for ; the evidence of things not seen.”

Her parents, seeing her deportment, and hearing her wisdom and piety, so far above her years, burst into tears, and bemoaned their dying child, with all the tenderness of wounded affection. “ O,” said she, “ why do you weep so over me, since if the Lord take me out of this miserable world, it shall be well with me through all eternity. You ought to be satisfied, seeing God is in heaven, and doeth whatsoever he pleaseth ; and do you not pray every day that his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven ? Now, father, this is God’s will, that I should lie upon this bed, and be sick of this disease ; and shall we not be content when our prayers are answered ? Is not extreme sorrow murmuring against God, without whose good pleasure nothing comes to pass ? Although I am struck with this sad disease, yet because it is the will of God let that silence us ; and I will, as long as I live, pray that *his will*, and *not mine*, be done.”

Seeing them still much afflicted, she spoke of the particular providence of God—“ The hairs of our head are all numbered :—fear not ; ye are of more

value than many sparrows. Adversity and prosperity are both good ; and though some things may seem evil in our eyes, the Lord turns them all to the good of those who are his." She then spoke of the plague which raged with such violence, as a judgment of God, and not as the infidels accounted it, the natural production of the elements.

Awaking from slumber she exclaimed—" Oh this is the day for explaining the first question of the Catechism, and if we were there we should hear that whether in life or in death a believer is Christ's. Then be comforted ; for whether I live or die I shall be the Lord's ? Oh ! Why do you afflict yourselves thus ? But what shall I say ? With weeping I came into this world, and with weeping I must go out again. But oh, my dear parents, better is the day of my death than the day of my birth." She then desired her father to pray with her, and to entreat that she might have a quiet and peaceable passage into another world. When he had concluded, he asked if she would again see the physician. She answered " No—for I am beyond his help."—But, my child, replied he, we are to use the appointed means, and leave the event to the Lord." " Yet," she said, " let me lean upon the heavenly physician : he is my helper. Does he not say—Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest ? and hath he not bid us call upon him in the day of trouble, and promised to deliver us that we may glorify him ? Therefore, dear father, call upon him yet again for me."

Her affection for the Holy Scriptures, and for her Catechism, was remarkable, and she frequently entreated her father to go particularly to the ministers

who had catechised and instructed her in religion, and thank them in the name of a dying child, and tell them how comforting their words were to her in the time of her distress. She requested also that her sincere thanks might be given to the instructors who had taught her to read and work ; for she thought she could not express gratitude enough to those who had shown her kindness and attention.

When her father expressed the satisfaction he had taken in her progress in learning, particularly her diligence in reading the Scriptures, and writing, her constant obedience, and love to the ordinances of religion, she answered with great sweetness—“ I desire to bless God for his kindness in granting me a godly education, and giving me the instruction of such parents and ministers, which I esteem a far better portion than 10,000 guilders, for thus I have learned to comfort myself out of the word of God ; and this comfort the world could never have afforded.” “ My child,” said her affectionate father, “ I perceive you are very weak.” “ It is true, sir,” said she, “ that I feel my weakness increasing, and that I see your affliction increasing also, is a part of my affliction. But be content, I pray you, it is the Lord that doeth it ; and let us both say with David — ‘ Let us fall into his hand ; for his mercies are great.’ ”

She frequently charged her parents, not to grieve for her after her death, and recommended to them the example of David, who while his child was sick fasted and wept, but after its death, raised himself from the earth, and received refreshment, saying—“ he is now dead. Can I bring him back again?—I shall go to him but he shall not return to

me." So ought you to say after my death, Our child is well;—for we know it shall be well with them that trust in the Lord. My dear mother, who hath done so much for me, you must promise me one thing before I die,—and that is not to sorrow too much for me; I speak this to you particularly, because I am afraid of your great affliction. Consider other losses; remember those of Job. Forget not what Christ foretold: in the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, in me ye shall have peace. Must the apostles suffer so great tribulation, and we suffer none? Did not Jesus Christ, my only life and Saviour, sweat great drops of blood, endure mockings and agony, be nailed to a cross, and have his blessed side pierced with a spear? Did he not cry out, My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me? Did he not purchase for me the garments of righteousness?—There is salvation in no other name. O that I might sleep quietly on his bosom, and that till then he would strengthen me. Oh! that he would receive me as those little ones, whom he took into his arms, and said—Of such is the kingdom of heaven. I lie here as a child. O Lord, I am thy child, receive me into thine arms. O Lord! grace and not justice; for if thou shouldst enter into judgment with me, I cannot stand; and none living would be just in thy sight." While she was thus comforting her friends out of the Scriptures, she seemed to attain a strong confidence in God. "Who shall separate me from the love of Christ? I am persuaded neither life nor death, angels, principalities or powers, things present, or things to come, height, depth, or any other creature. Christ saith, My sheep hear

my voice, I know them and they follow me, and no man shall pluck them out of my hands."

In a triumph of faith, she exclaimed—"Death is swallowed up in victory: O death, where is thy sting?—O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law: thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." That she might better satisfy the minds of her mourning friends, she discoursed of the shortness of life, and the necessary law of nature appointing all men once to die. "O what is the life of man; he is like the grass upon the earth,—like the flower of the field, which the wind passes over, and it is gone, and its place shall know it no more. We are all from the earth, and to the earth we must return: the dust shall turn to dust, whence it first was, and the spirit to God who gave it." She urged also the sin and sorrow attendant upon the present life, as an argument to be ready to resign it.—"The longer we live, the more we sin: but now the Lord will free me from that sin and sorrow. What shall I say? My life shall not continue long, for I feel much weakness. O Lord, look upon me graciously; have pity upon me. I am oppressed:—undertake for me that I may stand fast and overcome."

She was frequent in prayer, and in spiritual ejaculations, and it gave her great comfort to remember that Christ interceded for her. "Oh! without Christ I can do nothing. He is the true vine. Let me be a branch in that vine. What poor worms are we; and how lame and halting do we go on in the ways of salvation. We know now but in part; but when that which is perfect shall

come, imperfection shall be done away. But what are we ourselves? Not only weakness but wickedness: for we are by nature children of wrath. But oh! thanks be to God, who has redeemed us from sin."

She comforted her parents with the strong assurance she had of everlasting happiness. "Christ hath said, in my father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also. My dear mother, he hath prepared a dwelling for me;—O Lord, come, and take me to thyself."—"My child," said her mother, "he will strengthen you by his Holy Spirit, until he hath fully prepared you for your appointed place." "Yes, dear mother I am more and more spent, and draw near my last hour." She then desired to be prayed with, that she might have an easy passage.

She was much concerned for the souls of her relations, and particularly enjoined upon her father, that he should bring up her sister as she had been, and instruct her in her catechism and in the things of God. "I formerly wept for my sister," said she, "thinking she would die before me; and now she weeps for me." She then kissed her weeping sister; and taking her little sister, an infant of six months old into her arms, she kissed it with much affection, and spoke to parents and children with such tender solicitude as greatly affected all who were present. Her father told one of the attendants to take the infant from her, as he feared the hazard of that fiery distemper, and had already too much to bear. "Father," answered the sufferer, "did not God preserve the three children in the fiery furnace?—and did you not teach me that Scripture,

When thou passest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee?"

The doctrine of the resurrection gave her spirit much comfort, and far beyond her age she would repeat and apply those Scriptures, which speak of the future glory of this decaying and mouldering body. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised incorruptible; it is sown in dishonor, it shall be raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it shall be raised in power. Behold! thus it shall be with my mortal flesh. Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, because they rest from their labors. They shall enter into peace, they shall rest in their beds: every one who walketh in uprightness. Behold, now, father I shall rest and sleep in that bed-chamber. I know that my Redeemer liveth; and shall stand in the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. Dear Father, this skin, and perishing flesh which you see, shall be raised up again; and these eyes which are now so dim shall on that day behold my dear Redeemer; and though the worms devour my flesh, yet with these eyes shall I behold God for myself. Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and come forth: and I shall rise in that day, and behold my Redeemer. Then shall he say unto me, Come, blessed of my father, inherit what was prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Behold, now I live: yet not I but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, is by the faith of the son Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. I am saved:—yet not of myself:—not of works, lest

any man should boast. My dear parents, we must now shortly part:—my speech faileth me:—pray to the Lord for a quiet close to my combat.”

The afflicted parents both exclaimed, “Ah! our dear child, how sad is it that we must part.”—“I go,” said the dying one, “to heaven, where we shall find each other again. I go to Jesus Christ. I go to my dear brother, who did so much cry and call upon God to the last moment of his breath. I go to my little sister who was but three years old, when she died, who when we asked her if she should die, answered, yes, if it be the Lord’s will:—or I will stay with my mother, if it be the Lord’s will:—but yet, I know that I shall die, and go to heaven, and to God. O see how so small a babe could behave itself so submissively to the will of God, as if it had no will of its own. Therefore, dear father and mother, give the Lord thanks for this his free and rich grace, and then I shall the more gladly be gone. Be gracious, then, O Lord, unto me also: be gracious unto me, wash me thoroughly from mine unrighteousness and cleanse me from my sin.”

After this prayer her spirit was refreshed with a sense of the pardon of her sin, so that she cried out with fervency,—“Behold, God hath washed away my sins, and oh! how I long to die. The apostle said, In this body we earnestly sigh and groan, longing for our house which is in heaven, that we may be clothed therewith. Now I also lie here sighing and longing for that dwelling which is above. In the last sermon which I shall ever hear, I heard this, which is a source of great comfort to me.” She then repeated several Scriptures which were quoted

in that sermon, proving with what attention she had listened, and how perfect her powers of recollection were to the last. She then desired that prayers might be offered, that her sins might be forgiven, that she might have the assurance of faith, and continuation of divine strength and comfort as her necessities might require.

After being for some time absorbed in mental devotion, she entreated her parents to forgive the errors of her childhood, and to forget the occasions wherein she had grieved, and given them trouble. She then distributed her books, particularly requesting her brother never to part with the "Lectures on the Catechism," but to study them in remembrance of her. Feeling a severe pain in her breast, she said she was assured that her last hour drew nigh ; and her parents suppressed their grief to tell her that God would undoubtedly strengthen her in the hour of her extremity.

"He is my Shepherd, she replied. Though I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, shall I fear, when he comforteth me ? The sufferings of this present life, are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed. Ye are bought with a price : ye are washed, ye are sanctified, in the name of our Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God. My end approacheth. Now shall I put on white raiment, and be clothed before the Lamb with his spotless righteousness. Angels are ready to carry me before the throne of God."

This she spoke with a dying voice, but full of the animation of hope and faith. After a pause, she once more addressed her weeping parents. "We know, that if this earthly house, this taberna-

cle, be dissolved, we have one built of God, eternal in the heavens. For this, we sigh earnestly. Father, this tabernacle of my body is broken down; but the soul which parteth from it, shall be taken to the heavenly paradise, the New Jerusalem. There shall I dwell, and go no more out, but sing Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts, the God of Sabaoth." Her last words were, "Lord God, into thy hands I commend my spirit. O Lord, be gracious, be merciful to me, a poor sinner."

Having uttered these words, she fell asleep, on September 1st, 1664, between seven and eight in the evening, in the fourteenth year of her age. The account of this extraordinary child was first printed in Holland, and afterwards translated from the original Dutch, by a pious man, who was desirous that the benefit of such an example might be more widely extended. Let it animate parents to persevere in the duties of religious instruction, and children to be more fervent in prayer that they may be enabled to live the life, and die the death of the righteous.

FENELON, ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

FRANCIS DE SALIGNAC, DE LA MOTTE FENELON, was born in the castle of Fenelon, in the department of Dordogne, in France. At the age 1651. of twelve years he left the instructions of his father for the university of Cahors, and afterwards went to complete his studies at Paris, under the care of his uncle, the Marquis of Fenelon. He soon began to be known and celebrated at Paris, and at the early age of nineteen, preached there with the most unbounded applause. But the Marquis, who was possessed at once of piety, and a knowledge of the human mind, fearing that the commendations of the world might inflate his young heart with vanity, or seduce it from the simplicity of the gospel, persuaded him to imitate for several years the silence of Jesus Christ.

But his virtues and talents could not be entirely hidden, and his fame began to be sounded at court, so that king Louis XIV. appointed him to conduct a mission for the conversion of the Protestants, on the coast of Saintonge. He appointed a strong military force to assist his exertions, but the young Abbé Fenelon, abhorring the sanguinary measures often resorted to by their church, refused to be con-

cerned in the mission, if the troops were ordered to accompany him. His firmness defeated the ill-appointed design, and while the objects of his mission received that mild and gentle treatment which coincides with the spirit of the gospel, the unfortunate Protestants in the other parts of France, were given up to the dreadful effects of the most inhuman persecution. At his return from his mission he absented himself for two years from the splendor of a dissipated court; preferring to cultivate in retirement the powers of his mind, and the principles of piety.

At the age of twenty-seven, he was appointed Superior to the new female converts in Paris. A few years after, he published an excellent treatise on female education, which was so highly esteemed, that the king appointed him preceptor to his grandchildren, the young Dukes of Burgundy and Anjou. In 1695, his merits were rewarded with the Abbey of St. Valery, and shortly after with the Archbishopric of Cambray. He then relinquished of his own accord the Abbey of St. Valery, thinking it wrong to hold a plurality of benefices. Though blameless in his life and conversation, he was not exempt from the machinations of enmity and revenge, and was forced by them to leave the court forever. It was supposed that his firmness in persuading the king not to proclaim Madame de Maintenon, Queen of France, was the real cause of his banishment; though the ostensible reason was his publication of a book, entitled "An Explication of the maxims of the Saints," which the Pope condemned as heretical.

Retiring from the storms of public life, to the

tranquil shades of his own diocese, he discharged punctually all the holy duties of his office, and led a pious and exemplary life. Some of the fruits of his leisure, were the volume entitled "Adventures of Telemachus," written in a fine style, containing maxims which advance the happiness of mankind, and a most sublime moral. His enemies in the court of Louis, prevailed upon that monarch to stop the printing of it at Paris, but its intrinsic merit established its fame throughout Europe. His restless foes endeavored with unceasing malice to deprive him of the Archbishopric of Cambray, but he still retained that office, and continued to delight all who were within the sphere of his influence, by gentle piety, and ineffable sweetness of manners.

His enemies, defeated in this attempt, placed in his neighborhood an ecclesiastic of high birth, with the title of his Grand Vicar, to be a spy upon all his actions. But having long observed the pure and spotless heart which he had been employed to calumniate, struck with remorse, he came and threw himself at the feet of Fenelon, confessed the unworthy part which he had been engaged to perform, implored his forgiveness, and sought to cover his shame in retirement. Meekly sustained was this sweet triumph of rectitude of heart, and sincere piety. So universal was the fame of his goodness and virtue, that in the last year of the war with Louis XIV., the Duke of Marlborough gave orders to his troops "not to plunder the estate of the amiable Fenelon." Thus peculiarly favored, he directed his benevolent attentions to those who suffered. He assembled in his palace the unfortunate people,

whom the horrors of war had driven from their dwellings, fed them at his own table, and assisted them by many acts of kindness.

One day as he was waiting upon a numerous company, he observed one of the peasants did not eat, and tenderly inquired the reason. "Alas! my lord," said the poor man, "when I fled from my cottage, I had not time to bring away a cow that nourished my family; the enemy will carry her off, and I shall never be able to find so good a one." Rising from his table, the benevolent Archbishop took one of his domestics, left the city immediately, found the animal, and brought her himself to the peasant. In no moment of honor, applause, or acquisition of fortune, did he realize such simple and real delight, as when, driving before him the cow of the poor peasant, he thought of the hearts that this humble and fearless act had made glad. He would often walk to the cottages of the poor in the environs of Cambray, seat himself among them, and listen to their tales of sorrow, that he might better know how to sooth, comfort and relieve them. "There," they would say, after his death, "There is the wooden chair, in which our good Archbishop used to sit among us. Ah! we shall never see him more."—They spoke his name with the deepest reverence and affection, and thought of him, as if he had been an angel.

In the beginning of the 17th century, the young prince spent some time with him at his palace in Cambray. In the course of his instructions he earnestly dissuaded him from using the arm of force and persecution, in matters of religion, as was the too prevalent custom of those bigoted ages.—"No human power," said he, "can have any authority

over the freedom of the mind. Violence may make hypocrites, but it can never persuade the heart; and to bring such proselytes to religion is not to protect, but debase it."—Thus lived the amiable Fenelon, in the practice of every virtue which true piety inculcates. His death was hastened by casualty. As he was taking the air in a retired part of his estate, the horses took a sudden fright, and the carriage was overturned. A contusion which he then received, occasioned an inflammation in the breast, which terminated his life, on the eighth of January, 1715, at the age of 64.

He was a Christian who highly prized, and stately availed himself of the privilege of prayer. "Such is our dependance upon God," he writes, "that we are obliged to seek from him the very power of right action. This necessity of having recourse to him in all our wants, instead of being grievous should be our greatest consolation. What a happiness that we are allowed to speak to him with confidence, to open our hearts and hold familiar conversation with him by prayer. He himself invites us to it; and we may judge how ready he is to give us those good things which he himself solicits us to ask of him. Let us pray then with faith, and not lose the fruit of our prayers, by a wavering uncertainty, which the apostle James testifies hinders their success. He advises us to pray when we are in trouble, because thereby we shall find consolation; yet are we so wretched that this heavenly employment is often a burden more than a comfort to us. The lukewarmness of our prayers is the source of all our other infidelities. Our Saviour said—'ask, and ye shall find;—seek, and ye shall

obtain;—knock, and it shall be opened to you.' If riches were to be had for asking, with what earnestness, assiduity and perseverance, would men ask for them. If treasures were to be found with looking for them, what place, what corner would escape search? If by knocking they could gain admittance into the king's counsel, or the highest places of preferment, what a knocking should we hear? Divine grace is the only true good, yet the only thing they neglect; the only thing which they have not patience to wait for. The promises of Christ are infallibly certain, and it is our own fault if we do not find their blessed effect."

To these sentiments of the admirable Fenelon, I add a prayer of his, expressive of that profound humility which ever characterized his piety.—"O Lord! I know not what I should ask of thee. Thou only knowest what I want: and thou lovest me better than I can love myself. O Lord, give to one who desires to be thy child, what is proper, whatsoever it may be. I dare not ask either comforts or crosses. I only present myself before thee: I open my heart unto thee. Behold those wants which I am ignorant of: but do thou behold and do according to thy mercy. Smite or heal: depress, or raise me up:—I adore all thy purposes without knowing them: I am silent: *I offer myself in sacrifice.* I abandon myself to thee; having no greater desire than to accomplish thy will. Teach me to pray. Pray thou thyself in me."—Thus humble, thus childlike was this eminent saint in the presence of his God;—emptying himself of all that the world might call talents and goodness, and clothing his soul with the simplicity of Christ.

Another prayer of his is inserted at the close of one of his works, entitled "A Demonstration of the Existence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence of God," drawn from a survey of nature, particularly of man. With the eye of a philosopher, and a Christian, he explores his subject, and clothes his remarks in the robe of unvarnished elegance, while the great works of the Deity elevated his soul to sublime adoration. To use the words of a fine writer—"this supplication is the voice of an happy and untroubled spirit, or like the worship of an angel concerned for those who had fallen, though himself still in the state of glory and innocence."

"Oh ! my God, if the greater part of mankind do not discover thee in that glorious show of nature which thou has placed before our eyes, it is not because thou art far from any one of us. Thou art present to us more than any object that we touch with our hands ; but our senses, and the passions they produce in us, turn our attention from thee. Thy light shineth in the midst of darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. Thou, O Lord, dost every way display thyself. Thou shinest in all thy works, but art not regarded by heedless, unthinking man. The whole creation speaks loudly of thee, and echoes with the repetition of thine holy name. But such is our insensibility, that we are deaf to the great and universal voice of nature. Thou art every where about us, and within us ;—but we wander from ourselves, become strangers to our own souls, and do not apprehend thy presence. O Thou, who art the eternal fountain of light and beauty, who art the ancient of days, without beginning and without end :—O Thou, who art the life

of all that truly live, those can never fail to find thee who seek for thee within themselves. But alas !—the very gifts which thou bestowest upon us, do so employ our thoughts, that they hinder us from perceiving the hand that conveys them to us. We live by 'Thee, and yet live without thinking on thee :—yet, O Lord, what is life in the ignorance of thee ? A dead, inactive piece of matter, a flower that withers, a river that glides away, a palace that hastens to its ruin, a picture made up of fading colors, or a mass of shining ore, strike our imaginations, and make us sensible of their existence. We regard them as objects capable of giving us pleasure, not considering that *thou* conveyest through them all the pleasure which we imagine they give us. Such vain, empty objects that are only the shadows of being, are proportioned to our low and grovelling thoughts. That beauty which thou hast poured out on the creation, is as a veil which hides thee from our eyes. As thou art a being too pure and exalted to pass through our senses, thou art not regarded by men who have debased their nature, and made themselves like the beasts that perish. So infatuated are they, that notwithstanding they know what is wisdom and virtue, which have neither sound, nor color, nor smell, nor taste, nor figure, nor any other sensible quality, they can doubt of thy existence because thou art not apprehended by the grosser organs of sense. Wretches that we are ! we consider shadows as realities, and truth as a phantom. That which is nothing is all to us :—that which is all appears to us as nothing. What do we see in all nature but thee, O my God ! Thou—and only thou, appearest in every thing. When I con-

sider thee, O my God, I am swallowed up and lost in contemplation of thee. Every thing, besides thee, even my own existence, vanishes and disappears in the contemplation of thee. I am lost to myself, and fall into nothing when I think on thee. The man who does not see thee has beheld nothing : he who does not taste thee has a relish for nothing. His being is vain : his life but a dream. Set up thyself, O Lord :—set up thyself that we may behold thee. As wax consumes before the fire, and as the smoke is driven away, so let thine enemies vanish out of thy presence. How unhappy is that soul, who without the sense of thee, has no God, no hope, no comfort to support him. But how happy the man that searches, sighs, and thirsts after thee. Yet he only is fully happy on whom thou liftest the light of thy countenance, whose tears thou hast wiped away, and who in thy loving kindness enjoys the completion of all his desires. How long, how long, O Lord, shall I wait for that day, when I shall possess in thy presence, fulness of joy and pleasures forevermore? O my God, in this pleasing hope my soul rejoices and cries out, who is like unto thee? My heart melts away, and my spirit faints within me, when I look up to thee who art the God of my life, and my portion to all eternity.”

REV. CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

CHRISTOPHER LOVE was an eminently faithful minister of Laurence-jury, London. In the time of the usurper Cromwell, he was accused 1651. of an attachment to monarchy, and under a false pretext of plotting against government, sentenced to the block. From his dying speech to the people, the following is selected.

“Although there is but a little between me and death, yet this bears up my heart,—there is but little between me and heaven. It comforted the martyr Taylor, when he was going to execution, that there were but two stiles between him and his father’s house ;—there are but two steps between me and glory. It is but lying down upon that block, and I shall ascend a throne. I am this day sailing to the ocean of Eternity ;—through a rough passage to an haven of rest ;—through a *red sea* to the promised land. As God said to Moses, ‘Go up to Mount Nebo, and die there,’ methinks I hear him say to me,—Go up to Tower-hill, and die there. Isaac said to himself, that he was old, and knew not the day of his death ; yet, I am young, and know the day of my death, the kind of my death, and the place of my death.

“Like John the Baptist, and Paul the Apostle, I am to be beheaded. I read also in the Scriptures that “the saints were beheaded for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus. But herein is the

disadvantage which I lie under, in the thoughts of many, who judge, that I suffer not for the word of God, or for conscience' sake, but for meddling with state matters. I briefly answer, that this is an old subterfuge of Satan, to impute the cause of the sufferings of God's people to machinations against the state, when in truth they are persecuted for their conscience and their religion. The rulers of Israel would have put Jeremiah to death on a civil account, though it was only the boldness of his prophecy, against which they were angry. They pretended that he must die because he fell away to the Chaldeans, and would have brought in foreign forces to invade them. The same thing is laid to my charge, of which I am as innocent as Jeremiah was. So Paul, though he did but preach Jesus Christ, yet his enemies sought to put him to death as a mover of sedition.

“ Upon a civil account, it is pretended, my life is taken away ; but it is because I pursue my covenant, and will not prostitute my principles and conscience to the ambition and lust of men. I had rather die a covenant keeper, than live a covenant breaker. Beloved, I am this day making a double exchange ; I am changing a pulpit for a scaffold, and a scaffold for a throne. And I might add a third,—I am changing the presence of this great multitude on Tower Hill, for an innumerable company of saints and martyrs on the holy hill of Zion : I am changing this guard of soldiers, for a guard of angels, who will receive and conduct me to Abraham's bosom. This scaffold is the best pulpit that I ever preached in ; God, through his grace, made me in my church pulpit an instrument to bring

others to heaven ; but in this pulpit he will bring *me* to heaven. Though my blood be not that of nobles, it is Christian blood—innocent blood.

I magnify the riches of God's grace and mercy towards me, who, born in Wales, an obscure country, and of obscure parents, should thus be singled out for such honorable sufferings. For the first fourteen years of my life, I never heard a sermon ; yet in my fifteenth year it pleased God to convert me. Blessed be God, who not only made me a Christian, but also a minister, judging me faithful, and putting me into the ministry, which is my glory.

I had rather be a preacher in a pulpit, than a prince upon a throne : I had rather be an instrument to bring souls to heaven, than that all nations should pay tribute to me.

Formerly, I have been under a spirit of bondage, and sometimes have had more fear of the drawing of a tooth, than now of the cutting off my head. Fear was often upon me when death was not near ; now death is near me, and my fear hath vanished. In this I am comforted ;—though men kill me, they cannot damn me ; though they thrust me out of the world, they cannot shut me out of heaven. When I have shed my blood, I expect the full declaration of the remission of sins through the blood of Jesus Christ. I am going to my long home, and ye to your short homes ; but before ye reach yours, I shall be at mine."

After this he prayed earnestly, "that as he was called to the work he had never done, he might have the strength that he never had," and then calmly suffered the stroke of the executioner, on the twenty-second of August, in the year 1651.

JACOB BICKS.

THIS interesting and religious child was the brother of Susanna Bicks, a remarkable instance of early piety, and born at Leyden, Holland, 1657. in the year 1657. His parents were very strict and conscientious in his education, and God was pleased to sanctify their prayers and instructions to his thorough conversion. In the time of the fatal plague, he was seized with the infection four weeks before his sister, and it so affected his head, that he was very drowsy and lethargic. In his waking intervals, he was almost constantly engaged in prayer, and though but a little child, found it a great comfort in his distress. Once after his parents had been praying by him, they asked him if he would again see the physician. He answered, "No. I will have him no more. The Lord will help me, for I know he will take me to himself." "My dear child," said his father, "that grieves my heart." "Father," said the patient sufferer, "let us pray; and the Lord will be near for my helper." After prayer he exclaimed—"Come now, dear father and mother, and kiss me; I know that I shall die. Farewell, my dear parents,—farewell dear sister,—farewell all. Now shall I go to heaven, and to God, and to Jesus Christ, and the holy an-

gels. Remember you not what is said by Jeremiah? Blessed is he who trusteth in the Lord. Now I trust in him, and he will bless me. ‘Little children, love not the world: for it passeth away.’ Away then with all the pleasant things of the world! away with my toys—away with my books;—for in heaven I shall know sufficiently of the true wisdom without them.” “God,” said his father, “will be near thee, and uphold thee.” “Yes, father,” said the child, “it is written God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble. I shall humble myself under his mighty hand, and he will lift me up.” “O my dear child,” replied the afflicted father, “hast thou so strong a faith?” “Yes,” said the dying one, “God hath given me so strong a faith upon Jesus Christ, that the devil himself shall flee from me. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and shall overcome the wicked one. Now I believe in Jesus Christ my Redcemer, and he will never leave or forsake me, but will give unto me eternal life, and let me sing, Holy—holy—holy is the Lord of Sabaoth.”

Then praying earnestly—“Lord be merciful to me a poor sinner”—he quietly and sweetly breathed out his soul, when he was only seven years old, in the month of August, 1664.

THE MARQUIS OF ARGYLE.

THE celebrated Scotch Marquis of Argyle, to many popular accomplishments added a zealous piety ; and being a firm friend to the
1661. Covenanted Reformation, was put to death for it, as a crime, in the spring of 1661, in the second year of the reign of the Second Charles. When his sentence of death passed the parliament, he answered, “ I had the honor to set the crown upon the King’s head, and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own.” One day intervened between his sentence and execution, and as he entered the gloomy prison to which he was remanded, his excellent lady met him covered with tears, and embracing him, said, “ The Lord will requite it.” None in the room could refrain from weeping and lamentation, except the Marquis, who, perfectly composed, said “ Forbear ; forbear ; truly, I pity them, they know not what they are doing ; they may shut me in where they please, but they cannot shut out my God from me. For my part, I am as content to be here, as in the castle of Edinburgh ; as content in the castle, as in the Tower of London, where I was first put ; and I hope to be as content upon the scaffold, as in any of them all.”

He mentioned that he had been endeavoring to

imitate the conduct of David, who when Ziklag was taken and burnt, and his people spake of stoning him, encouraged himself in the Lord his God. His short respite from Saturday to Monday, was passed with the greatest serenity and cheerfulness, and in the proper exercises of a dying Christian. To some ministers who were allowed to attend him, he said, "Shortly you will envy me who have gone before ; for my skill fails, if you who are ministers will not either suffer much, or sin much ; for if you agree with these men in part only, you will suffer, and if you go not at all with them, you shall *but* suffer." In this he alluded to the growing trouble of the times, and to the religious persecutions opened against the faithful.

The Marquis was naturally timorous, but he desired those about him to observe, how God had answered his prayers by removing all fear from him ; and it was not the work of his friends to reconcile him to his dissolution, so much as to restrain and qualify his desires after it. The morning of Monday, the day that he suffered, while thronged with papers relative to his estate, his mind was so fixed upon heavenly things, so supernaturally supported and comforted, that he rapturously exclaimed, "I thought to have concealed the Lord's goodness, but it will not do ; I am now ordering my earthly affairs, and God is sealing my charter to a better inheritance, and was just now saying to me, "Son, be of good cheer ; thy sins are forgiven thee."

Afterwards he retired for a time by himself, for secret devotion, and as he returned, a friend said to him "What cheer, my Lord?" "Good cheer," he answered, "the Lord hath again confirmed, and said to

me from heaven, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee ;” and gushing out in tears of joy, he turned to the window, and wept there. Afterwards he said in a perfect rapture, “ I think his kindness overcomes me ; but God is good to me, and imparts not too much of it here, for he knows I could not bear it. Get my cloak, and let us go.” Being told his hour was not yet come, he kneeled down and prayed with them all, like a saint—like a martyr—like a seraph. As he passed on to death, he said, “ I could now die like a Roman, but I choose rather to die like a Christian.”

Meeting a friend, Mr. James Guthrie, also sentenced to death, he embraced and bade him farewell. “ God is with you,” said his friend, “ hath been with you, and will continue to be with you ; and I, were I not now under sentence of death, could cheerfully die for your lordship.” The Marquis addressed the people, at his place of execution, expressing his complacency in the cause for which he suffered, and then his blood flowed on the scaffold of Tower Hill, on Monday, May 27, 1661.

REV. SAMUEL LAWRENCE.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE, the only son of William Lawrence, a respectable man, and very eminent Christian, was born at Wern, a small market town in Shropshire, in the year 1661.

When scarcely past the age of infancy, he was sent to school, that he might be out of the way of danger, but with no expectation of his learning any thing; yet while they supposed him too young to understand, he made himself master of the alphabet, and before the year had expired could read in the Bible with accuracy and propriety. While he was yet a child he entered upon the Latin language, and made such proficiency in that and his other studies, that as he passed from school to school his instructors distinguished and applauded him. The time usually allotted to sport, he devoted to study, and when his parents, fearful that he might injure his health, allured him by pecuniary rewards to join in the pastimes of his companions, he would return with increased ardor and attachment to his books.

At that early period his virtues and piety began to disclose themselves, he seemed estranged from the vanity and waywardness often observable at that season of life, and such a spirit of devotion

characterised him that pious people were accustomed to distinguish him as one "sanctified from his birth." He was attached to the stated exercise of secret prayer, and would rise very early, that he might secure the hour most favorable to meditation, and send forth on the wings of the morning his soul to meet its Creator. Such a fair and auspicious dawn, seemed to be the prelude of an illustrious day.

After finishing early his course of university studies, he officiated first as assistant in an academy, and afterwards as domestic chaplain to the pious Lady Irby. Here his amiable and exemplary conduct gained him great esteem and affection; and when some of his intimate friends expressed concern lest his youth and extreme diffidence should embarrass him in the performance of family prayer, where many persons of rank and learning were frequently present, he answered nobly, "this does not affect me at all, for I consider myself standing in a greater presence than theirs." He was observed to be very frugal in his way of living, that he might save something at the end of the year, to send his father, who had suffered great losses by fire. Filial reverence, and strong affection for his friends, were among the most striking excellences of his character.

From his chaplaincy, he was removed to the pastoral care of the town of Nantwich, and was soon distinguished as a systematic, and laborious preacher, careful in visiting the sick and afflicted, faithful in catechising and instructing the children of his people, and affectionate in the administration of ordinances. In baptism he received the child from the

arms of the parent, and after discoursing with him on the great importance of the deposit, returned it with a solemn charge to bring it up in the fear of God, and in the faith of Christ. He accustomed himself to preach every Saturday at noon, because it was market day, and generally a great assemblage of country people convened, whom he hoped a few serious truths would help to prepare for the duties of the Sabbath.

When some of his friends requested him to adapt his labors more to the delicacy of his constitution, he answered, "the strength that my master gives me, I delight to use in his work, and do not desire to live a day longer than I may do him some service." At the head of a family his whole conduct was strikingly conscientious; his morning and evening worship was performed with regularity and fervor; his public sermons repeated privately and explained to his household, and his whole aim to render religion desirable and pleasant to his children and domestics. For the improvement of some young men intended for the ministry, he began to read a course of university learning, especially Philology and Philosophy, and would accept of no compensation for his trouble, but in that, as well as in innumerable instances beside, proved that he did good for goodness' sake. He was of a peaceable and gentle temper, bearing and forgiving injuries, and his whole deportment was blameless and conciliating. Though his constitution was feeble he was never prevented from officiating in the pulpit by sickness, the whole time he was at Nantwich, more than 24 years, until the Lord's day before his death, when he was confined with a distressing

fever. With composure and many prayers he committed himself to the divine disposal, and when in the last agonies of dissolving nature, said to his weeping friends, "I do not fear, I do not fear," and thus died peacefully in the ninth day of his disease, and 51st year of his age, Thursday, April 24th, 1712.

MARY SECOND, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MARY, the daughter of James Second, was born in the year 1662, and at the age of 15, married to the prince of Orange, afterwards, William Third of Great Britain. She was extremely handsome, “but her person,” says her historian, “was the beautiful temple of a still fairer soul.” The dignity of her manners inspired reverence, while her sweet and affable countenance rendered that majesty attractive. She exhibited early indications of a happy disposition, by being kind and gentle before she knew it was her duty to be so. This amiable temper grew up with her; and it is asserted that in the whole course of her education she never gave her teachers occasion for reproof. Very early in youth she removed from her native country to Holland, but though at an age generally termed giddy, she went under the guidance of so much discretion—was so gentle and obliging in her deportment—so charitable and compassionate—so universally exemplary—that she attracted the esteem and love of all ranks of people in the United Provinces. Their affection bordered on rapture, and their veneration, though no more than her due, seemed to those who knew her not al-

most excessive. Though both her parents professed the Roman Catholic Religion, she was a Protestant in principle, and when her father wrote her a letter in favor of Popery, she replied with such weighty arguments, with such spirit, firmness, and intelligence, as convinced him that her belief was not to be shaken, and precluded all further solicitations on the subject.

In 1688, after James Second, had abdicated the throne of England, she, in conjunction with her husband, received from both houses of Parliament, an invitation to return and assume the honors of royalty. To this, her consent was not gained, without serious deliberation, and painful reluctance. A crown and sceptre could not dazzle the strong eye of her mind ; she remembered that the throne to which she was invited, had been rendered vacant by the arbitrary conduct, and blind bigotry of her father, and to fill it herself while he survived was an idea scarcely supportable. Yet while she was continually reminded that the good of her native country, and the suffering interests of the Protestant religion demanded her acceptance, her mind yielded eventually to what her feelings revolted from ;—though while she endeavored to support her dignity with apparent satisfaction, her heart was oppressed almost to sinking.

A sense of religion and duty did not influence her in this great and important step alone,—but was observable in her constant deportment. She lived a life of extraordinary piety, and was punctually exact in her attention to all the public offices of religion, and the exercises of secret devotion. Neither business, journies, or the care of public affairs were

suffered to prevent or shorten the daily duty of secret prayer. This was in no instance neglected, for she judged that the blessing of the whole day, depended upon it. She religiously observed the Sabbath, and attended public worship, three, and often four times. She was constant in her monthly attendance on the Sacrament, particularly attentive on her preparations for it, and usually devoted the preceding day to prayer and fasting. In the public worship of God, she was a bright example of solemn, unaffected devotion. Her whole attention was fixed on the sacred services, and not a single glance wandered to surrounding objects. She remembered that she was in the presence of the King of kings, and such was her gravity and reverence, that she seemed to spread the spirit of devotion around her. She discovered no uneasiness at hearing an indifferent preacher ; and when asked how she could be so attentive to sermons of very inferior merit, she would reply, “ that she thought it did not become her by any part of her behaviour to discourage, or even seem to dislike one who was doing his best.” She endeavored to diffuse a spirit of piety into all who approached her : she was continually dispersing good books ; and frequently ordered them to be laid in places of attendance, that the servants who were in waiting, might have both entertainment and instruction.

She was anxious to raise the reputation of the clergy, as a method of advancing religion ; and resolved that their only recommendation to her particular favor should be, exemplary lives, faithfulness in labor, watchfulness in instructing, counselling and cherishing their flock, and a conversation becoming godli-

ness. She greatly wished for an union of all who believe in the gospel, and judged that the true end of power, and the best exercise of it, was to do good. She would often say, "Nothing can render high stations pleasant, or even supportable, but the power of doing good, and I wonder the true satisfaction attending goodness does not engage princes to pursue it more ardently." Her bounties were frequent and liberal. Those unfortunate Protestants, who fled from the persecutions of France, and those who escaped from the confusions in Ireland, had their exile mitigated, and their distresses relieved by her compassion.

She was particularly attentive to discover and supply the necessities of persons of real merit, who had been reduced by misfortune. She obtained a royal provision for wounded and decayed seamen, caused them to be comfortably maintained, and to have the privileges of religious instruction. She erected schools where they were needed, and procured a noble endowment for a college in the American States, of which she presented a scheme, accurately drawn up, to the King. She even extended her munificence to the poor in distant lands, and to foreign churches that were necessitous. The scattered remains of the Protestants who had been hunted out of their vallies in Piedmont, she embodied and preserved. For the remnant of the Bohemian churches she established nurseries of religion in those parts of Germany which had become exhausted by the miseries of war. But even a royal treasury could not have answered the demands of her extensive charity, had she been less attentive and exact in its distribution. Hence she was care-

ful to obtain accurate accounts, both of the necessities and merits of the candidates for her liberality, and in dispensing it, displayed as much perseverance, judgment and diligence, as if she had no cares of a different nature. She was very far from ostentation in her benevolence ; and whenever it was alluded to by others, passed from it to other subjects, as though she could not endure it.

In her were united active zeal, and constant delight in doing good, with such unaffected humility, and indifference to applause, that the most critical observers could perceive in her no propensity to vanity, or glorying in her own deeds. Her charities were conducted with the greatest possible secrecy, and whenever it was practicable, her own hand was the silent almoner. None knew what she gave, or to whom, except those whom she was compelled to employ in the communication of her bounty, and they were under injunctions of secrecy, for she gave not alms to be applauded of men. It gave her great pain to hear of the licentiousness and impiety that prevailed in different parts of the nation, and she exerted herself to suppress the irregularities which she heard were countenanced in the British fleets and armies. Next to open impiety, the coldness of professing Christians, and the disunion of the Protestant churches, affected her, and she would often say with the greatest feeling, “ *Can such dry bones live ?*”

Of time she was a most faithful steward. She compared her life to an hour-glass, which was continually diminishing, and every sand to be accounted for. She viewed indolence as the great enemy of human nature ; and believed that the mind which

had no employment, would create itself the worst. When, therefore, her eyes were weakened by intense reading, she resorted to needle-work, which she pursued with as much diligence as if her own labor was her sole support. While thus employed, she took care to furnish entertainment for those who had the honor to work with her, by appointing one to read aloud something pleasing and instructive. Few of her sex ever gave less time to dress, or seemed less interested in it.

When the ceremonies of court required her to appear with more splendor, she constantly read aloud, that those employed about her person might receive instruction, and frequently mingled her reading with such remarks, that they considered the comment better than the original. Never was mistress both feared and loved more entirely than she was. She charmed her domestics by wise instructions, and won them by her kindness. She softened the afflictions of the unhappy by the share she took in them, and guided those who were ignorant. It was easy for her to reward, and hard to punish; yet when circumstances required, she showed a firmness which the importunity of others, and even her own native tenderness, could not shake. She possessed a sincerity, which convinced every one that all about her was uniform and consistent.

She never borrowed assistance from art, or covered her designs with flattering expressions; and when she did not intend to promise, took care to explain her meaning so clearly, that none might indulge ungrounded expectations. And such was the strictness of her integrity, that during a period of

many years no explanation was necessary to justify either a word or action. The frankness of her mind and conduct was guarded by the strictest discretion. Those who knew her best, and saw her most frequently, could never discover her thoughts or intentions farther than she chose. No change of countenance drew any thing from her which she did not mean to impart; and this reserve was demanded by her exalted station, and the momentous affairs in which she was daily conversant. She was remarkably free from pride, vanity and passion. Her serene countenance was a crystal which discovered the serenity within. Her breast was like some pure stream, unruffled by the lightest breeze. The modesty and sanctity of her mind were so undissembled, that impurity shrank from her presence. No natural defects, or faults of character, were ever the subjects of her mirth; she thought it cruel and barbarous to be merry at the misfortunes or follies of others. She was pleased with Archbishop Tillotson's sermon against Evil-Speaking, and when she thought any were inclined to detraction, would delicately reprove them by inquiring if they had ever read it.

As she uttered no calumnies herself, she was remarkably exempt from those of others, and on being reminded of this felicity, meekly replied, "I ascribe it wholly to the goodness of God; for I doubt not that many fall under severe censures who deserve them as little." What is good, and what is great in human nature, were so equally blended, and shone so brightly in her, that it is difficult to say for which she was most remarkable. She was distinguished for clearness of apprehension, exactness

of memory, solidity of judgment, and correctness of expression. She discovered superior genius, and felicity of imagination, even when conversing on common subjects.

She read the best authors, in English, Dutch, and French, three languages which were equally familiar to her. She gave most of her hours to the study of the Scriptures, and books connected with them, and thus acquired an extensive knowledge of Divinity. Next to this, Modern History, especially that of her own country, engaged much of her attention. Of Poetry she was at once a lover and a judge; and liked it best when devoted to the best subjects. She acquainted herself with Natural History, and Drawing in Perspective;—was accurate in Geography, and acquired a knowledge of Mathematics and Philosophy. Her proficiency was remarkable, considering the great weakness of her eyes, and the many hours she spent in her closet. For fashionable amusements she had no relish; her favorite entertainments were Gardening and Architecture, in which she gave considerable indulgence to her taste. She sometimes feared these had engrossed too much of her attention, and would say, “yet as they have employed many hands which might otherwise have been idle, I hope I may be forgiven.”

Thus amiable as a private character, if we view her as a queen, she will shine with additional lustre. Few ever possessed so great a capacity for government, with so little inclination to exercise it. Yet what she reluctantly assumed, and cheerfully relinquished, she managed with the greatest skill and propriety. Called often, by the absence of the

king, to preside in the administration, she ruled in a manner worthy of herself; governing the affections of the people, and erecting her throne in their hearts. She was gentle in commanding, cautious in promising, generous in rewarding, patient in her audiences, and indefatigable in her attentions to the complicated concerns of government. That nothing might be done in haste, the day was early begun, that without shortening her devotions she might attend to every small as well as great concern, and maintain the customary ceremonies, and cheerfulness of a court. Where conscience clearly decided a duty, she was firm and immovable; and while her amiable conduct disarmed the greater part of her enemies, her wisdom and secrecy effectually defeated the designs of the few who remained inveterate.

When visible danger presented, her firmness of mind and conduct were truly remarkable. Invasion was expected from France, in the early part of her reign, and while her husband was contending in a distant place, she resolved if they should put their threats in execution, to take the head of her armies, and either save her people, or perish with them. The first exercise of royal power must have been painful indeed. Her father, at the head of a formidable army, approached to claim his abdicated throne; her husband went forth to oppose him, and she, encumbered with the weight of government, remained in suspense whether to bemoan the death of a husband or a father—whether to see the interests of the Protestant religion flourish, or to fly herself before the scourge of the Papists. To preserve the life of either, she said, she would willingly sacrifice her own.

During this state of torturing suspense, she trusted in an arm of Almighty strength, and night and day her prayers ascended before the Most High. When she was at length informed of her husband's victory at the Boyne, and that her father though defeated was safe, she gave free vent to her tears, and exclaimed—"My heart has not trembled at my own danger, so much as at the thought of the scene acted at the Boyne; but God has heard my prayers, and I bless him for it, with as sensible a joy as I ever knew." She was repeatedly in the administration in very troublesome times, when wars and invasions called William to the field; and she always said that her inquietudes were soothed and tranquillized by prayer. In her brightest seasons she grew not secure or unmindful of her dependance on God. The pleasures of a court had little place in her heart, and she maintained an habitual indifference to them.

In the conjugal relation she was uniformly exemplary. The king possessed her highest affection and confidence, and whether present or absent was borne upon her prayers. A collection of letters written to him while he was engaged in the wars of Ireland, are still preserved, and exhibit her in an interesting and amiable light. They amount to the number of thirty-seven in three months, and prove that she must have been economical of her time, to write so much and so frequently, amidst her studies, her devotions, and the innumerable cares of a great nation. "She was," says Bishop Burnet, "so tender and respectful a wife, that she seemed to go beyond the most perfect idea to which invention has been able to rise. The lowest condi-

tion of life, or the greatest inequality of fortune, has not afforded a more complete pattern. Tenderness and complacency seemed to strive which should be the most eminent. She had no higher satisfaction in the greatness that descended upon her, than that it gave her an occasion of making her husband a present worthy of himself. Nor had crowns or thrones any charm so pleasant to her, as that they raised him to a greatness which he so well deserved, and could so well maintain. She was all zeal and rapture when anything was to be done that could express either affection or respect to him."

During casual indisposition, and even in health, it was customary for this excellent queen to meditate upon death and prepare for it; and the tranquillity which she had felt at its distant view, did not vanish when it indeed approached. Amid the sighs and tears of all around her, she was serene and peaceful. So high did she rise above mortality, that even her husband, who was more to her than all the world beside, could not inspire her with any desire of returning back to life. In that hour when the most artificial grow sincere, when hypocrisy drops its mask, and discloses the soul to view, it appeared how sincere and sublime was her piety. "I have been instructed," said she, "how very hazardous it is to rely upon a death bed repentance; I am not now to begin the great work of preparing for death, and I praise God I am not afraid of it." She added that she experienced the joys of a good conscience, and the power of religion giving her supports, which not even the last agonies could shake.

She seemed to have nothing left to be arranged in her last hours. Her mind was free from anxieties of every kind, and calm as the still, small voice which seemed to be calling her soul away to the regions above. An entire resignation to the will of God, and a willingness to be dissolved, did not forsake her for a moment. Her gentleness and tender attentions to all about her were still eminent. While she was awake her most delightful exercise was prayer; and so sensible a refreshment did she find in it, that she said it gave her more ease than any thing which was done for her. Nature sank rapidly. She received the sacrament with a devotion which at once animated and melted all who were present. That being over she seemed on the wing; and gave herself up so entirely to meditation as scarcely to regard any thing earthly. Heaven blessed her with a dismissal so easy, that she would scarce have known herself to be sick, but by what was done for her. Thus she put off mortality and in the thirty-second year of her age passed from an earthly to an incorruptible crown.

The distress of King William during her sickness, astonished those who knew the firmness of his mind, and the steadiness of his disposition. He was frequently in an agony of grief, fainting often, till there appeared to be no life in him, then recovering and bursting into violent lamentations. The third day of her illness, he called Bishop Burnet into his closet. Bursting into tears he cried out, "There is no hope of the queen: and I from the happiest am going to be the most miserable man on earth. During the whole course of our marriage I have never seen a single fault in her, and

she possesses worth which no one knows fully beside myself." When she died, his spirit sunk so low, that there was great reason to fear he was following her; and for several weeks he was so little master of himself as to be incapable of attending to business, or seeing company. When Dr. Tennison went to comfort the mourning monarch, he answered, "I cannot but grieve; for I have lost a wife who for seventeen years was never guilty of an indiscretion."

From the many elegies which this mournful event called forth, I select two stanzas from an ode written by the poet Prior, and presented to King William :

For her the wise and great shall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat ;
Ages to come and men unborn
Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

Fair Albion shall with faithful trust
Her holy queen's sad relics guard,
Till heaven awakes the precious dust
And gives the saint her full reward.

JOHN HARVEY.

JOHN HARVEY, was the son of a Dutch merchant resident in London, born in the year 1664. 1664, and piously educated. When very young, he began to speak plain, and with as much judgment as children usually do at five years old ; yet his parents, considering him too much of an infant to attend school, restrained him from it, greatly against his inclination. But before he was three years of age, and while they supposed him engaged in his little sports near the house, he discovered a school house in the neighborhood, went without the knowledge of his parents, and entreated the teacher to accept him as a scholar. He attended to instruction with so much diligence and gravity, that he was soon able to read with propriety, and made an astonishing progress in the common branches of learning, before most children are masters of their alphabet.

This extraordinary child would frequently ask very serious questions respecting his soul and the eternal state, and was very careful not to do anything which he supposed was displeasing to God. Perceiving his mother to be much sunk in sorrow at the death of a beloved brother, he came to her and said, "Though my uncle is dead, do not the Scrip-

tures say he must rise again?—I must die; and so must every body: yet it cannot be long before Christ shall come to judge the world, and then we shall see one another again. I pray you, mother, do not weep so much." The astonished mourner sat silently reflecting on his words, and found for a time, her deep anguish for her brother changed into admiration of her child. One day, seeing one of his relations come into his father's house, rather intoxicated as he supposed, he went directly to him, weeping bitterly, and begged him earnestly not to spend his time in such sinful courses, which injured his own soul, and offended his God.

When he was in company with other children, he would admonish them of their duty, and warn them against sinning with their tongues; but he delighted greatly in the society of learned and pious men, and they observed that his conversation was not like that of a child, so much as of a scholar and a Christian. He was strict in the observance of the Sabbath; frequent and constant in the duty of secret prayer, and would sometimes continue on his knees for a whole hour. Though he endeavored to be entirely concealed in his seasons of devotion, a friend who noticed the regularity of his retirement, and was anxious to know what such a child could make the subject of his petitions, drew near unobserved, and heard him praying very earnestly, for the welfare of the church of God, that the gospel might spread over the whole world, and that divine grace might be more abundant in the hearts of Christians.

He was a very humble, modest child, entirely above the vanities of dress, contented with plain

or mean diet, and very careful never to eat without devoutly entreating the blessing of God. He was compassionate and charitable to all in distress, wherever he could find them. There was once a Turk brought providentially into the place where he lived, and his mind was so exercised in pity for him, that he took no rest till he had found a person who understood his language, and brought them together. The first thing he requested of his friend, was to inquire of him if he acknowledged a Deity, to which he answered that he did. "Ask him," said the child, "what he thinks of our Lord Jesus Christ." At this question the Turk was troubled, avoided discourse, and complained that he was thirsty and hungry. The compassionate boy immediately ran to a neighboring house and begged some food, and then to a brew-house, entreating the master to give him a cup of beer, "For, sir," said he, "here is a poor stranger athirst; we know not where *we* may be cast before we die."

His family hearing of the circumstances reproved him; "I did it," said he, "for a poor stranger, and I did it, also, that he might think the better of Christians, and of the Christian religion."—This extraordinary child blended with his piety, an ardent love of literature, made great progress at the Latin school, and was much beloved by his instructors. When he was eleven years of age his eldest sister was taken ill of an infectious distemper, and while they were praying for her he would weep and sob bitterly; but when she died he said, "The will of the Lord be done. Blessed be his name. My dear mother, you must submit yourself as David did." As if he had a premonition of his own death, he

spent all his time in religious exercises, in reading the Bible, and "Saints' Everlasting rest," and writing pious meditations.

Fourteen days after the death of his sister, he was attacked with the same disease, and bore his pains not only with patience, but cheerfulness; "for I am assured," said he, "that my sins are pardoned, and that I shall go to heaven." As he lay in the agonies of death, he was troubled at the turbulence of his mother's grief: "know you not," said he, "that this is the hand of the Almighty? Humble yourself before him, and bow in submission to his will;" and then raising himself up, bowed lowly, and went to his everlasting rest, at the age of eleven years and nine months.

DR. HERMAN BOERHAAVE.

HERMAN BOERHAAVE, one of the most illustrious physicians that the world ever produced, was the son of a clergyman at Veerhont, a small village near Leyden, in Holland, 1668. and born on the 31st of December, 1668. At the age of 14 he was sent to the public school of Leyden, and such was his astonishing proficiency, that at the conclusion of the year, when he was scarcely 15, he became a distinguished member of the highest class, which after six months study is allowed to pass to the University. About the time of his admission to that seminary, a dark shade was cast over his prospects, by the death of his father, who left a numerous family in reduced circumstances. At this early age he found himself surrounded with the perplexities of life, without parents, protection, advice or fortune. But the care of Divine Providence supported and encouraged him in his difficulties, and carried him successfully through the period of his education.

His proficiency in the different branches of science was admired by all; and when he took his degree in philosophy, he exhibited a thesis in opposition to the erroneous systems of Epicurus, Hobbes, and Spinoza, which greatly raised his reputa-

tion for piety and erudition. After laying a solid foundation in all other parts of learning, he proceeded to the study of divinity under two celebrated professors, one of whom gave lectures on Hebrew antiquities, the other on ecclesiastical history. Above all he diligently applied himself to the study of the Scriptures in their original languages, with their interpretation by all the ancient writers, whom he read in chronological order, beginning with Clemens Romanus. With these pursuits he mingled the study of nature, and the whole range of the science of medicine, and in this he found a lucrative and honorable employment, when unfavorable circumstances prevented him from embracing the clerical profession, to which his inclination led him. Some time after leaving the university he had to contend with the evils of poverty, and was obliged to become a teacher of mathematics to procure the necessities of life.

But though his labors at that time could hardly gain a subsistence, yet when his merits as a physician became known, he found wealth flowing in upon him like a flood, and at the time of his death left a fortune of more than £200,000, as a monument of what honest and well directed industry can perform. He received the employments of Professor of Chemistry, Professor of Botany, and Professor of Medicine in the university of Leyden, and his reputation began to spread over all Europe. The Royal Society of London, and the Academy of Sciences at Paris elected him an honorary member of their respective bodies, and the city of Leyden, through his instructions, became the school of Europe for medicine, botany, and the natural sciences. All the

European princes committed pupils to his care, who found in this skilful professor, an indefatigable teacher, and a tender friend, encouraging them in labor, consoling them under affliction, and relieving them in their necessities.

When Peter the Great, in 1715, went to Holland to perfect himself in maritime affairs, he attended the lectures of Boerhaave, and, as a pupil, received his lessons. His reputation spread over Asia, and the eastern nations, and so well was his name known in those distant regions, that a letter written to him from a mandarine in China, with this inscription, "To the illustrious Boerhaave, physician in Europe," came regularly to him without mistake or delay. Amidst all his honors he retained an humble estimation of himself, and united to an uncommon genius, and extraordinary talents, those qualities of the heart which render them valuable to society.

The activity of his mind sparkled in his eyes, his appearance was simple and unassuming, and when deep study and age had changed the color of his hair he was particularly noticed for that venerable aspect which prepossesses affection, and confirms reverence. He was an eloquent orator, and declaimed with dignity and grace : he taught very methodically and with great precision, and his auditors always regretted that his discourses were so soon finished. He would sometimes give them an infusion of raillery, but it was refined and ingenious ; and enlivened the subject, without sarcasm or severity.

He was a declared foe to all excess, yet not austere, but cheerful and desirous of promoting every valuable purpose of conversation ; communica-

tive, yet modest ; in contending for the truth, zealous, though dispassionate ; in friendship, sincere—constant—affectionate ; in every situation and relation of life, virtuous ; and it may be confidently affirmed, that no man in a private station ever attracted more universal esteem. At the age of 42 he married the only daughter of the burgomaster of Leyden, and amidst all his domestic and professional avocations found time to compose a number of literary works. Surprising accounts have been given of his sagacity and penetration in the exercise of the healing art ; yet he was very far from a presumptuous confidence in his skill, or arrogance at his superiority of success.

He was diligent in his profession, condescending to all, and wholly free from that pride and vanity which wealth sometimes excites in weak minds. He used often to remark that “ the life of a patient, if trifled with or neglected, would one day be required at the hand of the physician.” His benevolence led him to the care of those who were too poor to compensate him. “ These,” he would say, “ are my best patients, for God is their paymaster.” He was an eminent example of temperance, of fortitude, of humility and devotion. His piety, with a religious sense of his dependence upon God, was the basis of all his virtues, and the moving principle of his whole conduct. He was too sensible how deeply he partook of the weakness of human nature to ascribe any good thing to himself, or to conceive he could conquer his passions or vanquish temptation by his own unassisted power. He attributed every good thought and laudable action to the Author of all goodness. So deep was his conviction of the

depravity of his nature, and so profound his humility, that when he heard of any criminal condemned to die, he would say, "who can tell whether this man is not better than I? or if I am better it is not to be ascribed to myself, but to the goodness of God."

The charity and benevolence so conspicuous in his whole life were derived from a supreme regard to religion. It was his daily practice all his life, as soon as he arose in the morning, which was generally very early, to retire an hour for private prayer and meditation on parts of the Scripture. When his friends inquired how it was possible for him to support the fatigues of his active profession, he would answer that "it was his morning hour of meditation and prayer that gave him spirit and vigor in the business of the day." He recommended this practice to others, as the best rule he could give them; "for nothing," he would say, "conduces more to health of body and tranquillity of mind, and I know nothing which can support me or my fellow creatures, amidst the various distresses of life, but a well grounded confidence in the Supreme Being, upon the principles of Christianity. He made the excellence of the Christian Religion the frequent subject of his conversation, and asserted on all proper occasions the divine origin and efficacy of the Scriptures. He recommended to his friends a careful observation of the precept of Moses concerning the love of God and man; and affirmed that a strict obedience to the doctrines, and a diligent imitation of the examples of our blessed Saviour, were the foundation of all true happiness. He formed his ideas of God from what he had revealed of himself in his word, and paid an absolute submis-

sion to his will, without endeavoring to search out the reason of his determinations ; and this he considered as the first and most inviolable duty of a Christian. His literary, moral, and religious excellence of character, could not exempt him from enemies ; but he never regarded calumny or detraction. He said “ the surest remedy against scandal, was to *live it down* by perseverance in well doing, and by prayer to God to cure the distempered minds of those who traduce or injure us.” A friend who had often admired his patience under great provocations, inquired by what means he had so entirely suppressed the impetuous passion of anger ; he answered with the greatest frankness and sincerity, “ I am naturally full of resentment, but by daily prayer and meditation have at length attained this command over my passions.”

In his last illness, which was extremely lingering, painful and afflictive, his constancy and firmness did not forsake him. He neither intermitted the necessary care of life, or forgot the serious preparation for death. Three weeks before his dissolution, when a most learned and exemplary divine visited him at his country house, he requested to join with him in prayer, and afterward entered into deep and interesting discourse upon the spiritual and immaterial nature of the soul, which he perspicuously illustrated by describing the effects that the infirmities of the body had upon his faculties, which they did not oppress or vanquish, but his soul was always master of itself, always resigned to the pleasure of its Maker ;—adding, “ he who loves God, ought to think nothing desirable, but what is most pleasing to the supreme goodness.”

These sentiments were demonstrated by his conduct ; as death approached nearer, he was so far from terror or confusion, that he seemed more cheerful and less sensible of pain. He died on the 25th September, 1738, in the seventieth year of his age ; much honored—beloved and lamented. His funeral oration was spoken in Latin at the university of Leyden before a very numerous audience, and his works afterwards published in 5 large quarto volumes. The city of Leyden erected a monument to this illustrious man,—an urn and pedestal of marble, bearing many emblematical devices, surmounted with a medallion of him whom it commemorated, encircled with his own favorite and expressive motto, “ *Truth unarrayed.*”

DR. SAMUEL BENION.

SAMUEL BENION was born at a small parish, in the county of Salop (Eng.) on the 14th of June, 1673. His parents were religious people of competent estate; he was their eldest son, and bore the name of Samuel, because he was *asked* of God, and devoted to his service. He discovered early indications of genius and piety, which were cultivated first at the grammar school of Whicksal, and afterwards at the academy of Wirksworth, under the tuition of Mr. S. Ogden, a man of great learning and virtue. He was there the darling both of the school and town, for his sweetness of temper, piety, ingenuity, and readiness to oblige all who came in his way; and his situation and studies were so delightful to him, that he continued there till he reached his eighteenth year. This was a much longer period than youths of his proficiency usually spend at the grammar school, but he thus gained intimate acquaintance with the classics, rendered his future studies more easy and pleasant, and acquired the power of speaking and writing Latin, with great fluency, propriety and beauty.

When he first entered that school, in early youth, his parents, after his departure, found a paper, expressing great thankfulness for the care of his edu-

cation, requesting their prayers for him, and begging that they would not indulge too strong an affection for him, or in case of his sickness or death, mourn for him as those who have no hope ; for he knew that whether living or dying, it would be well with him. When he had finished his term at the grammar school, and was about to return home, his instructor wept much to part with him, and expressed a fear that his school would suffer for the loss of his example.

He was afterwards entered a student at the college at Glasgow, in Scotland, having two young gentlemen under his care. Here he applied himself with incredible attention, and frequently studied sixteen hours in a day, subsisting upon a little food that was brought him to the study. He was universally respected at Glasgow, for his great learning, diligence, and serious deportment ; and when he took his first degree, the Senate of the university honored him with the Presidency of all who were lauriated that year ; a dignity seldom conferred upon any but their own natives. At the expiration of his term, the regents courted his stay, and promised him preferment ; but no motive of gain or ambition could longer detain him from his father's house, where his coming was waited with the ardent expectancy of joy, and his presence diffused serenity and happiness.

However he might have shone as an academician, nothing could eclipse the excellence of his character as a son. In his looks, words and actions, he seemed to study to express affection and respect to his parents ; and in his conduct to his brothers and sisters, you might trace fraternal ten-

derness mingled with the care of a father. He had calculated to devote more time to his studies, in the delightful recess of his parental abode, but was incessantly importuned by a neighboring congregation to supply the place of their deceased pastor. Being then but twenty-three, it was more consonant to his inclinations, to study for a time, than to preach, and he said he "trembled to think of supplying the pulpit of so great a man as Mr. Philip Henry;" and when repeated solicitation at length vanquished his diffidence, he selected for his text the expostulation of Jeremiah, "Ah Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child."

He supported the clerical character with dignity and propriety, and his performances called forth admiration, while they imparted instruction. He had a fluency of thought and expression, and was lively, fervent and methodical in preaching, prayer, and the administration of ordinances. In catechising the children every Lord's day, he was exact, and often successful in impressing their minds with the truths that he taught them. Every part of the work gave him pleasure, and he used to say that "he preferred the delight he enjoyed in praying and preaching, to all the entertainments and gratifications of sense."

His humility led him to estimate slightly his own performances, and when any one commended his management of the public exercises of his function, he would answer, "that it might have been better executed by himself, and far better by another person, and that he never left the pulpit without trembling to think how poorly he had performed his duty."

In his childhood his genius led him strongly to the practice of physic, and of his own accord he stored his memory with medicinal recipes, which he often showed ingenuity in applying. Afterwards, as opportunity offered, he paid some attention both to its theory and practice, that he might be useful to his poor neighbors ; and his reputation in that line furnished him with more business than he desired. In the year 1703, being at Glasgow, he was publicly examined in his professional knowledge by a convocation of the heads of the college, from whom he received great respect, high testimony of his judgment and accuracy, and an honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine.

In the practice of the healing art, he was uncommonly successful, and some of the most celebrated physicians of that day, have acknowledged him to be "one of the most ingenious men, with whom they had ever held professional consultation." He soon found, however, that this business fatigued both body and mind, and would gladly have discontinued it, but some would make use of no other physician, and his conscience would not suffer him to withhold advice from those who were in penury or distress. To the poor he gave gratuitously, both attendance and medicine ; and thus found many favorable opportunities of counselling, comforting and praying with them. He could not rest satisfied to prescribe for the body, and leave the soul unwarned of its danger ; and like Luke the evangelist, he was indeed "a beloved physician."

His active benevolence induced him also to distribute Bibles and good books to the poor, with a request to read them diligently ; and yearly to give

money to a good man in the neighborhood, to teach a number of poor children to read, with a strict charge that none should know who paid him this annuity. To this kind and charitable disposition, he united a spirit of moderation toward all who differed from him in sentiment, and an habitual care to give pain or offence to no man.

In the year 1703, he married Miss Grace Yates, whose natural and acquired endowments were congenial to his taste, and whose tenderness shed a new charm over his days.

When his friends observed his great diligence in study, exemplary life, and happy talent of imparting knowledge, they were desirous that their sons should derive the benefit of such example and instructions, and he at length complied with their solicitations. Finding many sources of pleasure from the employment, he consented to enlarge his number, and soon formed and regulated an academy of thirty students. It was the opinion of many that his chief excellency lay in this sphere, for Nature seemed to have formed him for a tutor of the highest grade of superiority. He had in his form, a mixture of grace and dignity, in his countenance, gravity and sweetness, in his deportment, majesty, tempered with mildness. His first appearance was prepossessing, and while a more intimate acquaintance unfolded properties to conciliate affection, it exhibited nothing to destroy respect or reverence. His voice was clear and commanding, and heightened the effect of whatever he pronounced, while deep classical knowledge, and a reflecting mind, qualified him to dictate, or to argue upon every necessary subject with accuracy and eloquence.

He gave lectures to his pupils in their several classes every day ; and so enlivened the abstruse parts of science, by his interesting manner of explaining and applying them, that his students declared, that if he was sometimes long he was never tedious : He delivered many extempore lectures, both in Latin and English, on some of the most intricate points of Philosophy, and such was his quickness of thought and felicity of expression, that they were considered scarcely inferior to his studied performances. He composed, for the use of his academy, a comprehensive system of Logic, Metaphysics, Mathematics, and Ethics ; for his genius led him to abstract speculations.

These branches of Philosophy he understood in their depths and refinements, and particularly in the department of Pneumatics, was making great progress at the time of his death, as if his close application to the *nature of spirits*, was a presage of of his own near approach to the *world of spirits*. He recommended to his pupils the study of pure mathematics, as one highly favorable to internal order, patience and perseverance, and well calculated to invigorate the mind, by giving to its researches the certainty of demonstration.

He was master of the theory of Natural Philosophy, and acquainted with its modern discoveries and improvements. In comparing opposite schemes and hypotheses, he divested himself of all partiality, and taught his pupils to preserve freedom of thought, that they might search for truth uninfluenced by prejudice.

In Theology, he formed his opinions from the Scriptures alone, and not from the doctrines of any

particular sect. Genuine expositions of that perfect system, he considered as the best divinity lectures he could read, and invited his students to examine his opinions, and receive them only as far as they were consistent with the word of God. Yet while he encouraged freedom of thought and investigation, he took great care to fortify their minds with the first principles of religion, as the best security against scepticism and bigotry.

He maintained a very strict and steady government of his academy, and his sway was founded in reason, and cemented with reverence and affection. He taught his students to employ their morning hours well, and to let nothing lead to the neglect of regular and secret devotion. He excited them to diligence in their hours of study, and while he allowed them harmless, restrained them from unbecoming recreations. If any were remiss in their studies, or careless in their conversation, he reasoned with them plainly, but with tenderness. He had an excellent faculty, while they were discoursing together, of introducing such subjects as led them to reprove themselves, by their own remarks; and they were so sensible of it, as frequently to reform, without causing him or themselves, the uneasiness of a particular reproof.

But when circumstances required a close and personal admonition, he gave it with an affecting solemnity, not in anger, but in love, and so as to convince the delinquent, that he delighted not to shame him, but as "his beloved son he warned him." The mildness and firmness of his expostulations, would draw tears from those not apt to relent, while the tears that trembled in his own eye, convinced

them that he was grieved for their misdemeanors. These reproofs he followed with solemn prayer; and such a blessing attended his pious endeavors, that although he had a large collection of young men, of different habits, passions and pursuits, yet an occasion very rarely occurred for a personal reproof or admonition.

He was a shining example of serious piety, and strove to excite and promote it in those under his charge. His discourses on the necessity of holiness had greater effect upon those to whom they were addressed, because its own harmonizing influence was visible in his life and conversation. He was successful in spiritualizing common occurrences, and when reading lectures to his scholars on the works or the wonders of Nature, would lead them by natural allusions to perceive and to adore the God of Nature. He appeared superior to the little vexations of life, as if he lived in a more calm and undisturbed region, or as if his eye was fixed on what he delighted to discourse upon, "things unseen and eternal." Those who had no predilection for serious subjects, were induced to listen attentively to one, who addressed them with such affection, and was to them as a father. "My dear charge," he would address them, "if anything I can say will be an instrument of advancing your good, I have my aim; or if anything I can do may promote your eternal welfare, how happy shall I think myself."

Upon those who were designed for the ministry, and drawing near to that important work, he strove to impress the necessity of solemn preparation, and the danger of unfaithfulness to the souls committed

to their charge. He labored to instruct them thoroughly in the original languages of the Scriptures, and as they were in the habit of writing from memory his daily expositions, he accustomed them once a week to read what they had written, and by comparing the different transcripts, and conversing with freedom and seriousness, new ideas were often suggested, and the whole engraved more deeply on their minds.

Once a week, the divinity class, in their turns, analyzed or expounded a portion of Scripture; and that they might exercise themselves in the gift of prayer, the whole academy retired to the lecture room after he had performed the evening worship of the family, and one of their number performed, in his turn, that solemn act of devotion, beside the more retired service of every chamber, which they were warned not to neglect. His house was peculiarly a house of prayer, and all the members of his family were taught its worth.

While he was thus attentive to their religious exercises, and solid studies, he omitted none of the refinements and lighter graces of science. He had stated times for their exercise in Oratory and Poetry, and in all their compositions encouraged accuracy of method, and elegance of language. He was assiduous in regulating their elocution and pronunciation, and at a particular time every week, habituated them to read passages from different authors, and that he might perceive wherein they were defective, and show them by his own example, the proper tones, emphasis and pauses. His exertions were generally acknowledged by his pupils, and gratefully received. "Our tutor," writes one of

them," understands the passions of the mind so well, and has so great an art of managing tempers so as to gain his point, that if he designed it, he could easily send out flaming bigots to almost any set of principles. But he is too much a Christian, a gentleman, and a scholar, to be swallowed up by the violence of any party. His aim is to make men of sense and rational Christians; and if we fall short of this point, it will not be his fault."

Much of this excellence in the department of education was imputed to his constant prayers for divine assistance: for as he acknowledged God in all his ways, he found him visibly directing his paths. Though his students, forming part of his family, had the privilege of joining in his devotions, morning and evening, still he conceived it necessary, to begin and end their particular studies every day with prayer, giving it as a reason "that there were many petitions to be put up on their account, in which the rest of the family were not interested."

When a new student entered his academy, he prayed for him, and committed him and his studies to an Almighty Teacher: when any left his care, he affectionately besought the divine blessing for him, and when any were in trouble and sickness, his tears and entreaties at the throne of Grace, showed that his heart felt the solicitude of a father.

Only three of all his great number of pupils, died while under his care, and he was then seen to humble himself and to mourn, as for a first-born. Covered with tears, he uttered, "Let me resign myself, and all that is dear to me, into the hand of God. It is the Lord, let him do what he will."

Beside his public funeral discourses on these melancholy occasions, he gave more private ones to the academy, from the pathetic lamentation of Job, "He came forth like a flower, and is cut down;" from the admonition of the wise man, "Remember the days of darkness;" and from the answer of the mourning mother, in the 2d of Kings, "It is well." A discourse of his, uttered after their return from one of these funerals, on the happiness of heaven, where there is neither parting or weeping, very deeply affected the minds of his young men.

Soon after these afflictions, a most promising student was taken ill of a malignant fever, and brought to the gate of death. His physician had given him up, and he seemed to be breathing his last, when his tutor called together his companions to join in prayer for him, and was observed to entreat earnestly and repeatedly for his life, as one who could not be denied, or as if the spirit of strong supplication rested upon his lips. At their return from the lecture room, they found an astonishing change in the dying youth, who soon after recovered; and this striking circumstance was long preserved in the memories of those who witnessed it.

But while he was thus active for the welfare of others, and in the midst of life and usefulness, he was attacked by a nervous fever which in a few days terminated his career. The evening but one before his death, he awoke from a kind of slumber, as he sat in his chair, and observed that he had been listening to some extraordinary music, that far excelled all he had ever before heard. Perhaps this was a prelude to that celestial symphony which he was soon to join: perhaps this was to prepare

his ear for the more perfect harmony of heaven. The violence of disease produced occasional derangement, but the night before his death he slept so sweetly, that his anxious friends entertained hopes of his recovery.

On March 4th, 1707, he awoke in an agony, and in a few moments his soul and body were disunited. He had lived 34 years, and in that short term completed more than many who live until past the usual boundary of man. What a house of mourning was made on that dismal night, it is difficult to conceive and impossible to describe. Two aged parents, who viewed him as their stay, and their counsellor, an affectionate wife, who had been but a few years united to him, two infant sons, who knew not why they wept, thirty students, who mourned as for a father, a family, a church and a people, as sheep without a shepherd. Few have had more tears shed over them at their death, and none have better deserved such tears.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

ELIZABETH ROWE was born at Ilchester, Somerset county, England, on the eleventh of 1674. September, 1674. Her father, Mr. Walter Singer, was much esteemed for his integrity, benevolence, and simplicity of manners. His life was a constant course of kindness to the unfortunate, and uniform piety; and the calmness and resignation of his death was a striking instance of the power of religion, and the exalted state of the human mind, when animated by the consciousness of divine favor, and the prospect of everlasting bliss. His wife was also a pattern of virtue and piety, and they had the happiness of seeing their two lovely daughters walking in their steps, mutually and affectionately emulous in the paths of knowledge and religion. But one of them, as she entered her twentieth year, was smitten and blasted, like some fair flower; and the other, the subject of these memoirs, passed along the path of life, lonely and mourning for her companion. Perhaps this loss deepened the religious impressions that had remained upon her mind from childhood; for, blended with uncommon sprightliness of temper, was such a reverential awe of divine Majesty, as disposed her to the most solemn acts of devotion.

In the pursuit of knowledge she was very assiduous; medicine she understood, and practised the healing art gratuitously among her indigent neighbors, who viewed her as a guardian angel. The more refined branches of science she easily acquired. The French and Italian languages were familiar to her: painting, music, and poetry, she practised from a child; but her love for the latter so predominated, that it was her principal amusement, and at the age of twenty-two she published a volume of her effusions. But her uncommon accomplishments, and attainments, were still inferior to her sweetness of disposition, delicacy of manners, and unaffected goodness of heart.

In the year 1710, she was united to Mr. Thomas Rowe, a man of great personal accomplishments, and literary endowments, and susceptible of that delicate and sublime attachment which the perfections of his consort were calculated to inspire and to maintain. But their connubial happiness was allayed by his declining health, and destroyed by his premature death, in the fifth year of their marriage, when he had just entered his 28th year. After his decease, his amiable consort retired to a secluded estate in Frome, Somersetshire, to enjoy that solitude, and those intellectual pursuits that she loved. Here she composed her "Friendship in Death," with a desire to impress the belief of the soul's immortality, to make it familiar with the thought of future existence, and lead it to contract an habitual persuasion of it, through the medium of the imagination and affections. With these were connected her "Letters, moral and entertaining," whose design is, by presenting fictitious examples of disinterested

benevolence, and inflexible virtue, to animate the reader to practise whatever tends to ennoble human nature, or promote the happiness of mankind; and by portraying images of horror, and characters disgusting in themselves, to deter the young and unwary from pursuits that embitter present life, and endanger the happiness of the future.

In 1736, her "History of Joseph," was published, consisting of ten books; and so rapidly did she write, that the two last books were composed and perfected in three or four days. Mrs. Rowe was blessed with an excellent constitution, which her studies, her affections, and a long series of years had but little impaired, till some time in the year 1736 she was attacked by sickness, which her friends feared would prove fatal. On this trying occasion, she confessed that she did not feel herself entirely free from alarm; yet when she had deeply reflected on the mercy of God, through the mediation of a Redeemer, she found such confidence, satisfaction, and transport, that she said with tears of joy, "she knew not that she had ever felt the like in all her life," and repeated to her surrounding friends, the "Dying Christian" of Pope, with exquisite feeling, and elevated devotion. But she recovered from this alarming attack, and by her exact temperance and perfect serenity of mind, her constitution appeared to be reinstated. But she still expressed a strong desire to enter on a life of immortality; and when her friends congratulated her on the health visible in her countenance, and the prospect of many years to come, she would reply, "that it was the same as telling a slave that his fetters would be

lasting, or complimenting him on the strength of the walls of his dungeon."

Her blameless life, her trust that her peace was made with God, and her habitual preparation for death, had so divested him of terror, that he appeared only as a messenger to conduct her to more perfect felicity. A short time before the event, when in perfect health, she communicated to her religious friends a firm persuasion that her continuance here would be of short duration, wrote solemn and affectionate letters to be given them after her decease, and committed to writing a paper of directions, for her servant, in which she gives orders that her funeral should be private, and no stone or inscription mark the place of her grave. On the day of her death she was in perfect health, conversed cheerfully in the evening with a friend, and at the usual hour retired to her chamber. Soon after, an unusual noise was heard, and her servant hastening to her apartment, found her prostrate on the floor, speechless, and in the agonies of death. Medical aid was found ineffectual, and on the next morning, Sunday, February 28, 1737, she died, in the sixty-third year of her age.

From a religious book that was found laying open by her, and a paper on which she had written some unconnected sentences, it appears that the last moments of her life were spent in devotion; and as it was her stated hour of prayer, she probably passed from earthly communion with her Maker, to that presence "where there is fulness of joy, to that right hand where there are pleasures forevermore." The manner of her death may be also considered as an

answer of prayer, for her written devotions contain repeated requests that she might not be suffered to linger long in the dark passage, and she often expressed to her friends a desire of a sudden departure, and a fear lest the violence of pain, or the languor of decaying nature, might excite an undue depression of the mind, and cause her to reflect dishonor on the name and profession of a Christian.

“ Though her death be universally lamented,” says Mr. Graves, “ the manner of it is rather to be esteemed a part of her happiness. One moment to enjoy this life : the next, after a pause we are not sensible of, to find ourselves beyond the fears of death, beyond death itself, and in possession of everlasting life, health and pleasure : this moment to be devoutly addressing ourselves to God, or employed in delightful meditations on his perfections ; the next, to stand in his presence surrounded with scenes of bliss, perfectly new and unspeakably joyous :—is a way of departing to be desired, not dreaded by ourselves ; and felicitated, not condoled, by surviving friends ; when all things are in readiness for our removal out of the world, it is a privilege to be spared the sad ceremony of parting, and all the pains and struggles of decaying nature.

Mrs. Rowe was agreeable in her person, her countenance indicated a softness and benevolence beyond description, and yet commanded that degree of awe and veneration, that genius and virtue so naturally inspire. She spoke gracefully ; her voice was singularly sweet and harmonious, and admirably adapted to convey in all its charms, the elegant language that flowed from her lips. Her manners were refined, her deportment marked with ease and

unaffected politeness. In her apparel she was merely neat ; the business of her toilet did not interfere with more noble pursuits ; she seemed to have conquered all desire of complying with the fashionable follies of the times, the vain pomp and parade of life ; and she soared above her sex in resisting the foolish force of custom, and the proud dominations of fashion. In early life she discovered that inclination for retirement so congenial to the votaries of the muses, and retained it to the latest period of her life. Her company was courted by the great and opulent, and if, prompted by politeness, she accepted of occasional invitations, she quitted her solitude with reluctance, and returned to it with increased pleasure.

But she possessed none of that rigid censoriousness, supercilious austerity, or unsocial propensity, which is apt to adhere to persons of a recluse temper ; she was as remarkable for every social virtue, as for the strict observance of positive injunctions of religion. She possessed a mind unruffled by any of the common incidents of life, and a sweetness of disposition that could not be affected by adverse occurrences, or the infirmities of age itself. She was so placid in her behaviour to her inferiors and domestics, that her servants, who lived with her near 20 years, never observed in her the least indication of resentment, except at flagrant instances of impiety and immorality. She had a most rooted aversion to scandal and calumny, and was scrupulously tender of the character of her neighbors. Detraction was so odious in her opinion as not to be justified by the liveliest sallies of wit, and she never hesitated to express her detestation of it when it was introduc-

ed in her presence ; and surely it is not the most trifling or least uncommon trait in her character, that she was never known to utter an ill-natured, or even an indelicate thing.

Of envy her mind was too exalted to be susceptible, but always disposed to do justice to merit, wherever it was found, and to feel sensible pleasure when she could find cause for commendation. And when a sense of duty, and regard to the best interests of others compelled her to undertake the disagreeable task of reproof, she had the power of softening it into gentle remonstrance and affecting dissuasive. She was observed sometimes to commend persons, who eminently practised some one virtue, before some of her friends who were deficient in that particular excellence, hoping that they might be struck with the beauty of the example, and induced to follow it.

Her conversation was singularly pleasing, as she had a fund of original ideas, which she conveyed in elegant language, with great fluency of diction, unaffected ease, and openness of behaviour. Though her accomplishments, from early life, had been the theme of much eulogium, yet no vanity was observable in her ; the whole tenor of her behaviour evinced a modest diffidence, and amiable humility ; being affable and courteous to persons of every rank in life. She disliked the course of fashionable amusements, avoided as much as possible all parties of pleasure, and all formal visits, as far as decency would allow. She disclaimed every kind of luxury as derogatory to the dignity of human beings, who are endowed with reason, and designed for immortality. Avarice she deemed the most sordid

ignoble of the human passions, and was so free from it as not to know her own estate from others, till motives of prudence obliged her to inform herself. She never would suffer her tenants to be threatened or distressed when they were in her debt ; and though some took advantage of her goodness, she would rather suffer wrong than commit injustice, " I can appeal to thee," she says in a written address to her Maker, " how scrupulously I have acted in matters of equity, and how willingly I have injured myself to right others."

She was strictly conscientious in all the relative duties of life. She loved and revered her father, was assiduously attentive to all his wishes, and has been heard to say, " she had rather die than displease him." She so sympathized with him in the anguish of his last sickness, that it occasioned a convulsion, from the effects of which she was never afterwards entirely free. In the conjugal relation she was equally exemplary. She endeared herself to Mr. Rowe by the most delicate and engaging attention, never thwarted his inclinations, though not always consonant with her own ; and when he broke out into excesses of anger, endeavored by the most soothing endearments, to restore him to reason and reflection ; and it was her constant study, by all the allurements of persuasion, to lead him to the practice of the more exalted virtues. In his last long and painful illness she attended him with indefatigable assiduity ; and performed with strictest care all the offices suited to that melancholy situation. After he expired, she could scarcely be persuaded to quit his breathless clay, and she honored his memory by perpetual widowhood.

In domestic life, her behaviour was amiable, condescending and affable ; she treated her servants with the utmost kindness, caused every thing nutritious and medicinal to be administered to them in sickness, and would sit by their bedside to read to them books of piety and devotion. In her friendship she was warm, generous and sincere ; happy in finding merit to commend, and tender and candid in reproving error. It afforded her peculiar pleasure to render them services ; but her principal endeavor was to instil into their minds the love of virtue, and direct their attention to their most important interests, which could not be essentially promoted but by a true regard to the doctrine and practice of Christianity. She thus contributed to accelerate their progress, by her own precept and example, and thereby exhibited the most unquestionable test of real friendship.

Mrs. Rowe exemplified that the most immaculate character is not free from the shafts of envy and malice ; she felt the slander of malevolence, which branded her with the stigma of enthusiasm and hypocrisy ; but this she sustained through the support of conscious innocence, and so far from entertaining an idea of resentment, considered it as a call for the exercise of the godlike virtue of forgiveness.

Her charity was extensive beyond bounds : to want, was a sufficient recommendation for relief, and she devoted the greatest part of her income to acts of beneficence, taking pleasure in denying herself the luxuries and superfluities of life, that she might supply those who were destitute of its comforts. The first time she accepted a compensation from the bookseller for any of her productions, she pre-

sented the whole to a family in distress ; and once, not having money enough by her to relieve the exigences of another, she readily sold a piece of plate for that purpose. Besides the sums that she disposed of, and the great number of books that she gave to the poor, she worked with her own hands to relieve the necessitous. She was often seen to shed tears at the distresses of others ; tears of generous compassion, not of feminine weakness, for she had too much Christian fortitude to weep over her own sorrows. Not satisfied with sending her servants to inquire into the state of the sick or necessitous, she visited herself the hovels of poverty and contagion. She educated poor children at her own expense, furnished them with clothes, Bibles, and other necessary books, instructed them herself in the principles of the Christian religion, and expressed the solicitude of a parent for their future conduct and welfare. This charitable institution comprised not only the poor children of Frome, but those of neighboring villages, and when some astonishment was expressed that a moderate estate should be enabled to perform so much, "I too am surprised," said she, "how it should answer all these things, and yet I never want money." In this she alluded to the goodness of Divine Providence, which she ever acknowledged with the greatest degree of piety, as interposing in her favor and protection. She retired for private prayer three times a day, and was most religiously strict in the observance of the Lord's day, which she passed entirely in acts of piety and devotion. She constantly attended the administration of the Sacrament, for which she had the highest veneration ; caused parts of the holy

Scriptures to be read at stated times, every day in her family, and was particularly affected with the New Testament, and those passages of the prophetical writings, that relate to our blessed Saviour. A life so blameless—so exemplary—so devotional, brightened her prospects of a future state, and smoothed, and softened, and enlightened her journey to the tomb. The last work of this excellent person, her “Devout Exercises of the heart,” or, “holy meditations, and addresses to God in the silent recesses of devotion,” display a fervor, an animation of piety, that few attain in this life. They were sealed up and directed to be delivered to Dr. Watts after her decease, and by him were published. The letter that accompanied them contains a spirit of humble and lively devotion, and we extract from it only the two following sentences: “When I am sleeping in the dust, should these soliloquies kindle a flame of divine love even in the heart of the lowest and most despised Christian, be the glory given to the great spring of grace and benignity. Through the blood of the Lamb, I hope for an entire victory over the last enemy; and that before this comes to you I shall have reached the celestial heights, and while you are reading these lines, I shall be adoring before the throne of God.”

LADY MARY VERE.

HER family was respectable, and she was the youngest of 15 children. Her mother died three days after her birth, and her father when she was 1680. only eight years of age. But though she was thus early left an orphan, the Almighty adopted her into his family, and the experience she had of his tender care, induced her to adopt as her motto, and to write in her books, "God will provide." At the age of 19, she was married to Mr. William Hobby, and was exemplary in her duty to him, and the religious education of her two sons. For this she was amply rewarded; as she saw in their happy and triumphant deaths, the blessed effects of that piety she had endeavored to implant. The youngest died in his 14th year, the eldest in his 23d—much admired for their genius, and greatly beloved for their piety.

Her second husband was Sir Horace Vere, baron of Tilsbury, a person of honorable descent, of noble achievements in the field, and of unstained piety. He found in her a faithful friend, and a religious companion, one who discharged well the relative duties of life, and preserved on her spirit a continual awe of the Supreme Being. She was attentive to the appointed ordinances; careful in her

preparation for the Sacrament, and so reverent in her deportment in the house of God, that one who was in the habit of observing critically, remarked, "Lady Vere, by her solemn deportment would make one believe that there is a God indeed."

She was no less conscientious respecting private worship; for she did not leave her devotion behind her, in the church. Twice a day, the prayers of the family were offered on bended knees, the word of God read, and his praise sung, and no business or company were suffered to delay, or to shorten this exercise. On the Sabbath, the sermon preached was repeated to her household, the servants were called to render an account of what they remembered, and to unite in a hymn of praise; and after their dismissal they resumed the singing of psalms. To encourage them in this work of praise, their kind mistress would often go and bear her part with them, and every night she prayed with her maid-servants, thus setting them an example of "all that was lovely, and of good report." Twice a day she retired to her closet, and spent several hours in reading the Scriptures, theological works, and prayer. Thus she made great progress in the divine life, though she deeply felt and lamented her own unworthiness. She not only meditated on death frequently, but was strongly desirous to depart, and was one of those few Christians to whom it was necessary to address the exhortation, "to be content and patient though they were not taken up to heaven, so soon as they desired."

Her love to her Redeemer, and Heavenly Father, showed itself in love to Christians, to ministers, and to the poor, and they all experienced the marks

of her kindness. She was distinguished by her works of charity ; and these were so numerous and liberal, that it excited astonishment in others why her materials were not exhausted. With unlimited generosity she gave to the poor, food, clothing, medicine, and accommodations for sickness. But her charity was silent and unostentatious, and what she gave was known only to herself. When it once happened that a poor neighbor died before she knew of his illness, she inquired with great anxiety respecting his supplies, and added, " I tell you, I had rather part with my gown from my back, than that the poor should want." In the exercises of her beneficence she was simple and humble, acknowledging that what she gave was not her own but the Lord's, feeling her dependence on him, and desiring to be found in his righteousness, for her own good works in her view were polluted.

Her goodness was uniform and consistent ; and her life was chargeable with none of those inequalities, which hypocrites are apt to betray. In every part of it there was a beautiful symmetry, and its crowning part was humility. She placed a high value on the exercise of faithful friendship, and requested her friends to speak freely of whatever they saw amiss in her, observing that " others see more of us than we do ourselves." Her own imperfections were ever present to her, while those around her admired her goodness and piety. To the meanest person who approached her, she was affable and courteous, and when her domestics had performed any duty assigned them, would be particular in thanking them ; for on her tongue was the law of kindness.

About a year before her death she was seized with an alarming fainting fit, in which she continued half an hour without apparent life or motion; but as soon as she came to herself, she exclaimed joyfully, "I know that my Redeemer liveth; I know whom I have believed." Her serene, and bright day, had at length a happy close. In her last sickness her pains were strong, but the constancy of her faith was still stronger; no murmur, or expression of impatience, dropped from her lips, but she was particular in justifying God in all his dispensations, and in her most distressing agonies would speak gratefully of his mercies. The last words which she was heard to utter were, "How shall I do to be thankful?—How shall I do to praise my God?" She closed this life with the exercise of that praise which is to be the employment of another, and entered into rest, on the Sabbath day, December 25th, 1761, at the great age of 90 years. With long life did God satisfy her, and grant her his salvation.

COL. JAMES GARDINER.

JAMES GARDINER was born at a small town in Linlithgowshire (Scotland) on the 10th of January, 1688. While a child he met with many bereavements; his father died, 1688. during the long campaign in Germany; his uncle was slain in the battle at Steinkirk, and his eldest brother fell at the siege of Namur, on the day that completed his 16th year. His mother, who was a pattern of piety and virtue, endured these afflictions with the spirit of a Christian, and labored to promote the religious and literary education of the subject of this sketch. He was placed at the school of Linlithgow, where he distinguished himself by proficiency in study, especially in the languages. The pious instructions of his mother had no effect upon his volatile mind, and her tender remonstrances were ineffectual to prevent his making choice of a military life; for so great was his ardor in the profession of arms that he fought three duels before he attained the stature of a man; and in one of them, when he was but eight years old, received a deep wound in the face, the scar of which he carried with him to the grave. He served first as a cadet, and at the age of 14 bore an ensign's commission in a Scotch regiment engaged in the Dutch service.

In the memorable battle of Ramillies, during the reign of Queen Anne, he performed many feats of valor, in the capacity of ensign, and while he was engaged in rallying his men to a desperate attack on the French, who were posted in the church yard of Ramillies, and while the most blasphemous oaths trembled on his tongue, he received a bullet in the mouth which passed out through his neck, and in a state of racking anguish lay on the field of battle the whole night, covered with his own blood, and surrounded by the dying. But neither the tortures of a wound, inflamed by neglect and improper treatment, nor the depression of sickness, nor yet the miracle of his deliverance, impressed his heart or awakened it to reflection. At his recovery he again returned to his vices, and plunged into every course of shameless dissipation. Yet in this life of licentiousness he realized no happiness, and when his gay friends were once congratulating him on his successes and felicity, he happened to cast his eye upon a dog that entered the room, and could not forbear groaning inwardly, and wishing "*Oh, that I were that dog!*"

In this course he continued till past the 30th year of his age, when he was reclaimed by an almost miraculous interposition of divine power. In the midst of horrible criminality, his mind became so suddenly and deeply impressed, that he thought he saw before his eyes, a representation of the crucified Saviour, and heard his voice expostulating with him. The deep amazement of his soul was succeeded by several days and nights of extreme horror, till at length, as if in answer to agonizing cries and prayers, the day-spring of salvation dawned from on high. An entire change was wrought in his views,

affections, and propensities, and he who was once blind through the enmity of sin, saw clearly. This perceptible alteration of his behaviour, soon excited the raillery and ridicule of his former companions, but he sustained it with calmness, and told them of his unalterable determination to serve the Lord.

At his return from Paris to London, knowing that he must encounter the ridicule of those with whom he had once associated in sin, he requested that he might meet them on a social party at the house of a friend. During dinner he was the object of their sharpest witticisms, to which he made little reply ; but when the cloth was removed, he entreated their hearing, while he recounted the cause of his visible alteration, the thorough change of his principles and affections, and the peace and serenity which he enjoyed, to which he was before a stranger. They listened to this manly and rational defence with the deepest astonishment, and the master of the house, rising, said—"Come, let us call another cause. We thought this man mad, and he is in good earnest proving that we are so." When his friends perceived him still cheerful and conversible, they no longer cavilled at his opinions, but seemed to wish to share his serenity, and to look upon him as a superior being.

None ever knew better how to blend the graceful and amiable discharge of the duties of life, with the strict devotion of a Christian. He always rose so early, as to be able to devote two hours to prayer, meditation and praise, in which he acquired an uncommon fervency, and realized great delight. If, during the bustle of a camp life, he was obliged to

he at the head of his regiment earlier than usual, he would begin his devotions by one or two o'clock, that nothing might intrench upon his specified holy time. When he received a letter from a friend, it was his practice to retire and pray for him, and when he had the care of a family, prayer and praise were continually offered, morning and evening, and he engaged a clergyman to reside there and officiate in his absence, and serve as tutor to his children.

His letters are written in the most fervent strain of piety ; " I am daily offering up my prayers," he adds in one of them, " for this sinful land of ours, over which the judgments of God seem to be gathering ; and my strength is sometimes so exhausted with those strong cries and tears which I pour out before my God, that I am hardly able to stand when I rise from my knees."

The life of this extraordinary man was terminated at the battle of Preston Pans, Sept. 21st, 1745, where he fell gallantly fighting at the head of his regiment. He received in the beginning of the action a bullet in the breast, and a shot in the thigh, which he disregarded, and continued animating his men by his voice and example, until a highlander, with a scythe, almost severed his right arm from his body, and dragged him from his horse, when another highlander with a Lochaber axe gave him his mortal wound. Elevating the arm that was left he gave signal for his men to retreat, and as he lay expiring in blood said feebly to a chief of the opposite party, " you are fighting for an earthly crown, I go to receive an heavenly one."

REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

JONATHAN EDWARDS was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, on the 5th of October, 1703. 1703. He was the only brother of ten sisters, and the only son of the Rev. Timothy Edwards, minister of East Windsor, who labored as a preacher more than fifty-nine years, and died at the age of ninety, universally esteemed, beloved and venerated. This son, in the year 1716, entered a student at Yale College, and soon became distinguished by proficiency in knowledge and serious deportment. In the second year of his attendance, while only thirteen, he read Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, with so much eagerness and fixed attention, that it had a powerful influence upon his mind, and seemed to awaken and invigorate those logical and metaphysical powers, for which he was afterwards so greatly eminent. Taking that book into his hand, not long before his death, he said to some select friends, who surrounded him, that in his boyhood at college, he had more satisfaction and pleasure in studying it, than the most greedy miser in gathering handfuls of gold and silver from a newly discovered treasure.

In his early years an uncommon genius began to discover itself; for Nature had formed him for in-

tense thought, and deep penetration; and though he made proficiency in all the arts and sciences then taught, yet moral philosophy and divinity were his favorite studies. When only 16, he received the honors of Yale College, and continued there two years after, studying and preparing for the work of the ministry. After passing the pre-requisite trials, he was licensed as a candidate, and preached to a society in New York for eight months, to universal acceptance.

While here he contracted a strong religious friendship with an aged widow lady where he boarded, and with her son. "My heart was knit in affection to them," he writes more than twenty years afterwards, "and I could not bear the thoughts of other companions, than those who were disciples of the blessed Jesus. When I came from New York I had a most bitter parting with Madam Smith and her son. My heart seemed to sink within me, at leaving the family and city where I had enjoyed so many sweet and pleasant days; and as the vessel sailed away, I kept sight of the city as long as I could; and when it could no longer be seen, it would affect me much to look that way with a kind of melancholy, mixed with sweetness." He was earnestly solicited to settle at New York, but thinking that the society where he preached was too small to support the expense of a minister, and that a longer term of study was requisite for his youth, as he was then but 19, he retired to his father's house, and devoted the summer to close and diligent study.

Here his diary notes every change of his heart, as well as of God's dealings with him, and the pious

resolutions formed for the direction of his conduct, deserve the notice and remembrance of every serious person. They are seventy in number, and a few only are transcribed, as the limits of this sketch will not allow the admission of the whole.

“*Resolved*, Never to lose one moment of time ; but improve it the most profitable way I can. .

“Never to do anything that I should be afraid to do, if it were the last moment of my life.

“To think much on all occasions of my own dying, and of the common circumstances that attend death.

“To be endeavoring to find out fit objects for charity and liberality.

“Never to do anything out of revenge.

“Never to suffer the least emotions of anger to irrational beings.

“To live at all times as I think is best in my devout frames, and when I have the clearest views of the gospel, and another world.

“Never to speak anything in narration but simple truth.

“To inquire every night as I am going to bed, wherein I have been negligent, what sin I have committed, and wherein I have denied myself ; also at the end of every week, month and year.

“To maintain the strictest temperance in diet.

“Never to speak anything that is ridiculous, or matter of laughter, on the Lord’s day.

“Never to allow the least measure of fretting uneasiness, at my father or mother. Resolved, to suffer no effects of it, so much as in the least alteration of speech, or motion of the eye : and to be

especially careful, with respect to any of the family.

“To endeavor to my utmost to deny whatever is not agreeable to a good and universally sweet, and benevolent, quiet, peaceable, contented, easy, compassionate, generous, humble, meek, modest, submissive, obliging, diligent, industrious, charitable, even, patient, moderate, forgiving, sincere temper ; and to examine strictly every week whether I have done so.

“*Resolved*, all my life long, with the greatest openness of which I am capable, to declare my ways to God, and lay open my soul to him ; all my sins, temptations, difficulties, sorrows, fears, hopes, desires, every thing and every circumstance.”

This was the beginning of a life, useful, eminent and holy. This was the youth who was afterwards to be one of the greatest divines, and most acute logicians, that America ever produced ; of whom experienced ministers were to say, “that he was, under heaven, their oracle ;” and whose writings were to gain him the applause and admiration of America, Great Britain, Holland and Germany. He began his life with watchfulness, pious resolutions, and prayers : is this the usual course and practice of the youth of the present day ? Let them know that he arrived at eminence by such methods ; let them follow his steps, and expect the blessing of God. To-day, if they will hear the voice, that from the life and writings of a departed saint speaks unto them, let them not harden their hearts, but turn unto Him, who, if sought early, will be found, and if called upon humbly and earnestly, will answer.

At the age of twenty, he was nominated tutor of Yale College, where he continued two years, and then accepted an invitation to settle at Northampton, as colleague pastor with his grandfather Stoddard, who was then living at an advanced age. It is rather a singular coincidence, that he was twenty-three years and four months old when ordained at Northampton, and continued there exactly twenty-three years and four months. The summer after his settlement he was married to Miss Sarah Pierpont, daughter of the Rev. James Pierpont, the worthy and respected minister of New Haven. She was happily calculated to advance his interest, and increase his enjoyment, and this union was a source of much felicity to both.

And now the lustre of his piety began to diffuse itself over a wider sphere, and to vivify many cold and inattentive hearts. As a preacher, his excellence was acknowledged even by those who received not his doctrine. He took great pains in preparing his sermons, his knowledge of the human heart suggested many affecting truths, and his delivery of them was easy, methodical, and deeply solemn. Towards the close of his life, he was little confined to his notes, and used to advise young preachers, to commit their sermons to memory, and gradually discontinue the use of notes, that they might address with more freedom and better effect the hearts of their audience.

In his prayers, he had an undissembled and almost inimitable spirit of devotion, and seemed indeed to draw nigh to the throne of a father. This service, though delightful to him, he did not protract to great length, observing that this was an error often hurtful

to public and social prayer, and calculated more to dampen than to promote true devotion. He catechised the children in public every Sabbath, often called them with the youth to his own house, that he might pray and converse religiously with them, and propose questions to some of them in writing, which they were to answer after a suitable time, thus exciting them to the knowledge of the scriptures. Many fruits of his labors were visible among his people, and in the years 1734 and 41, were two such general seasons of awakening, as to excite universal attention in surrounding places. Of the first, which was the most remarkable, he published an account entitled, "A faithful Narrative of the surprising work of God, in the conversion of many hundred souls in Northampton;" this was reprinted in Germany, England and America.

His benevolent disposition discovered itself by his uncommon liberality to the poor and distressed. His donations were generally made privately, or with strict commands that none should mention the name of the giver; though since his death such a number of instances have been discovered as constitute him one of the greatest charitable examples of our age, and doubtless many—many will continue unknown until the resurrection of the just. Though he was not in affluent circumstances, and was burdened with the maintenance of a numerous family, he imparted largely and willingly, but gave not his alms to be seen or applauded by men.

He did not entangle himself with the affairs of this life, and had no desire to lay up perishable riches for himself or his children. He observed the strictest integrity in all his dealings, and displayed

the most sacred regard to truth, not only in promises, but in the simplest narration. He was cautious in the choice of acquaintance, unreserved and faithful in friendship, and inviolable in preserving secrets entrusted to him. His conversation was profitable and instructive, but he never spent his time in studying the art of trifling. In promiscuous company, unless some important subject of discourse was agitated, he spoke little, for he was not ambitious of being idly entertaining, and thought his chief excellence did not consist in a talent for conversation. "As far as I am able to judge," he writes, "of what talents I have, for benefiting my fellow creatures by words, I think I can write better than I can speak."

In the relative duties of life, as a son and brother, a husband and father, he was faithful and affectionate. He maintained an uniform government of his family, and so established parental authority, as to obtain cheerful obedience, reverence and affection. He was careful to instruct them in the principles of religion, to restrain them from vain and unreasonable amusements, and to teach them reverently to observe the Sabbath. As he believed its exercises began at sunset the evening before, he was careful that his household should finish all their secular business, and be convened at that time, when he examined his children in their religious studies, took particular care that they understood what they repeated, and then would sing a psalm, and attend prayers, as an introductory exercise to the Lord's day.

He was remarkable for rising early, and required his family to follow his example, and to attend customary devotions ere they entered upon worldly business. Before prayers a portion of Scripture

was read, usually by candle light in the winter, upon which he questioned his children according to their age and capacity, explaining, illustrating and enforcing as he saw occasion. He frequently conversed with his children separately in his study, on their eternal concerns, giving them warning, exhortation or direction, as their state seemed to require. In his study, also, he was accustomed to converse with his amiable and pious consort, on the affairs of religion, and constantly prayed with her there, once a day, beside family and private devotion.

In his manner of life, study, diet and recreation, he was strictly methodical. He was very temperate in eating and drinking, that the powers of the mind might be unburdened and active. His time of rising was four in the morning; his daily time of study thirteen hours; his recreation, riding on horseback after dinner, two or three miles, when he would dismount and walk in some retired grove or forest, carrying with him a pen, to note the thoughts that arose in his mind. He was punctual and frequent in the exercise of private devotion, and often kept days of fasting, prayer, and devout meditation. In youth, he recorded a resolution in his diary, to pray secretly more than twice a day, and it was known that he was much on his knees, engaged in that most solemn service. Constant and devout communion with God in these retired hours, gave to his countenance and deportment, an habitual seriousness, and calm solemnity, as the face of Moses was observed to shine after his high communion in the mount.

The exercises of his mind, in the different stages of conversion, were remarkable. His first was in

childhood, at the time of an awakening in his father's congregation ; when he was for many months religiously concerned, careful in serious duties, and in the habit of praying secretly five times a day. Yet this he considered not genuine, because its impressions passed away, and were not renewed until he had a severe fit of sickness at college. This danger awakened him to self-accusation, terror and repentance, and though he experienced more than most Christians do, and after his recovery was serious and active in religion, he viewed that not as the time of his saving change, but as a step in the gradual progress to a happier time, when to use his own eloquent description, "there came into his mind a sweet sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God, as it were in conjunction ; majesty and meekness joined together ; a sweet, and a gentle, and an holy majesty ; a majestic meekness, an awful sweetness, a high, and a great and holy gentleness."

His objections to the sovereignty of God were conquered, his affections sublimated, and even a new hue given to the face of Nature. "A calm, sweet cast, an appearance of divine glory, an excellency, wisdom, purity and love, seemed to shine in every thing, in the sun, moon and stars ; in the clouds and blue sky ; in the grass, flowers and trees ; in the water, and in all nature." Even his natural tastes and antipathies seemed to be transformed, he had from infancy been much terrified at thunder, and the sight of a rising cloud would fill him with unspeakable dread. But then, and ever afterwards, a thunder storm was to him no source of uneasiness ; "I rejoiced," said he, "at its appearance, fixed myself so as to view the clouds, to see the light-

nings play, and to hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which led me to sweet contemplations, and as I viewed, it always seemed natural to me to sing or chant forth my meditations ; to utter my thoughts in soliloquies, and with a singing voice." A change so great influenced him to the close of life ; a religion whose principle was love seemed to actuate him ; his heart was alive and susceptible to every pious emotion, and in his line of duty, and sphere of action, few have kept themselves so pure and unspotted from the world.

His activity, usefulness, and sincere piety, gained the love and esteem of his people, and in their expressions of attachment they were uncommonly frequent and fervent. Those who visited Northampton, would have pronounced it impossible for him to have been rejected or opposed by his parishioners ; yet in this we have a striking lesson of the mutability of man, and the affairs of man. It had been maintained by his predecessor, that unconverted persons should be admitted to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, though they make no pretensions to real holiness. Upon this principle, a short covenant was framed, and many admitted to the church without prerequisite qualifications. Many years after Mr. Edwards' settlement, he was led candidly to examine this doctrine, and to perceive its dangerous tendency. But the avowal of his sentiments, gave great offence ; he was forbidden to preach on the subject, and what he published was neglected or misconstrued. Those who were once ready to " pluck out their eyes and give to him," clamoured for his dismissal, rejected all terms of accommodation, and when the summoned ecclesiastical council

decreed that it was expedient for him to depart if they persisted in desiring it, zealously voted for his dismission, by a majority of two hundred and twenty.

A part, who adhered to him during all his calamities, requested that he would still continue their pastor, and offered to support him; but he determined not to perpetuate division, among those whom he had loved as children, and chose rather to suffer poverty with a large and helpless family around him.

He bade them farewell in a most solemn and pathetic discourse, and while he continued there, occasionally supplied the pulpit, when no other minister could be procured, until great uneasiness was manifested, and the whole town gathering together, voted that he should preach to them no more. This opposition and severe treatment was a great trial to so tender and susceptible a heart; he felt very deeply this change in the conduct of those who had once manifested so much esteem and love, for whose welfare he had studied and labored, for whom he had poured out innumerable fervent prayers; and who were dearer to him than any people under heaven. With feeling he might adopt the words of the Psalmist, "It was not an *enemy* that reproached me, then I could have borne it; neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; but it was *thou* mine equal, my guide, and my acquaintance; we took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."

But though he felt the pang of ingratitude keenly, *as a man*, he suffered it meekly, *as a Christian*. His calm sedateness, and deep humility amidst violent opposition and injurious treatment; his resolution and steady conduct throughout the whole

of that dark and terrible storm, astonished his enemies, and furnished a new source of admiration to those who had been in the habit of esteeming and loving this excellent man. The God to whom he had prayed for strength and direction, evidently supported him, and provided for his necessities, when earthly friends had forsaken him.

A short time after this sorrowful and surprising transaction, he was appointed to succeed the Rev. Mr. Sergeant, in his mission at Stockbridge, about sixty miles from Northampton, where he and his family were comfortably accommodated, and leisure given him to pursue his beloved studies. Here he made swifter advances in knowledge, and added more to his manuscripts than he had ever done in the same term of time before, and often acknowledged the tender care of God in granting him opportunity to finish some favorite literary works, and in providing him such a peaceful retreat, rendered doubly sweet by the preceding tempest.

His great work on the "Freedom of the Will," was composed here, which by good judges is considered one of the greatest efforts of the human mind that appeared in that century. Its judgment, penetration, and accuracy of thought, ranks the author among the most exalted geniuses of his age. His different publications were between twenty and thirty, beside several works left unfinished at the time of his death, and 1,400 miscellaneous manuscripts. When we look at the number of his performances, and consider the delicacy of his health, and the extent of his professional engagements, we are led to admire his strict improvement of time, and diligence in study, and are astonished that even

with these he could have accomplished so much.

In this retirement, so congenial to his inclinations, and favorable to his pursuits, he was interrupted by an invitation from Princeton, New Jersey, to accept of the government of their college, rendered vacant by the death of his son-in-law, President Burr. Far from being elated at any proposal of dignity or emolument, he signified his desire rather to remain in a retired situation, and devote himself to study, than to accept an office for which his great humility led him to think himself unqualified. But they persisting in their request, he submitted the question to a counsel of ministers, who after candid examination, determined it to be his duty to accept of the offered Presidency. He received their judgment with a flood of tears, so dear was that little spot of retirement, so unambitious was he of worldly dignity, and so true is it that, to minds like his, 'before honor is humility.' In the winter of 1758, he began his journey, leaving his family to follow in the spring, and purposing to reside till their arrival with his daughter, the widow of the late President Burr.

His acceptance of the appointment gave great satisfaction to the college and inhabitants of Princeton, his friends in Scotland and England expressed their warmest congratulations; and he himself said, that though he had undertaken the office with much concern and fear, he had received such visible supports from God, as to incline him to believe that he was in the way of his duty. He preached in the college hall every Sabbath, to the edification of many hearers; and as President, gave out questions in divinity to the senior class, to be answered before him, after a suitable time to digest

and write their thoughts. They found so much pleasure in the exercise, and so much light and instruction from his comments, that they spoke of it with a mixture of astonishment and delight.

When President Edwards arrived at Princeton, he found the small pox prevailed among the inhabitants; and by the advice of his physician, and consent of the corporation of college, was inoculated a few weeks after he came among them. The disease appeared to terminate favorably; but a secondary fever seized him, which raged in defiance of all medicine, until it put a period to his life, on the 22d of March, 1753, in the 56th year of his age, just two months after he had parted from his beloved family at Stockbridge, whom God had ordained should see his face no more. When he perceived his disease would prove mortal, he said to his daughter who attended him, "My dear Lucy, it seems to me to be the will of God, that I should shortly leave you, therefore give my kindest love to my dear wife, and tell her that the uncommon union that has so long subsisted between us, has been of such a nature as I trust is spiritual, and therefore will continue forever, and I hope she will be supported under so great a trial, and submit cheerfully to the will of God. And as to my children, you are now likely to be left fatherless, which I hope will be an inducement to you all to seek a father who will never fail you. And as to my funeral, I would have it without ostentation, like Mr. Burr's, and any additional sum of money, that might be expected to be laid out that way, I would have disposed of in charitable uses."

As he breathed his last, some persons who sur-

rounded his bed were lamenting his death, as a great judgment on the college, and bearing a dark aspect on the interests of religion in general, when to their great surprise, he whom they supposed to be senseless, and lamented as dead, spoke to them distinctly—" *Trust in God, and ye need not fear.*" These were his last words ; and surely they are memorable ; for to those around him they appeared as if uttered from the dead. Thus fell a great and a good man, of whom to record the truth is his best praise.

The physician who constantly attended him, has the following words in a letter to his widowed consort. " Never did any man more clearly evince the sincerity of his professions, by one continued, calm, cheerful resignation, and patient submission to the divine will, through every stage of his disease, than he. Not so much as one discontented expression, or the least appearance of murmuring, throughout the whole. And never did any person expire with more perfect freedom from pain : not so much as one distorted hair, but in the most proper sense of the words, he readily *fell asleep.*"

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, a literary character of the highest rank, was born at Litchfield, (Eng.) September 7, 1709. His father was a reputable bookseller; his mother a woman of great piety and understanding, who early instilled the principles of religion into his mind. He exhibited strong marks of genius in the free school at Litchfield, where he received the chief part of his education, and some of his exercises which were accidentally preserved, justify the expectations which determined a father, not opulent, to train him in the paths of literature. After passing a part of his youth, at home, in voluntary and desultory study, he entered as a commoner at Oxford, in his 19th year. Oppressed by pecuniary difficulties, he was compelled to make a short, and an interrupted residence at the university, and in the autumn of 1731, gave it up as impracticable, after having struggled as long as possible with severe indigence, and the insolvency of his father.

After he quitted the university, he remained at Litchfield, till the death of his father, devoting his time to literary improvements. At the age of 26, he married Elizabeth Porter, a widow of Birmingham, and fitted up a house in Eclial, near Litchfield,

where he undertook to keep a school, but was obliged to resign the employment for want of encouragement. Two years after, he made his first expedition to London, to try the fortune of his talents in that great field of exertion. He soon found himself reduced to the necessity of writing for a subsistence, and his principal employment for several years, was that of writing for the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He felt keenly the bitterness of dependance, and the vexations of authorship, and for a long time supported himself upon the scanty pittance of four pence half penny a day! How little is sufficient to subsist the animal part of man!—and how often are genius and talents overlooked and forgotten!

Soon after he published a tragedy, and a poem in imitation of *Juvenal's* third satire; and in 1737, began an edition of *Shakespeare*, and published the plan of his *English Dictionary*. To enable him to complete this last stupendous work, he hired a house, fitted up a large upper room in the form of a counting house, and employed six amanuenses. On the 20th of March, 1750, he published the first paper of his "*Rambler*," which he continued twice a week, without interruption, for two years. In this very excellent work, he proceeded almost without assistance; only five papers in the whole having been supplied by other writers. With what devout and conscientious sentiments he undertook this paper, is evidenced by the following solemn address to the Divine Being, which he composed and solemnly offered up at its commencement.

"Almighty God! the giver of all good things; without whose help all labor is ineffectual, and with-

out whose grace all wisdom is folly ; grant, I beseech thee, that in this undertaking, thine Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation of myself and others ; grant this, O Lord, for the sake of thy son Jesus Christ. Amen."

The concluding paragraph of his farewell paper in the Rambler, appears to have been written under a persuasion that the Deity had been propitious to his labor, and that the solemn address which he had presented before him, on his first engaging in it, had been heard and accepted. "The essays professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure, which no praise of man shall diminish or augment. I shall never envy the honors which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardor to virtue, and confidence to truth.

"Celestial Powers ! that piety regard ;
From you my labors wait their last reward."

Soon after the publication of the Rambler, Johnson's wife died. This event affected him in the deepest manner ; and the morbid melancholy to which he was constitutionally subject, acquired additional force. In his volume of "Prayers and Meditations," we find very remarkable evidence that his strong affection for her never ceased, even after her death.

In May, 1755, he completed and published his Dictionary, having proceeded in this astonishing work, with little assistance from the learned, and no patronage from the great; and erected for posterity a durable monument of the profundity of his knowledge, and versatility of his genius.

Notwithstanding this great man's various and excellent publications, he continued in a state of poverty, until the royal bounty, in 1762, raised him above the reach of want, by a pension of 300*l.* a year, given expressly as a reward for the merit and moral tendency of his writings. Two years after, he instituted, and ever assisted to support, "The Literary Club," which was a stated meeting of several men of high intellectual powers. His superior talents made his company highly acceptable, to every rank of the witty, the elegant, and the wise. His peculiarities were lost and forgotten in the admiration of his understanding, while his virtues were regarded with veneration, and his opinions copied with submission. The same energy of mind which was displayed in his literary productions exhibited itself in his conversation, which was various, striking and instructive. His reputation began to extend, and his fame to be established; and the universities of Dublin and Oxford sent him an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. At different periods he continued to publish works of various descriptions, but agreeing in their ultimate tendency to diffuse knowledge, morality and religion. His last production of consequence was "The Lives of the Poets," of which he says in a previous memorandum, "written, I hope, in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety."

His charity to the poor was constant and extensive, and he performed many acts of the most disinterested benevolence. In his dealings, he was strictly just and conscientious, and trembled at the thought of defrauding another, even in the most trifling instance. Hearing, near the close of his life, that his father had died indebted to a certain bookseller for the sum of 30 pounds, he diligently sought out his descendant, and left him in his will 200 pounds, that injustice might not rest upon the memory of his father. In his attention to veracity, even in the most trivial assertion, "he was," says an intimate acquaintance, "without equal or example." From the slightest to the most solemn narration, he was strict even to severity, and scorned to embellish a story with the least fictitious circumstance. "A story," he would say, "should be a specimen of life and manners; if the surrounding circumstances are false, it is no longer a representation of reality, and no more a subject of attention."

His piety was exemplary and edifying; he was punctiliously exact to perform every public duty enjoined by the church, and his spirit of devotion had an energy that affected all who ever heard him pray in private. The coldest and most languid hearers of the word felt themselves animated by his manner of reading the holy scriptures, and to pray by his sick bed required great strength and firmness of mind, so vehement were his manners and his tones of voice so pathetic. He was a warm and able advocate for the truth of the Christian religion, and expressed his aversion to infidelity at all times without the smallest reserve; for no honest man, he would say, can be

a deist, after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity.

In his personal appearance, he was neither beautiful or agreeable, yet his countenance when composed was contemplative and awful. It was capable of great expression, both in respect to intelligence and mildness, particularly when in the glow of conversation, or under the influence of grateful feelings ; for his soul was susceptible of gratitude, and of every kind emotion. His mind was so comprehensive, that no language but his own could have translated its contents ; and so ponderous was that language, that sentiments less solid, or less lofty, would have been encumbered, not adorned by it.

This great and excellent man frequently felt the indispositions and pains annexed to a life of laborious study, and in the summer of 1783, was attacked, during the night, with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the powers of speech. Finding himself unable to articulate a syllable, he wrote thus to a neighboring confidential friend.—“ Dear Sir, it hath pleased Almighty God, this morning to deprive me of the power of speech ; and as I do not know but it might be his further good pleasure to deprive me soon of my senses, I request you will, on the receipt of this note, come to me, and act for me, as the exigencies of my case may require.”

Among the legacies of his last will and testament, he left the sum of 70 pounds a year, to his faithful negro man servant, who was often the subject of his prayers, and of his dying exhortations. From this severe shock he seemed in a few months almost entirely to recover, but in the conclusion of the year 1784, he was seized with the dropsy in such a

manner as to leave his friends little hope of his recovery. At times he labored under a mental depression and agitation, and at intervals possessed his usual flow of spirits, and composure of soul. He insisted that his physician should tell him candidly of his situation, and when he answered that "from the complication of his disorders, and his advanced state of life, there could be little hope, except from miracles," he listened with firmness, thanked him, and said he would endeavor to compose himself for the approaching scene. To each of his three physicians he gave a copy of his "Lives of the Poets," as a testimony of affectionate remembrance, and then, realizing the fallacy of medicine to one so near the grave, persisted in taking no more opiates, "for I have prayed," said he, "that I may resign my soul to God unclouded."

For some time before his death he received the sacrament two or three times in each week, with great humility and solemnity. An intimate friend one day entered his room, just after this affecting ceremony: "Oh! my friend," exclaimed he, "I have owed you many obligations through my life, but they will all be more than amply repaid by your taking this most important advice; be a good Christian." His fears were all calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ; and to those about him he often dwelt upon the necessity of faith in that great sacrifice. To his affectionate black servant he often said, "attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul, which is the object of greatest importance;" and seemed to take pleasure in explaining to him passages of Scripture, and giving him religious

instruction. Cherishing thus in his mind the true Christian scheme, both rational and consolatory, uniting justice and mercy in the Divinity, with the improvement of human nature, while the holy sacrament was celebrated in his apartment, he fervently uttered this prayer.

“Almighty God, and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate for the last time the death of thy son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits and thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men: support me by thine Holy Spirit in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me, after death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ.—Amen.”

The night before his death he suffered great distress, but was perfectly composed; steady in hope, and resigned to death. At the interval of every hour, his attendants assisted him to sit up in his bed, and to move his limbs, which were incredibly swollen, and in much pain. At these times, he regularly addressed himself to fervent prayer, and though sometimes his voice failed him, his senses continued perfect, and his recollection unbroken. He said his mind was prepared, and the time to his dissolution seemed long. At six in the morning he

inquired the hour, and on being informed, said that all went on regularly, and he felt he had but a few hours to live. No man could appear more collected, more devout, or less terrified at that awful moment which comes to all. A little before his last moment, the daughter of a particular friend of his, called, and earnestly entreated permission to see him, that she might beg him to give her his last blessing. Being told who stood near him, he turned himself in his bed, and said "God bless you—my dear."

This was his last action, these were his last words ; full of benevolence and devotion. His difficulty of breathing increased till about seven in the evening, when two friends who were sitting in the room, observing that the sound of his respiration had ceased, drew his curtains ; but nothing was there save a breathless mass of clay,—a countenance pale and tranquil, and a heart no longer agitated with mortal suffering. The many who had loved and revered him in life, hasted to do him honor at his death ; and seven days after his decease, his remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, and covered with a stone bearing this inscription.—

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L. D.

Obiit 13 die Decembris,

Anno Domini

1784.

Ætatis suæ 75.

An appropriate monument now marks the spot where his ashes repose, but he has erected for himself a more durable monument, in the reverence of posterity, and has obtained, we trust, a more noble mansion in the "house not made with hands."

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

HE was the son of Thomas Whitefield, and Elizabeth Edwards, was the youngest of seven children, and born at Gloucester, (England) December 16th, 1714. When a child of two years old, he was deprived of his father ; but his mother, by her assiduity and tenderness, endeavored to supply that early and afflicting loss. His progress at school was commendable, particularly between the years of 12 and 15, when he proceeded rapidly in the Latin Classics ; but the bent of his genius was towards eloquence, which was observable during the first dawning of reason. At 17, he became a devout communicant at the Lord's table, spent a great part of his time in religious reading, prayer, fasting, and the appointed ordinances, so that his thoughts seemed constantly exercised respecting the great truths of salvation. The following year he entered the University of Oxford, and finding serious and practical piety in a very low state among the established denominations, he cultivated an acquaintance with the Methodists, then a new sect, who seemed to display more of the spirit and power of religion.

He was treated by them with particular kindness, and received so much benefit from the preaching

and friendship of the Rev. Charles Wesley, that he used to call him his spiritual father. He now began to divide his time methodically, and labor to improve every moment to the best advantage ;—he visited the sick, and the prisoners, read to the poor, and received the communion every Sabbath. For daring to be thus singularly religious, he incurred the hatred of his fellow-students, and daily felt the effects of their unkind behaviour. At his return from the university, he preferred the sacred writings to all other books, and from perusing them with constant prayer, found unspeakable delight and advantage. He read three times a week to the poor people of the town, prayed with the prisoners in the county gaol every day, and by his conversation and prayers awakened many minds.

At the age of 21, after much previous meditation and prayer, he passed through the solemnities of ordination, and at his first sermon in London his appearance of extreme youth excited the wonder of the audience, and many sneered to see a stripling in a gown, ascend the pulpit. But he had not proceeded far in his discourse, before their smiles gave place to attention, and their contempt was turned into reverence. The Spirit of God gave a blessing to his earliest attempts, and those who mocked, sent a complaint to his ordaining Bishop, that he “ had driven fifteen mad with his first sermon.” He continued to spend his time diligently and methodically ; dividing every day into three parts ; eight for sleep and meals ; eight for public prayers, catechising and visiting ; and eight for study and retirement. His general rule was to preach nine times in a week, and sometimes four times on the Lord’s day, and ad-

minister the sacrament so early in the morning, that the streets were seen filled with people, hastening to church with lanthorns in their hands, and conversing on the things of God.

When he preached, the largest churches were scarcely able to contain the audience ; some would hang upon the railing, others climb up to the leads of the building, while the church would be so heated with their breath, that the steam was seen to fall from the pillars like drops of rain. But with his popularity, opposition and the hatred of envy, sprung up also, like tares among the wheat. Yet he found comfort in the midst of discouragement from the exercise of prayer, and when his strength was exhausted by the labors of the day, would continue in this duty, even till midnight ;—and once spent a whole night with a few associates, entreating for the advancement of the gospel, and praising God. About this time he received an invitation to go to America, which agreed with his wishes. But when in prospect of his departure, he mentioned in a discourse, “ it might be they would see his face no more,” the whole congregation burst into a violent flood of tears. Multitudes followed him home weeping, and the next day he was employed from seven in the morning till midnight, in advising, encouraging and directing inquiring souls.

As the time of his embarkation approached, they grew still more affectionate and sorrowful ; and would run and stop him in the alleys with wishful looks, and eyes streaming with tears. The night before his departure he spent in prayer, administered the Sacrament in the morning to his afflicted friends, and after an almost insupportable parting,

left his native country. He found the crew of the ship in which he sailed, very blasphemous and abandoned, and the officers gave him to understand that they viewed him as an impostor, and should treat him as such. But so great was his perseverance in the duties of his office, such his patience, mildness, and firmness in declaring the truth, and such the divine blessing on his prayers, that many were brought to consider and reform, and the whole crew were led to attend every day with great solemnity, to preaching, exposition and prayer. They now exhibited the regularity of a church, and he returned many thanks for this voyage, which in its beginning was so unpromising.

At his arrival in Georgia, he found every appearance of a suffering infant colony. But he was received with great kindness and cordiality, and after preaching and instructing them, and projecting the plan of a future Orphan-house, returned to England. Here he found opposition assuming a new and formidable face. He was ridiculed as a Methodist, and access denied him to many pulpits. He began at this time to preach without notes, in the open air, and his audience sometimes amounted to 20 and 30,000. Having a remarkably strong, audible voice, he rendered himself perfectly understood by the most remote parts of the congregation, and was frequently heard at the distance of a mile. He sometimes encountered insults and danger, but he counted not his life dear unto him. Though he might have lived in ease and affluence, still he wandered from place to place, stood and preached at bowling greens, market places and highways, heard himself blamed by friends, and reviled by enemies,

yet inwardly supported, he endured all things joyfully. After making frequent collections for his intended orphan-house, he returned to Georgia, and on the 25th of March, 1740, laid the first stone of the building, which he called Bethesda, the house of mercy. He received forty orphans, provided them with food and raiment, and employed a large number of workmen, so that his family amounted to nearly a hundred.

He travelled through a great part of the United States, and though in a very ill state of health, preached with great vigor and success. Three times a day he was lifted on his horse, unable to mount otherwise, then rode and preached, and when he came into a house, would lay himself down on two or three chairs. This course, he acknowledged, would soon take him to his desired rest.

After passing through New England, awakening many, and causing many to rejoice, he visited his orphan-house, returned to England, and began his circuits through Scotland, and Wales, where his success in converting sinners and quickening saints, was almost unparalleled. He felt it his incumbent duty, to travel from kingdom to kingdom, and from continent to continent, publishing the everlasting gospel of the grace of God. Hardships, trials, and dangers awaited him, but he bore them like a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Once, while preaching in Moorfields, during the holiday seasons, the leaders of the customary diversions, enraged to find their usually attendant throngs collected to hear him, engaged a merry-andrew to mount upon a man's shoulders, and with a long heavy whip annoy the speaker. But he continued his sermon notwith-

standing blows ; they then sent a recruiting sergeant with his drum, to pass through the congregation. "Make way for the king's officer," said the unagitated preacher, and the crowd quietly moved for him to pass. The owners of the booths, enraged to desperation, collected a large mob, and came on in a most threatening manner, with drums, and war-like instruments to attack the congregation. But they maintained their ground, and Whitefield prayed earnestly for support and deliverance, when lo ! the ferocious party quarrelled among themselves, threw down their standard and retired, while the successful saint continued for three hours to instruct and pray with an attentive and weeping multitude.

At Plymouth, he was attacked at midnight in his bed, by a soldier who pretended to come to converse with him about religion, but who previously laid a wager of ten guineas that he dared to murder him. But God preserved him from the hand of the murderer and also from the fury of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, who, following him as he returned from preaching, poured upon him volleys of stones from all quarters, and made him reel backward and forwards, till he was almost breathless. A soldier and four preachers, who attended him, fled, and left him to walk alone through hundreds of enraged papists. He received many wounds, particularly a large one near his temples:—"I thought then of Stephen," said he, "and hoped to go, like him, in that bloody triumph, to the immediate presence of my Master." Speechless, and covered with blood, he was at length received into the house of a minister, where his wounds were washed, and his fainting life restored.

God had still more work for him to do, and with renewed ardor he engaged in his service. He was frequently brought low with illness; but nothing damped his resolution. "Spare not the weak body," he writes to a friend, "we are immortal till our work is done. O! for power equal to my will! I would fly from pole to pole, publishing the everlasting gospel of the Son of God." When he was not engaged in preaching or prayer, or composing religious works, or visiting the distressed, or counselling the inquiring, his mind was occupied in charitable and benevolent plans. Many poor were relieved by his liberality, many widows supported, and his Georgia Orphan house, whose expenses were incredible, was converted by his perseverance into an extensive, beautiful, and permanent institution. This man was indeed a sign and wonder in the earth. Who that knows the danger of frequently and violently straining the lungs, especially in youth, who that understands the delicacy of their structure, would suppose it possible, that a man for the space of more than thirty years, should speak in the compass of a single week, forty and often sixty hours to many thousands, and after this labor instead of taking rest should be offering up prayers, intercessions, and hymns, not only in private, but at every house where he was invited. Yet he continued to proclaim with earnestness, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," not only in every part of England, but in Wales, Scotland, Ireland, in the Bermudas and America, from Georgia to Boston. In journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in perils of his own countrymen, in the city, in the wilderness, on the ocean, among ene-

mies, among false brethren, in weariness, pain and weakness, he approved himself a faithful minister of Christ. In the autumn of 1769, he embarked the last time for America, and prepared to cross the Atlantic the thirteenth time. His afflicted friends breakfasted with him in the ship on the morning of his departure. "Oh," said he, "what mean you, thus to weep and break my heart?" At his arrival he found his orphan-house in a flourishing situation, and went on still to beautify and improve it, calculating to connect with it an Academy and College. The Governor, Council and Assembly of Georgia, being invited to visit it and attend divine service in its chapel, expressed their admiration and gratitude in the warmest terms to its Benefactor.

In the summer of 1770, he left his beloved Bethesda to journey northward, calculating to return to it when the cool season commenced; but God, who seeth not as man seeth, had decreed that he should return thither no more. He writes, "Preaching is my catholicon, and praying my antidote to every trial. The Lord only knows how he will be pleased to dispose of me; great afflictions I am sure of having; and a sudden death, blessed be God, will not be terrible. I know that my Redeemer liveth." As he passed through the middle and eastern states, he continually preached to large and attentive congregations, and was received by them with affection and reverence, as if he had been an angel of God.

As he journeyed in Massachusetts, in the autumn of 1770, he was greatly importuned to preach at Exeter, and though considerably indisposed,

addressed to a multitude in the fields there, a discourse of two hours in continuance. Before he went out to preach that day, a friend observing that he looked very ill, said, "Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach." "True, Sir," answered the patient sufferer, and turning aside, clasped his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, prayed audibly, "Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* thy work, but not *of* thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for thee once more in the fields, seal thy truth, and come home and die." How visibly was that request granted! He went, and spake in the fields, sealed the truth of his master, came home and died. From the 12th of the second of Corinthians, the dying man spake to the concourse, "Of myself I will not glory, but in my infirmities." After sermon he rode to Newburyport, with his friend, the Rev. Mr. Parsons, supped and retired early.

His servant found him reading in the Bible, with Dr. Watts's Psalms lying open beside him. Kneeling down by his bed, he closed the evening with prayer, and rested quietly till two in the morning, when he awoke panting for breath, and asked that the window might be raised higher. "I wish," said his anxious servant, "you would not preach so often."—"I had rather wear out, than rust out," he answered. Raising himself in the bed, he lifted up his voice in its last earthly prayer. He prayed for a blessing upon his preaching the preceding day, that many souls might be brought to Christ; asked for direction in his journey, for a blessing on his Bethesda College, and his dear orphans, for his congregations in England, and all his connections

there ; and then composed himself to sleep again. In an hour and a quarter he awoke. "My asthma, my asthma is coming on ; I wish I had not promised to preach at Haverhill on Monday. I fear I shall not be able ; but I shall see what a day will bring forth."

His servant, in preparing a medicine, awaked Mr. Parsons, who came in, and inquired how he felt. "I am almost suffocated," said he, "my asthma quite chokes me." Drawing his breath with extreme difficulty and pain, he rose, and stood at an open window. Turning to his servant, he said, "I am dying." "O I hope not, sir," said the afflicted attendant. He ran panting to the other window, but could find no relief. "I am dying," repeated he, and spake no more. They persuaded him to swallow a little warm wine, to sit down, and be covered with his cloak, while they sent to hasten the physician. His eyes were now fixed, and his under lip drawing in, every time he respired. The physician as he entered, felt his pulse, and exclaimed, "He is a dead man." "I do not believe it," said Mr. Parsons, "you must do something." "I cannot, he is now near his last breath." This was indeed so ; for stretching himself out, with one gasp he expired. This was exactly at six o'clock, on the morning of the Sabbath, September 30, 1770. Unwilling to believe that he must speak to them no more, they bathed him in heated spirits, laid him in a warm bed, and continued to rub him with warm flannel, to raise him upright, and to hold warm spirits to his nose, for more than an hour, till they were convinced that no life remained.

While thus they strove to wake the senseless dust,
High soar'd the spirit with its kindred just,
Explor'd the climes remote from pain and wo,
Nor cast a glance on toils so vain, below.

This was the end of a man, endowed with everything amiable and excellent. He united two characters which are not often seen in unison : the finished, complete gentleman ; and the humble, ardent Christian. Nature had given him a graceful and well proportioned person ; a manly and expressive countenance ; a deportment easy and prepossessing. His eyes were of a dark blue color, and very sprightly ; his complexion fair ; his person in youth slender, and inclined to move with grace and agility, in gesture suitable to his discourse. Some years before his death, when his health began to decline, he was observed to grow more corpulent. He was temperate in eating and drinking, even to a proverb ; and remarkably neat in his person and apparel, sometimes observing pleasantly, “ that a minister of Christ should be without spot.” He had a voice of incredible strength, yet tempered with an uncommon degree of sweetness, and his command of it was wonderful. His pronunciation was manly and graceful, nor was he ever at a loss for the most natural and strong expression. His eloquence was devoid of all appearance of affectation ; he seemed quite unconscious of the talents he possessed, and would lose himself in regard for his hearers, and the importance of the subject he preached. He spoke like one who did not seek their applause, but who, from a principle of unfeigned

love was anxious for their best interests, and desirous to lead them in the right way.

He commanded the attention of multitudes as if by magic : the feelings of the most thoughtless were solemnized ; they would hang upon his lips. The most rude and unimpressible would soften into tears, and when he enforced the gentle claims of charity, the avaricious would impart so liberally, that when they returned to their former tempers, they would be induced to think that their money had been drawn from them by magic. The grand sources of his eloquence were an exceeding lively imagination, which made people think they saw what he described ; an action still more lively, if possible, by which, while every accent of his voice spoke to the ear, every feature of his face, every motion of his hands and body spoke to the eye ; and a heart of such acute sensibility, that being susceptible itself of every tender and generous emotion, it knew the direct approaches to the hearts of others. He had also an elevation of mind, which raised him equally above praise and censure, and added force and dignity to all he said. He had a soul deeply exercised in the social, pious and religious affections, and was at the same time most remarkably communicative and sincere ; by which means he was peculiarly fitted to awaken like feelings in others, and to sympathize with every one who had them.

Great was the blessing attendant on his unwearied exertions, and humble prayers ; and many souls were given him as crowns of his rejoicing. But now his warfare is finished ; he has fought the good fight, and like a hero, died on the field of battle.

After exhibiting in his life all the virtues of the Christian character, the whole scope of its activity, the whole ardor of its zeal, he obtained the extent of his prayers ; a visible blessing upon his labors, and a sudden dismissal to everlasting rest.

REV. SAMUEL BUELL.

SAMUEL BUELL was born at Coventry, in Connecticut, Sept. 1, 1716. His father was a wealthy farmer, and for many years having no other son, destined him for the pursuits of agriculture, in which line of life his prospects were flattering. But in the 17th year of his age, he became a subject of strong conviction and thorough awakening, and found his views so changed, as to desire to leave the plenty and wealth of his expected situation, for the more difficult and eventful life of a preacher of the gospel. After seeking for two years the direction of God by prayer, closely observing the prevailing temper of his heart, and advising with his friends, he entered on a course of study, received the honors of Yale College in 1741, and the same year was licensed, after passing the usual examinations to general satisfaction. His preaching was remarkably blessed with full demonstration of the Spirit, many owned him as their spiritual father, and he was the first instrument of the great revival at Northampton, in 1742, in the time of President Edwards.

After laboring successfully as an itinerant preacher for the space of five years, he was installed at East Hampton, on Long Island, in September,

1746, and a people who had before been greatly divided, became in him as remarkably united. Here he prosecuted his studies with great ardor, performing his parochial duties with equal zeal, frequently preaching many times in the week, catechising the children, instructing the youth, administering consolation to the distressed, showing mercy to the poor. His favorite maxim was, "*usefulness in life.*" His spiritual labors were succeeded by three great and general revivals, at one of which no less than 99 persons came forth at once to take upon them the vows of Christ, beside considerable numbers at other seasons of awakening. His church was noted for its sobriety, and his people for their strong attachment to him.

In the revolutionary contest, when that beautiful island became for a time the theatre of war, and when the inhabitants were flying in every direction before the enemy, he thought it his duty to remain like a true shepherd with the remnant of his flock. He successfully exerted his utmost influence in favor of the distressed; by his instrumentality many impossible demands of the enemy were recalled, and many rigorous ones softened; and though his activity often excited the resentment of an imperious soldiery, and his life was more than once imminently endangered, he shrunk not from his post, and as he had before been the father, so was he now the defender of his people. The accumulated care of the neighboring churches lay also upon him, as there was but one minister within forty miles, able to do service, and he was confined to his own parish by the infirmities of age. What this zealous, active, and courageous man performed in those

days of darkness and dismay, it is impossible for me in these narrow limits to recount. Suffice it to say, that his praise was in the mouths of multitudes, as it had been before in the churches.

Dr. Buell's publications are, fourteen sermons on peculiarly important subjects and occasions, and a narrative of the work of God among the people of his charge in 1740. These are expressions of a strong mind and ardent piety, and have been read with pleasure and advantage by the lovers of experimental religion. Of his public spirit, and love of science, Clinton Academy, in East Hampton, is a monument; for of this institution he was the father and patron. In his private character he possessed a happy disposition, a sprightly genius, and an active mind. "Whatever his hand found to do he did it with his might." He was much of the gentleman as well as the Christian; in the various relations of husband, parent, master, friend, and neighbor, he was affectionate and happy: his house was the mansion of hospitality, and no man rejoiced more than he in receiving and entertaining his friends. But though to his flock he was a pattern of Christian graces and duties, he excelled in nothing more than in a spirit of devotion. Of the power and efficacy of prayer he had the highest opinion, endeavored to excite others to its exercise, and abounded in it himself. He considered it as a necessary part of preparation for the sanctuary, and found the exercises of the pulpit which were generally his delight and his life, burdensome without it. He entertained a deep sense of his dependence upon God for every enjoyment, and was disposed to acknowledge and trust in him under every changing cir-

cumstance. Thus in his sermon upon the death of his first wife he expresses himself, "I hope your candor will not deem it ostentation for me to say that my comforts were received with prayer, praise, and the joy of trembling; and have been parted with, however nature might oppose, with prayer, submission, and at last, praise."

He was a man whose joys and afflictions were great and peculiar; he laid in the grave the remains of two wives in whom he was very happy, and of eight children, which, in connection with four servants, make the deaths in his family amount to fourteen. He was accustomed to preach on the occasion of a death in his household, that his people might reap benefit from his bereavements. Two of these discourses are published, and show a sweet composure of mind and resignation of spirit; one on the death of a daughter of great accomplishments and piety; the other his only son, a religious youth of sixteen, whose excellent talents were improved by a classical education, and whom he had viewed as the supporter of his name, the hope of his family, and his successor in the ministry.

It was the prayer of this extraordinary man, that he might not outlive his usefulness, a prayer fervently offered, and signally answered. The day he was eighty years old he rode fourteen miles, preached, and returned home in the evening; and firm health, and soundness of mind, the probable result of the strictest temperance, continued with him till the last. He preached the Sabbath but one before his death, and just as he entered his 83d year, an illness seized him that was short, severe and mortal. The warmth and propriety of his exhortations to those around

him proved the firmness of his intellect ; while on his countenance there was an expression of joy like that of a wanderer who sees his long parted home.

His soul was so attracted to a better world, that he could not bear that the assiduities of his friends should strive to detain him in this, and with his eyes and his affections turned from the vanities of time he seemed triumphantly to enter into the joys of his Lord, on Thursday, July 19, 1798.

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

WILLIAM COWPER, an excellent moral poet, was descended from an ancient family, distinguishable both for rank and talents ; and was the son of the Rev. John Cowper, chaplain of George II. He was born at Great Barkhamstead, in the year 1731, and at the age of 6 was deprived of his excellent mother, whose loss he deeply deplored. His filial tenderness and affection for her memory are touchingly delineated in a little poem occasioned by the sight of her picture, more than 50 years after her death. He seemed peculiarly to require the attentions of maternal tenderness, not only from the feebleness of his constitution, but from that shrinking timidity of mind, which was confirmed into the most oppressive diffidence, and occasionally darkened into deplorable melancholy. He passed through the forms of a public education, with the same painful susceptibility of mind, yet his intellectual powers, strong and ardent, shone with clear splendor through the veil that encompassed them. His biographer remarks that, “ reserved as he was, to an extraordinary and painful degree, his heart and mind were yet admirably fitted by nature for all the refined intercourse, and confidential delights of friendship and of love ;

but though formed to possess and communicate an extraordinary portion of human felicity, the incidents of his life, and the susceptibility of his feelings were such, as to render him at different times deeply depressed and unhappy."

He had acquired a competent knowledge of the law, and was appointed reading clerk to the House of Lords, yet his terror of appearing in that public character so tortured his timid and delicate mind as to destroy at once his health and mental tranquillity. His anxious friends immediately placed him under the care of Dr. Cotton, a celebrated physician and poet, whose medical skill and benignity of manners, were rendered instrumental by the blessing of Heaven to the comfort of the reviving invalid. About this time, distressing apprehensions for his eternal welfare were added to his constitutional sadness, till by the power of divine grace, his gloom and terror gave way to the lustre of comfort and delight. Just and cheering views of evangelical truth arose in his mind, while reading the third chapter of Romans, and from the most distressing anxiety, he found that the contemplations and exercises of devotion were unspeakably dear to his reviving spirit. The consolation which he experienced after the severest distress he thus describes in an affecting allegory.

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infix'd,
My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore
And in his hands and feet the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live."

In this pleasing tranquillity of mind, he resolved to withdraw himself from the bustle and intercourse of a vexatious world, and enjoy the delights of retirement and of poetry. In the affectionate family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, he found a beloved asylum, where he spent almost the whole of his remaining life, and composed the principal part of his literary productions. His translations of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; of Milton's Latin and Italian poems; his own "Task," fugitive pieces and Letters, furnish many volumes, and bear witness at once to his industry and genius, his amiable character, and exalted piety. During his residence at Olney, he was under the pastoral care of the celebrated Mr. Newton, and their endeared and intimate friendship, is thus mentioned by that remarkable clergyman. "For nearly twelve years, we were seldom separated for seven hours at a time, when we were awake and at home. The first of those six years I passed in daily admiring and endeavoring to imitate him; during the second six, I walked pensively with him in the valley of the shadow of death." Cowper, in his whole life and conversation, was indeed a follower of Christ. In his secret devotions he was regular and fervent; in his charities frequent, and liberal, notwithstanding his limited finances. "He loved the poor," says the Reverend Mr. Newton, "he often visited them in their cottages, conversed with them in the most condescending manner, sympathised with them; counselled and comforted them in their distresses; and those who were seriously disposed, were often cheered and animated by his prayers."

Over the last years of his life was drawn a cloud of mental depression. It was the effect of physi-

cal disorder, and a broken constitution, and gradually undermined his strong intellectual powers. But his sorrows were mercifully terminated by a most mild and tranquil dissolution, for he passed through the awful passage of death so gently, that although five persons were anxiously observing him, not one perceived him to expire : but he had ceased to breathe, about five minutes before 5 in the afternoon, April 25, 1800.

DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE was born October 25, 1735, at Lawrenceckirk, an obscure hamlet, in the county of Kincardine, in Scotland. His father supported his family, principally by the employment of agriculture, and resided on the same spot which his ancestors had cultivated for many generations. Our poet was the youngest of six children, and if from his family he derived, in the eyes of the world, no additional lustre, he at least incurred no disgrace, for they were examples of honesty and integrity, and distinguished in their neighborhood as the possessors of superior understanding. His mother, whose maiden name was Jane Watson, was thought a woman of uncommon abilities, and after the death of her husband, continued his business, and educated her youngest son at the parish school of Lawrenceckirk.

At the age of 14, he commenced his academical course, at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and became a candidate for one of the bursaries provided for the students of slender finances. No humiliating idea was annexed to the appellation of Bursar, at Aberdeen, which signifies only the receiver of an annual stipend, given as the reward of diligence in learning, and superior merit. On the first year of

his attendance he gained the premium from his whole class, and used often to acknowledge with gratitude, that here, by the encouragement of Dr. Blackwell, the principal of the University, he was first led to believe himself possessed of any genius. He finished his course of study, in four years, and at the age of 18 was appointed parochial school-master of Fourdon, a small hamlet at the foot of the Grampian Mountains. Here in the bosom of solitude, estranged from literary society, and in a great measure from books, his amusements were the contemplation of the sublime scenery which his residence afforded, and the cultivation of those poetical powers, which were afterwards to charm all who could estimate the delineated beauties of nature, or the fine combinations of harmony.

But in the fifth year of his seclusion, he was called to the more lucrative office of usher in a grammar school at Aberdeen, and in a short time was presented with the chair and professorship of Moral Philosophy, in the University where he was educated; an office far exceeding his most sanguine hopes, but not transcending his talents or qualifications.

At the age of 24 he was installed in his new dignity, and found himself suddenly raised to a station of much respectability, to the cherished intimacy of men of the first moral and literary character, and to a sphere from whence knowledge of the most important nature might be widely disseminated.

His first care was to prepare a course of lectures on the sciences of Moral Philosophy and Logic, which afterwards, condensed and perfected, were given to the world under the title of "Elements of

Science." His duty was to teach in his class three hours of every week day, during the term, at 8, at 11, and at 3. He began his prelections with the "Offices of Cicero," of which every student read and translated a part at their morning meeting; and at the next hour he commented upon the part under review, compared it with the other systems of heathen philosophy, examined them on the substance of what they had heard, and at the end of this introductory course, dictated an abstract of the whole, which they committed to writing.

His next course was Natural Theology, Speculative and Practical Ethics, Economics, Jurisprudence, Politics, Rhetoric and Logic. Of each of these branches, he dictated in the morning an abstract, on which, as on a text-book, he commented at the two succeeding lectures of the day, in the most clear, lively, and engaging manner; examining his pupils, as he proceeded, on the attention they had paid, and the benefit they had derived. He read also the Greek and Latin classics, and required them to translate as literally as the genius of the English language would permit. His indefatigable diligence, and exemplary carriage, excited not only the affection and reverence of his own class, but the whole body of students at the university, looked up to him with esteem and veneration. The profound piety of the public prayers, with which he began the business of each day, arrested the attention of the youngest and most thoughtless; the excellence of his moral character, his gravity, blended with cheerfulness, his strictness, joined with gentleness, his favor to the virtuous and diligent, and even the mildness of his reproofs, to those who

were less attentive, rendered him the object of respect and veneration.

Never was more exact discipline preserved than in his class, and never by more gentle means. His sway was absolute, but it was founded in reason and affection. He never employed a harsh epithet in instances of his pupils' misconduct, and when instead of a rebuke which they were conscious of deserving, they received merely a mild reproof, it was conveyed in such a manner as to throw not only the offender, but sometimes the whole class, into tears.

To gain his favor was the highest ambition of every student ; and his gentlest word of disapprobation was a punishment which no exertion was too great to avoid. His great object was, not merely to make his pupils philosophers, but to render them good men, pious Christians, attached to their government, pure in morals, happy in the consciousness of a right conduct, and friends to all mankind. "As far as the principles of those committed to my care depend upon me," says one of his confidential letters, "I hold myself accountable to my own conscience and the public." Those who had the benefit of his instructions are never weary of expatiating on his unwearied attention, and continued course of examination and repetition, that he might imprint upon their minds the pure precepts of philosophy, and sublime truths of religion. Nor did his care for them cease with their term of study ; it was his peculiar delight to assist in their future establishment, which he had often in his power by recommending them as schoolmasters, or private teachers, and in their future welfare he took the interest of a father,

and counselled and instructed them by his correspondence.

In perusing the voluminous collection of letters which he received from them, it is extremely pleasing to find so great a number from young men in different parts of the world, particularly America, and the West Indies, all of them expressing their gratitude for the benefit of his care and instructions, and some of them for the advantageous situations they had obtained through his instrumentality. Such was the method of Beattie's tuition, and a diary of his, in the keeping of his friends, records what was done in his class, every day, for more than thirty years, and displays his diligence and solicitude in a stronger light than any studied eulogium.

To his own private studies he gave also a proportion of time, and diligent attention. From childhood he had borne among his schoolfellows, the appellation of "the Poet," but his first publication of consequence was a small volume of occasional poems, in the year 1760. This, without patronage, issued from the London press, where the author was unknown, but its intrinsic merit gained the applause of the best judges, and conferred upon him the title of original genius.

On the 28th of June, 1767, he was married to Miss Mary Dun, only daughter of the Rector of the Grammar School at Aberdeen, to whom he was attracted by sympathy of taste, and agreeable accomplishments. Three years after, appeared his "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth," in opposition to the infidel writers of the day. It was particularly directed at Hume, who then was in the zenith of his popularity, opulence, and litera-

ry reputation ; but who, having imbibed the principles of a cold-hearted, and gloomy philosophy, whose direct tendency was to distract the mind with doubts on subjects the most serious and important, strove to undermine the best interests, and dissolve the strongest bands of society.

In the defence of truth, Beattie arose with the energy of one who feels in earnest, and with the warmth of a Christian. In a letter to a friend he says, " being honored with the care of a part of the British youth, and considering it as my indispensable duty, from which I trust I shall never deviate, to guard their minds against impiety and error, I have endeavored to form a right estimate of Mr. Hume's philosophy, not only of his peculiar tenets, but also of their connection and consequence. But a scheme like this cannot be popular, far less lucrative. It will raise me enemies, and expose me to the most rigid criticism, but I trust in Providence, and in the goodness of my cause, that my attempts in behalf of truth shall not be altogether ineffectual, and that my labors shall be attended with some utility to my fellow creatures."

Soon after this publication he was attacked by an host of infidel writers, madly pursuing the champion who had entered their strong holds, and laid open their untenable fortresses. But the praises of good men, and the thanks of Christians, consoled him, and within, was the silent approbation of his own heart. The most judicious critics, the most distinguished characters in England, admired the work, and sought the intimacy of the author ; and the king, patronizing both him and his cause, granted him a yearly pension of 200 pounds. Raised to

wealth and honor, by a work from which he expected neither, he was taught to realize that a reward even in this life often follows the zealous and firm discharge of duty.

In a short time followed the publication of his "Minstrel," a work in which the progress of genius in the human mind, and descriptions of the imagery of nature, are combined with the purest moral sentiments, and clothed with the melody and majesty of which English verse is susceptible. In its different sphere it was not less celebrated than his essay, and it still remains a monument of exquisite taste, and harmonious versification. "It seems to me," said the virtuous Lord Lyttleton, after his first perusal of it, "that my beloved minstrel, Thompson, had come down from heaven, refined by the converse of pure spirits, to let me hear him sing again, the beauties of nature, and the finest feelings of virtue, not in human, but angelic strains." His visit to London, the ensuing summer, was rendered agreeable by the acquisition of many valuable friends; for kings and peers, bishops, poets and philosophers, sought to proffer him their friendship, and from this period his history is interwoven by confidential correspondence with the most distinguished and venerated characters of the age.

The university of Oxford hastened to confer upon him an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and on the day of its public bestowment a Latin Oration was pronounced in his praise by the Professor of Civil Law, Dr. Vansittart, while the loud and reiterated applause of a vast concourse, convinced him that his character was neither unknown, or disregarded. The celebrated artist, Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds, presented him with his portrait, and executed an allegorical painting, representing him as large as life, in the character of the champion of truth, while an angel descending, darts its rays intensely from a sun that blazes on his breast, and three figures, differently representing Sophistry, Scepticism, and Infidelity, are seen hiding their eyes, and refusing "to come to the light lest their deeds should be re-proved." This elegant performance was placed in the Exhibition, as a specimen of the talents of that ingenious and amiable artist.

The celebrated Mrs. Montague, referring to the transactions of the times, says, in one of her letters, "It is not on your account alone that I rejoice in the honors and marks of distinction and applause you have received, but I congratulate the age on the zeal with which they pay regard to merit." In this little extract of his life, I have been the more diffuse upon this point, to show that the world has, in one instance at least, wisely appreciated the talents and virtues of an obscure man.

In the spring of 1744, his removal to the more flourishing university of Edinburgh was repeatedly solicited, but in vain; and immediately after, he received several urgent requests from his friends in London, to take orders and enter the Church of England. His answer to Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, who offered him a living of 500*l.* a year, is an admirable display of purity of principles, and integrity of mind. Among the reasons that induced him to decline the proposal, he numbers one, that determined the humane, the pious Wilberforce, in a similar choice;—"that his writings in favour of religion would be more attended to, if he continued a

layman." He acknowledges that his opinions, studies, way of life, and habits of thinking, were inclined to that profession, that he had several times, at different periods of life, been disposed to enter it, but had been prevented by incidents so remarkable, as without presumption might be considered particular interpositions of Providence, and though, for weighty reasons, he was then induced to decline it, promises "to the last hour of his life to preserve a most grateful remembrance of the honor intended, and to employ that health and leisure which Providence might afford, in opposing infidelity, heresy and error, and in promoting, to the utmost of his power, sound literature and Christian truth."

We have seen Beattie suddenly emerging from the penury and seclusion that enveloped darkly the first twenty-four years of his life, rising as it were in a moment, to dignity, and wealth, and reputation, and honor. We have seen no affliction mingling with his prosperity, no difficulty obstructing his usefulness, no crime staining his name, and have almost been led to suppose him exempted from the many "ills that flesh is heir to." Yet he, too, had afflictions; and they fell where he was most vulnerable—in his family. He was a man tremblingly alive to every claim of sympathy, to every feeling of affection, and where he most expected sympathy, where he most looked for affection, he felt deeply that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." His wife, in a very short time after their marriage, gave evidence of a distempered mind, and her disease at length terminated in hopeless insanity. He watched over, and cherished her,

with the utmost tenderness, suffering anxious days and sleepless nights, until the physicians pronounced her seclusion from society absolutely necessary, and he then procured for her every possible accommodation and comfort. "When I reflect on his unwearied and unremitting attention to her," says an intimate friend, "his character is exalted in my mind to a degree which may be equalled, but I am sure can never be excelled, and which makes the fame of the poet and philosopher fade from my remembrance."

Disappointed in his hope of rational domestic enjoyment, he turned his undivided attention to the education of his two sons. His eldest showed a taste for a retired and studious life; he had labored from his infancy to instil correct moral and religious principles into his mind, and was happy to find that his genius inclined to the studies of theology, classical learning, morality, poetry and criticism. In Latin, Greek and French, he was a successful student, and so great was his proficiency, and so faultless his deportment, that the university recommended him to his majesty as a proper successor to his father, and he was accordingly nominated as Professor of Moral Philosophy at the age of nineteen. But he was a plant of short duration; a sudden decline seized him, and in his twenty-second year, perceiving death to approach, he met it with firmness and submission, without delirium or struggle, complaint or groan. To the afflicted father in this hour of wo, might be applied a line of his own effusion—

"He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man."

In his account of the life of his son, prefixed to a selection of his writings, he says, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. I adore the Author of all good, who gave him grace to lead such a life, and die such a death, as makes it impossible for a Christian to doubt of his having entered upon the inheritance of a happy immortality." To his only remaining son he now turned, as to a last hope. He was ten years younger than his lost brother, and of a different taste, yet his attainments in science were by no means despicable, and his father educated him for the church. But a cloud enveloped his fairest prospects. This only surviving son became the sudden victim of a distressing fever, when he had scarcely entered his eighteenth year. Looking for the last time upon the dead body of his child, he said, "I have now done with the world." His letters written at this time, no one of common humanity can read without emotion. In one he says, "my son Montagu sleeps in his brother's grave. A fever cut him off in five days, but he spoke with composure and Christian piety of his approaching dissolution, and gave directions for his funeral. Within a few minutes of his death, he was heard to repeat in a whisper the Lord's prayer, and to begin an unfinished sentence, of which nothing could be heard but the words, '*incorruptible glory.*' But I thank God, that though I am now childless, I am entirely resigned. I have had too much experience not to know, that the only sources of comfort in cases of this kind, are submission to the Divine will, and the slow and silent operation of time."

But he had not long to bear the complicated evils

of mortality ; and with a decayed constitution, and a mind unhinged and broken, he waited the final period of his sufferings. Repeated paralytic shocks preceded his dissolution, and for the last year of his life deprived him wholly of the power of motion, until the morning of Thursday, August 18, 1803, when it pleased the Almighty to remove him from this world to a better, in the 68th year of his age, without apparent pain, for he seemed not to suffer, but only to fall asleep.

But though long declining, and weary, and like a bruised reed shaken over the grave, he forsook not his hold upon the strong pillar of our hope. His piety was evinced, not merely by his written labors, or his regular attendance upon the public ordinances of religion, but by his unfeigned resignation to the hand that afflicted him, and the unequivocal testimony of the strict performance of private devotion. The daughter of his favorite sister who resided with him till his death, informs, that “ after he had retired to his chamber, she frequently overheard his voice, rendered audible by the ardor of prayer ; and that throughout the day, when his spirits were more than usually depressed, she could perceive that he was offering up his orisons to heaven, with the utmost fervor.” This narrow abstract of the life and death of a good man, I close with an epitaph of his own, designed for himself, and written many years previous to his death.

Escap'd the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mould'ring tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life ;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys ;
Like thee, have labor'd in the stormy strife ;
Been griev'd for trifles and amus'd with toys.

Yet for a while 'gainst Passion's threatful blast
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar ;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail ;
Forgive my lapses, thou thyself may'st fall ;
Nor read unmov'd, my artless, tender tale,—
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

REV. SAMUEL STILLMAN.

THE Rev. Samuel Stillman, D. D. was a native of Philadelphia, born Feb. 27, 1737, educated at Charleston, in South Carolina, ordained 1737. and settled in the ministry at James Island, near Charleston, in the 22d year of his age. The peculiar nature of a southern climate, and the declining state of his health, compelled him to part from this pleasant residence after continuing there 18 months. A temporary recovery enabled him to officiate two years at Bordenstown, New Jersey, and with constant exertion to supply two vacant congregations. Afterwards he visited New-England, and was prevailed upon to accept the care of the first Baptist Church in Boston, where he spent the remainder of his days, diffusing through a wide sphere the lustre of his talents, and the spirit of his virtues. Nature had endowed him with uncommon quickness of apprehension, and feelings peculiarly ardent and lively. These gave activity to all his pursuits, and under the control of religious principles, greatly increased his usefulness and piety.

This constitutional fervency both of sentiment and action led him to enter with his whole heart into whatever he undertook; yet it was united with a delicacy, that would shrink to wound the feelings of another, and with such easy and conciliating man-

ners, as to adapt himself to almost every society, without diminishing personal dignity and respect. His lively interest in whatever affected his friends, the gentleness of his reproofs, and the gratification he seemed to feel in commending others, endeared him to all his acquaintance. It is said that the popularity of a preacher often declines with his years, but to this doctrine he was a singular exception. For more than 48 years he deservedly retained his celebrity ; his congregation, from a small number, became one of the largest where he resided, and his praise was in all the churches.

His eloquence was powerful and impressive ; his manner so strikingly interesting, that he never preached to an inattentive audience ; and the very tone and modulation of his voice admirably calculated to awaken the feelings. In his prayers there was a fervor that seldom failed to raise the devotion of his hearers ; they came from the heart, and reached the hearts of others. Even those who dissented from him in the minor points of theology, sought to hear him, for they knew his sincerity ;—they knew him to be a good man, and that what he instructed others to be, he himself exemplified. In the chamber of sickness and affliction, he appeared like a pitying angel. He knew how to comfort or to caution, to soothe, to awaken, or to administer reproof, in so mild and delicate a manner, as to touch, without distressing the feelings. How many wounded hearts he has bound up, from how many weeping eyes he has chased tears, to how many thoughtless souls brought the spirit of awakening ; how many saints he has edified and built up, how many wavering minds established, how many re-

pentant sinners comforted, can never be fully known until the judgment of the great day.

His domestic character was in perfect unison with his public ministrations. Of husbands, he was one of the most kind and accommodating; of parents, the most affectionate and endearing. It pleased the Author of wisdom to call him, within the space of a few years, to bury seven of his children, all of whom had reached years of maturity, and some of them were surrounded by infant families. Yet under these peculiar trials he was uniformly patient and submissive, and his mind lost nothing of its lively confidence and cheerful hope, for it rested, with strong assurance, upon the perfect wisdom of the Eternal.

His constitution from infancy was delicate, yet he survived almost all his neighboring clerical contemporaries. It was his constant prayer, that "his life and his usefulness might run parallel," and this desire was gratified. Slight indisposition detained him from church the two last Sabbaths of his life, and on the following Wednesday, without any previous symptoms, he was attacked by a paralytic shock. A few hours after, he received a second stroke, grew insensible and expired.

He was then in his seventieth year; just touched the boundary of the life of man, and, as it were, wrapped in a veil, was suddenly taken from the earth. Infinite goodness spared him the pain of formal separation from a flock and family, whom he most tenderly loved, and warmly reciprocated his affection, and whose tears must long continue to flow at the remembrance of the friend and the shepherd who has departed.

REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS, 2D.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, was the second son of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, President of Princeton College ; and born at Northampton, 1745. May 26, 1745. In early childhood he was affected with such an inveterate inflammation of the eyes, as to prevent his learning to read until a much later period than is common in New England, although his capacity was early discoverable, and he appeared ambitious of excelling as soon as the mind began to unfold itself. The obstinate malady that so long discouraged his exertions, was at length perceived to yield to the repeated operation of shaving the head, and the hopes of his parents began to revive, that he might not be altogether lost to the literary world. When he arrived at his sixth year, the unhappy dissension between the people of Northampton and his father, terminated in his dismissal, and removal to Stockbridge.

While here, this child learned so perfectly the language of the Mohekanews or Stockbridge Indians, that the natives observed, that "he spoke exactly like themselves." This he retained through life ; and some years before his death gave the public some interesting remarks upon its construction

and peculiarities. At the age of ten, his father, who intended him for a missionary among the Aborigines, sent him with the Rev. Gideon Hawley, to Oughquagu, on the Susquehannah river, to acquire the language of the Oneida tribe. This was a distance of one hundred miles from any English settlement, directly through a howling wilderness, yet the courage of the child shrunk not at the undertaking, or at the prospect of exchanging the ease of a father's house, for the unaccommodating huts of the savages. He made a rapid progress in acquiring the language, and so gained the affections of the untutored natives, that when their settlement was once exposed to invasion, they took him upon their shoulders, and carried him many miles through the wilderness to a place of safety.

But the breaking out of the French war, rendered his stay among them dangerous, and he returned to his father, and some years after removed, with the rest of his family, to Princeton, New Jersey. In his seventeenth year, he was admitted a student at Nassau Hall, and in the second year of his continuance there, became religiously impressed, and obtained hope of reconciliation to God through Jesus Christ. He continued for a time, a diary of his spiritual state, which shows his constant watch against every sin, and care to live a holy and blameless life. In his 18th year, he publicly dedicated himself to God, and the following covenant and prayer written at the time, show the deep sense that he entertained of that interesting and awful solemnity.

Nassau Hall, September 17th, 1763.

“I, Jonathan Edwards, student of the college in New Jersey, on this 17th day of September, 1763, being the day before the first time I propose to draw near to the Lord’s table, after much thought and due consideration, as well as prayer to Almighty God, for his assistance, resolved in the grace of God, to enter into an express act of self-dedication, to the service of God; as being a thing highly reasonable in its own nature, and that might be of eminent service to keep me steady in the Christian course, to rouse me from sloth and indolence, and uphold me in the day of temptation.

Eternal and ever blessed God! I desire, with the deepest humiliation and abasement of soul, to come, in the name, and for the sake of Jesus Christ, and present myself before thee, sensible of my infinite unworthiness to appear before thee, and especially on such an occasion as this, to enter into a covenant with thee. But notwithstanding my sins have made such a separation between thee and my soul, I beseech thee, through Christ thy son to vouchsafe thy presenee with me, and acceptance of the best sacrifice that I can make. I do, O Lord, in hopes of thy assisting grace, solemnly make an entire and perpetual surrender of all I am and have unto thee, being determined in thy strength to renounce all former Lords who have had dominion over me, every lust of the eye, of the flesh, and of the mind, and to live entirely devoted to thee and to thy service. To thee do I consecrate the powers of my mind, with whatever improvements thou hast already, or shalt be pleased hereafter to grant me in the literary way; purpos-

ing, if it be thy good pleasure, to pursue my studies assiduously, that I may be better prepared to act in any sphere of life in which thou shalt place me. I do also solemnly dedicate all my possessions, my time, my influence over others, to be all used for thy glory. To thy direction, I resign myself and all that I have, trusting all future contingencies in thine hands, and may thy will in all things, and not mine, be done. Use me, O Lord, as an instrument in thy service. I beseech thee, number me among thy people. May I be clothed with the righteousness of thy Son: ever impart to me through him all needed supplies of thy purifying and cheering Spirit. I beseech thee, O Lord, that thou wouldst enable me to live according to this my vow, constantly avoiding all sin; and when I shall come to die, in that solemn and awful hour, may I remember this my covenant, and do thou, O Lord, remember it too, and give my departed spirit an abundant admittance into the realms of bliss. And if, when I am laid in the dust, any surviving friend should meet with this memorial, may it be a means of good to him, and do thou admit him to partake of the blessings of thy covenant of grace, through Jesus the great Redeemer, to whom with thee, O Father, and the Holy Spirit, be ascribed everlasting praises, by saints and angels. Amen.

JONATHAN EDWARDS."

In 1765, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts; in 1766 was licensed, as a minister; 1767, appointed tutor in Princeton College, and two years after, ordained pastor over the church of White Haven, a society in the town of New Haven, Con-

necticut. About twelve years after his settlement, he met with an affliction that severely tried his fortitude as a man, and his resignation as a Christian.

One fine day in the summer, while taking an airing in his chaise, with his wife, in a pleasant part of the vicinity, he was called to attend to some necessary business, and wished her to return without him. As she proceeded homeward, she suffered the horse to drink at a watering place in a small river, when he suddenly plunged, fell, and threw her from her seat—to a watery grave. This amiable and excellent lady left behind her four children, who with their father, sustained by this event an unexpected and irreparable loss. The residence of Dr. Edwards at White Haven, had long been rendered unpleasant, by the opposite religious opinions, maintained by many of his most influential parishioners, and therefore at the mutual request of pastor and people, he was dismissed by an ecclesiastical council, in May, 1795, having officiated there more than twenty-five years.

A few months after he was unanimously chosen the minister of Colebrook, (Conn.) and found himself placed in the midst of an affectionate people, and in a retired situation, very favorable to the prosecution of his beloved studies. From this spot, which was much endeared to him, he was parted by a call to the Presidency of Union College, which had recently been instituted and endowed, in the town of Schenectady, and state of New York. Hither he removed in July, 1799, and assiduously devoted his talents and attention, to the improvement and welfare of this infant seminary.

In the second year after his investment with that

important and responsible dignity, he was attacked with a fever, whose rapid progress deprived him of speech, motion, at intervals of reason, and eventually of life, on the 1st of August, 1801. The effects of his disorder prevented him from expressing his feelings at the near approach of eternity, but in its early stages he expressed entire and cheerful resignation to the will of God; and now, we trust, he reaps the reward of his labors, of his prayers, and of his piety.

This departed saint, when a child, was singularly dutiful and conscientious, and throughout all the changes of life the same spirit was discernible. From nature he received an ardent, irritable disposition, and early formed a resolution, to withstand this propensity, until it should be subdued. And let those who are formed like him, and like him painfully "strive for the mastery," know, that by vigilance, by firmness and prayer, he accomplished this arduous task, and acquired such an unusual command over his passions, as to pass through some of the most trying circumstances in which man can be placed, with uncommon patience and equanimity. Like St. Paul, he knew what it was to be abased, and what it was to abound; and in prosperity and adversity he appeared the same. His fortitude under trials was great; not the frigid apathy of stoicism, but a constant reliance on Divine Providence, and resignation to its will.

As a man of learning and strength of mind, he had not a superior in the United States, and probably but few in the world. His logical powers were preëminent, and little inferior to those of his father; and his talents were improved for the defence, sup-

port and advancement of the religion that he loved. As a preacher, his manner of delivery was bold and animated, addressed more to the understanding and conscience than to the passions ; yet all who had the pleasure to hear him, acknowledge, that in his own mode, he was rarely, if ever excelled. His reasonings were strong and conclusive, closely confined to the subject, original and instructive.

President Edwards, as a son, a husband, a parent and member of society, was faithful and exemplary. In his manner of life he was strictly methodical. Being blessed with good health, he generally rose early, and began his regular diurnal routine of duty and business ; considering his immediate duty to his Creator, as requiring his first attention, and afterwards the relative and social duties of life. His exercise, studies, and all other concerns, so far as might be consistent with his parochial duties, were systematized, and uniformly attended in their respective seasons. He merited and possessed the esteem and affection of an extensive literary and clerical acquaintance, who looked upon him, under God, as one of the firmest pillars and ablest defenders of the church, in a day of declension and infidelity ; and in his death, both science and religion sustained a loss, which the hand that caused can alone repair. His literary productions are, a work entitled, “ The Salvation of all men, strictly examined, and the endless punishment of those who die impenitent, argued and defended against the reasonings of Dr. Chauncey ;” “ a dissertation of Liberty and Necessity ;” “ Observations on the language of the Stockbridge Indians ;” “ Three sermons on the atonement of Christ,” and a variety of occasional dis-

courses. He edited, also, several posthumous works of his father, and left behind him many manuscripts worthy of publication.

To comprise in one short sentence the excellencies of this great man, let it be recorded, that *he was a son worthy of his parents*; and to those who were acquainted with those patterns of piety, this will comprehend all that has been written, and all that might be said. Between him and his father, striking features of resemblance exist. They were both distinguished scholars; tutors of the seminaries where they were educated; settled in congregations in which their maternal grandfathers were settled before them; dismissed on account of their religious opinions; settled again in retired situations; elected to the Presidency of a college, and within a short time after their inauguration, died, the one in his 56th, the other in his 57th year. In person, mind and life, they were also remarkably similar, and to them has sometimes been applied the emphatic eulogium of Shakespeare,

“ Take them all in all,
You ne’er will look upon their like again.”

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THIS illustrious man was born in Wales, in the year 1746. His father was the famous mathematician, William Jones, who studied mathematics under Sir Isaac Newton, and was at once his pupil and his friend. Under the guidance and tuition of such a parent, the mind of the son was early formed to regular habits of thinking, and endued with the generous enthusiasm of literary fame. After acquiring at home, the rudiments of classical learning, he was placed at school, where he distinguished himself by his wonderful facility in acquiring the learned languages, and by a fine taste in Latin poetry. He was soon made a fellow of the university of Oxford, where he was equally distinguished for prematurity of mind, and unexampled diligence in study. Before he attained the age of twenty-two, he had acquired a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek and Latin, Persian and Arabic tongues. He had also cultivated the polished languages of modern Europe, and his knowledge of the French was so perfect, that while he was a recluse student at the university, he translated the history of Nadir Shaw from Persian into French, with such grammatical exactness, and ele-

gance of diction, as obtained the applause of the most judicious critics in France.

About this time he published his "Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry." At the age of 24, he determined to attach himself to the profession of law, and with his studies in general jurisprudence, and the common law of England, united physical sciences, and pursued, with amazing rapidity, his researches into the literature of Asia. He published a number of ingenious essays in prose, and a volume of poems, consisting chiefly of translations from Arabic, Persian and Turkish authors. The reputation of his genius and learning began to extend itself, and his acquaintance to be sought by men of the first rank and literature. Through the friendship of Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was introduced to the Literary Society, of which he continued a member, until his embarkation for India, in 1783, having been appointed one of the judges of the supreme court of Calcutta.

After his arrival, and introduction to office, he proposed a plan for instituting a society "for the purpose of inquiring into the history, arts, sciences and literature of Asia." This proposal was patronized by Mr. Hastings, the governor general, and eagerly embraced by those gentlemen in Calcutta, who were best qualified to estimate its advantages, and to contribute to its support. Sir William Jones was elected perpetual president of this new formed society, and delivered his preliminary discourse in 1784. The wide and fruitful region of Asiatic learning was now opened before him, while his high and independent station gave him a commanding prospect of it, and furnished him full scope for

the energy of a powerful mind. In the exercise of his profession, he administered to his fellow creatures the pure maxims of justice and of truth, and obeyed those laws which it was his business to enforce on others.

He had long ardently desired to study the Sanscrit language, and in three years made himself so completely master of it, that the most enlightened professors of the doctrine of Brahma, confessed with pride, delight and surprise, that his knowledge of their sacred dialect was most critically correct and profound. Their respect and attachment continued to the last ; and the Pundits who were in the habit of attending him, felt the highest admiration of his superior talents and virtues, and uttered poignant lamentations at his death. He applied himself to his studies with pertinacious and unwearied diligence, and notwithstanding the great attention which his professional duties required, and the labor of preparing many learned discourses for the Asiatic Society, he found time to compose and publish some curious and important works. The principal were an English version of the Sirajijah, or Mahometan law of inheritance, with a commentary ; the Institutes of Menu literally translated from the Sanscrit, with a learned preface, treating of the antiquity and value of the work, and an elegant translation of the drama of Sancontala, from the same language. The first of these performances he printed at his own expense, and sold for the benefit of insolvent debtors ; an act of such disinterested benevolence, as ought to be transmitted to posterity.

He had engaged in a copious digest of the Mahometan and Hindoo law, compiled from Arab and

Sanscrit originals : but the strong hand of death arrested the progress of the performance. In April, 1794, he was attacked by a bilious complaint, which in a few weeks baffled the skill of the physicians. The last hour of his life was marked by a most solemn act of devotion. Finding his dissolution rapidly approaching, he desired his attendants to carry him to an inner apartment, and leave him awhile to himself. Returning, after an interval, they found him in a kneeling attitude of prayer, with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed towards heaven, and as they were removing him—he expired.

The person of Sir William Jones was genteel and graceful ; his countenance, open, manly, vivacious and serene. His deportment was dignified, yet easy : his address, courteous, yet plain : his manners, polished yet familiar. Hence, at first acquaintance, he not only excited the admiration, but acquired the esteem, of those with whom he conversed. In conversation, he illustrated in a pleasing manner every topic which was discussed, and conveyed instruction with a modesty and elegance that captivated, while it enriched the mind. The placidity and gentleness for which he was distinguished, did not proceed from constitutional tameness and languor, but from the union of temperance and liberality, which virtuous habits had formed in his mind. He was sedate, moderate and cautious ; but at the same time animated, aspiring, and generous. He possessed a proud honor, an inflexible firmness, and a high sense of justice ; yet he had not in his disposition either haughtiness, obstinacy or austerity. His pride consisted in the love of independence ; his resolution, in shunning the temptations of vice ; his idea of equity, in pro-

inoting peace and happiness among men, by making the laws lovely rather than severe.

He was no less estimable in public than in private life. Whether we consider his fine taste, the strength of his mental faculties, or the vast extent and variety of his acquirements, we are equally surprised by his talents. His intellectual powers were of the highest order. The clearness of his understanding no paradox could perplex; the quickness of his perception ran through systems at a glance; the solidity of his judgment, even his lively fancy could not warp; and nothing useful or elegant escaped the retentive vigor of his memory. To these properties, he added a fertile imagination, a capacious comprehension, and an elasticity of mind, which gave activity to all the operations of genius. His mind, thus constituted, was enriched with the collective science and learning of all times, ages, and nations; and elevated by a piety, which gave lustre, dignity and consistency to the whole.

Sir John Shore, in a discourse delivered before a convention of the Asiatic Society, soon after the melancholy event of his death, observes,—“I have already enumerated attainments and works, which, from their diversity and extent, seem far beyond the capacity of the most enlarged minds; but the catalogue may yet be augmented. To a proficiency in the languages of Greece, Rome and Asia, he added the knowledge of the philosophy of those countries, and of every thing curious and valuable in them. The doctrines of the Academy, and the Lyceum of the Portico, were not more familiar to him, than the tenets of the Vedas, the mysticism of the Susis, or the religion of the ancient Persians; and

while with a kindred genius, he pursued with rapture the heroic, lyric, or moral compositions of the most renowned poets of Greece, Rome and Asia, he could turn with equal delight and knowledge to the sublime speculations, or mathematical calculations, of Barrow and of Newton. With them also he professed his conviction of the truth of the Christian religion, and justly deemed it no inconsiderable advantage, that his researches had corroborated the multiplied evidence of revelation, by confirming the Mosaic account of the primitive world."

It may perhaps be acceptable to our readers to peruse an epitaph which this great and good man composed for himself some time previous to his death.

"Here lie deposited
 The mortal remains of a man
 Who feared God, but not death;
 And maintained independence,
 But sought not riches:
 Who thought
 None below him but the base and unjust:
 None above him but the wise and virtuous.
 Who loved
 His parents, kindred, friends, country,
 With an ardor,
 Which was the chief source of
 All his pleasures, and all his pains;
 And who having devoted
 His life to the service and to
 The improvement of his mind,
 Resigned it calmly,
 Giving glory to his Creator,
 Wishing peace on earth
 and
 Good will to all creatures,
 In the year of our blessed Redeemer,
 1794."

HON. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

THE Honorable Samuel Osgood, a native of Andover, Massachusetts, was born on the 14th of February, 1748. His parents paid much attention to the religious part of his education, and so early and lasting were his impressions, that he cherished a hope of saving conversion at the age of 15. In youth he was admitted a member of Harvard University, and obtained the reputation of a good general scholar. His most striking proficiency was in the Greek language, and the science of mathematics; in the former he was acknowledged to be the first in his class, and, at his graduation, was chosen from the whole number of candidates, to the honor of writing the mathematical thesis. After exchanging the seclusion of study for the theatre of active life, he took an active and decided part in the differences which arose between this country and Great Britain. His talents, judgment and information were soon perceived and appreciated, and he was rapidly elevated to places of trust, and offices of dignity. He executed, to universal acceptance, the duties of Representative and Senator in his native State, member of the General Congress, and first commissioner of the Treasury.

The penetrating, virtuous Washington, placed him in the department of Post Master General ;—the city of New York selected him as a member of their house of Representatives, and that legislative body invested him with the honors of Speaker. In 1801, he was appointed Supervisor of the State of New York, and after the abolition of that office, was named as Naval Officer for the port of New York, a post in which he continued till death. The absorbing duties of these important stations, and the full tide of honor that rapidly poured upon him, did not prevent the contemplation of the one thing needful, or destroy the sincere humility of the Christian. Looking back upon a life active and beneficent he would say with diffidence and contrition, “ my history for forty years, would contain but a gloomy account of omissions of duty, and commissions of sin.” He complained of lifelessness in the cause of his Redeemer, and the withdrawals of spiritual comfort, though he still retained the hope of forgiveness and acceptance.

Far from adopting that silence on religious subjects which too often characterizes the professors of the present day, he was forward to converse on the state and expectation of his soul. Though the church, of which he was an elder, was benefited by his labors, and by his prayers, and though the light of his course appeared to be that of the just, yet deeply distrustful of his merits, it was his supreme delight to cast himself upon Jesus Christ, as Jehovah his righteousness.” The three last years of his life were marked with tranquillity, retirement and devotion. Though naturally cheerful, and uncommon-

ly affable in his manners, he was frequently contemplative, and sometimes pensive.

His last illness was protracted and painful, but he bore it with undeviating resignation, and with more than his usual portion of cheerfulness. The divinity and infinite power of Him who had undertaken for him, gave his mind much consolation. Reclining on his dying pillow he said with deep solemnity, "Bound as I am to eternity, I can rest on nothing short of a Saviour, a Saviour who is *truly God*?" Underneath him were the everlasting arms, and he calmly entered into his rest, on the 12th of August, 1813, in the 66th year of his age.

Not many who have basked in honor's smile,
Not many who the paths of wealth have trod,
Have turned their eyes from Earth's deceitful wile,
To seek the favor and the fear of God.

Yet one there was—on whom the flowing stream
Of glittering wealth no proud delusion wrought ;
Yes—one there was—who, bright with honor's beam,
Bowed to the humble rule that Christ had taught.

Gone now—a purer fount of bliss to taste—
Gone—to his last ineffable reward,
For so we trust, that with an angel's haste
He left this darkening earth and saw his Lord.

ELIZA CUNNINGHAM.

AN account of this most amiable and interesting young person is given to the public, by the Rev.

John Newton, whose niece she was,
1771. and in whose family she spent the last years of her life. Suddenly bereaved of her excellent parents, and an only brother and sister whom she tenderly loved, the lonely orphan found the arms of her relatives open to receive her, and in their sympathy forgot, for a while, the anguish of those sorrows which gloomed the morning of her life. In a languishing state of health, she journeyed from Scotland to England, to put herself under the protection of that kind uncle, to whom her dying mother had bequeathed her, and I know not how to express the interesting particulars of her short life so well, as by borrowing the words of her pious and affectionate biographer.

“We received our dear Eliza, as a trust, and as a treasure, on the 15th of March, 1783, just as she had entered her 12th year. We were prepared to love her, before we saw her ; but she came into our hands like a heap of untold gold, which, when counted, proves a larger sum than was expected. Her person was agreeable. There was an ease and elegance in her whole address, and a graceful-

ness in her movements, until long illness and great weakness bowed down her frame. Her disposition was lively, her genius quick and inventive, and if she had enjoyed health, she would probably have excelled in every thing she attempted that required ingenuity. Her understanding, particularly her judgment, and sense of propriety, was far above her years, and there was something in her appearance which usually procured her favor at first sight.

But her principal endearing qualities, which could be only fully known to us who lived with her, were the sweetness of her temper, and a heart formed for the exercise of affection, gratitude and friendship. I know not that either her aunt or I, ever saw a cloud upon her countenance during the whole time she was with us. It is true we did not, we could not, unnecessarily cross her ; but if we thought it expedient to overrule any proposal she made, she always acquiesced with a sweet smile, and we were sure we should never hear of that proposal again. Her delicacy, however, was quicker than our observation, and she would sometimes say, when we could not perceive the least reason for it,—‘ I am afraid I answered you peevishly. Indeed, I did not intend it. If I did, I ask your pardon. I should be very ungrateful if I thought any pleasure equal to that of endeavoring to please you ?’ It is no wonder that we dearly loved such a child.

The hectic fever, cough, and sweats, which Eliza brought with her from Scotland, were subdued in the course of the summer, and there appeared no reason to apprehend immediate danger. But still there was a worm preying at the root of this beautiful gourd. She had seldom any pain till within the

last fortnight of her life, and usually slept well, but when awake was always ill. I believe she knew not a single hour of perfect ease, and they who intimately knew her state, could not but wonder to see her so placid, cheerful and attentive in company, as she generally was. Many a time when the tears have stolen silently down her cheeks, if she saw that her aunt or I observed them, she would wipe them away, come to us with a smile and a kiss, and say, 'Do not be uneasy, I am not very ill—I can bear it, and shall be better presently.' Her case was thought beyond the reach of medicine, and for a time no medicine was used. She had air and exercise, as the weather and circumstances would permit, and the rest of the time amused herself as well as she could with her guitar, or harpsichord, her book, or her needle. She had a part, likewise, when able, in such visits as we paid or received, and these were generally regulated by a regard to what she could bear. Her aunt, especially, seldom went abroad, but at such times, and to such places, as we thought agreeable and convenient to her. For we perceived that she loved home best, and best of all when we were at home with her.

In April, 1784, we put her under the care of my dear friend, Dr. Benamor. To the divine blessing on his skill and endeavors, I ascribe the pleasure of having her continued with us so long. She is now gone, and can no more repeat what she has often spoken of—the great comfort it was to her, to have so affectionate and sympathizing a physician ;—but while I live, I hope it will always be my pleasure to express my gratitude for his unwearied attention, and for his great tenderness. But what

can the most efficacious medicines, or the best physicians avail to prolong life, when the hour approaches in which the prayer of the Great Intercessor must be accomplished—"Father, I will, that they whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am, to behold my glory."—This was the proper cause of my dear Eliza's death. The Lord sent her to me to be brought up for him, owned my poor endeavors, and when her education was completed, took her home to himself. He has richly paid me my wages, in the employment itself, and in the happy issue.

She was advised by her physicians to make trial of the salt water, and we passed a month with her at Southampton and at Lynnington. The bathing was evidently useful in giving some additional strength to her very weak and relaxed frame, and we were thus encouraged to repeat our visit the ensuing autumn. But though she bathed a few times she could not persevere, and when she returned, she entered our door for the last time, for she went out no more, till she was carried out to be put into her hearse. We have now come to the last three weeks of her pilgrimage—the most important and interesting period of her short life. Her excellent parents had conscientiously endeavored to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and the principles of religion had been instilled into her from her infancy. Their labors were so far attended with success, that no child could be more obedient or obliging, or more remote from evil habits and dispositions; but I could not perceive, when she first came to us, that she had any heart affecting sense of divine things. But being under my roof, she of

course attended my ministry, when her health would permit, and was usually present when I prayed and expounded the Scriptures, morning and evening, in my family. Friends and ministers were likewise frequently with us, whose character and conversation were well suited to engage her notice, and to help her to form a right idea of the Christian principles and temper.

Knowing that she was of a thinking turn, I left her to make her own reflections upon what she saw and heard, committing her to the Lord, from whom I had received her, and entreating him to be her effectual teacher. When I did attempt to talk with her upon the concerns of her soul, she could give me no answer but with tears. But I soon had great encouragement to hope that the Lord had enlightened her understanding, and had drawn the desires of her heart to himself. Great was her delight in the ordinances ;—exemplary her attention to preaching ; and to be debarred from going to hear at our stated times, was a trial which, though she patiently bore, seemed to affect her more than any other, and she did not greatly care what she suffered in the week, provided she was able to attend the worship on the Sabbath.

The judicious observations she occasionally made upon what had passed in conversation, upon incidents, books, and sermons, indicated a sound judgment, and a spiritual taste. And my hope was confirmed by her whole deportment, which was becoming the gospel of Christ. So that had she died suddenly, on any day of the last 18 months of her life, I should have had no doubt of her eternal felicity. But I could seldom prevail with her to speak of

herself; if she did it was with the utmost caution and diffidence. Soon after her last return from Southampton, she became acquainted with acute pain. Her gentle spirit which had borne up under long and languishing illness, sunk under this anguish, and though it occasioned no impatience or repining, it rapidly destroyed her frame. On Friday, the 30th of September, she was down stairs for the last time, and then she was brought down and carried up in our arms. It now became very desirable to hear from herself a more explicit account of the hope that was in her; especially, as upon some symptoms of approaching mortification, she appeared to be a little alarmed, and, of course, not thoroughly reconciled to the thoughts of death. Her aunt waited for the first convenient opportunity of intimating to her that the time of her departure was probably at hand.

The next morning presented one. She found herself remarkably better, her pains were almost gone, her spirits revived, the favorable change was visible in her countenance. Her aunt began to break the subject to her, by saying, 'My dear, were you not extremely ill last night?' 'Indeed I was.' 'Had you not been relieved I think you could not have continued long.' 'I believe I could not.' 'My dear, I have been very anxiously concerned for your life.' 'But I hope, my dear aunt, you are not so now. My views of things have been for some time very different from what they were when I came to you. I have seen and felt the vanity of childhood and youth.' Her aunt said, 'I believe you have long made a conscience of secret prayer.' She answered, 'Yes, I have long and earnestly

sought the Lord with reference to the change which is now approaching. I have not yet that full assurance which is so desirable, but I have a hope, I trust a good hope, and I believe the Lord will give me whatever he sees necessary for me, before he takes me hence. I have prayed to him to fit me for himself, and then whether sooner or later, it signifies but little.'

Here was a comfortable point gained. We were satisfied that she had given up all expectation of living, and could speak of her departure without being distressed. But her apparent revival was of short duration. In the evening of the same day, she began to complain of a sore throat, which became worse, and before the noon of the next day, threatened an absolute suffocation. When Dr. Benamor, who the day before had almost entertained hopes of her recovery, found her so suddenly, and so greatly altered, he could not, at the moment, prevent some signs of his deep concern from appearing in his countenance. She quickly perceived it, and desired he would plainly tell her his sentiments. When he had recovered himself, he said, 'You are not so well as when I saw you on Saturday.' She answered, 'I trust all will be well soon.' He replied, that whether she lived or died, it would be well, and to the glory of God.

He told me that he had much pleasing conversation with her that morning, some particulars of which he committed to writing, but had lost the paper. From that time she may be said to have been dying, as we expected her departure from one hour to another. On Monday, she was in great

pain, sometimes in agonies, unable to remain many minutes in the same position.

But her mind was peaceful, she possessed a spirit of recollection and prayer, and her chief attention to earthly things seemed confined to the concern she saw in those who were around her. That she might not increase their feelings for her, she strove to conceal the sense of her own sufferings.

About nine the next morning, we all thought her dying, and waited near two hours by her bed-side for her last breath. She was much convulsed, and in great agonies. I said—‘My dear, you are going to heaven, and I hope, by the grace of God, we in due time shall follow you.’—She could not speak, but let us know that she attended to what I said, by a gentle inclination of the head, and a sweet smile. I repeated to her many passages of Scripture, and verses of hymns, to each of which she made the same kind of answer. Though silent, her looks were more expressive than words. Towards eleven o’clock, a great quantity of coagulated phlegm, which she had not strength to raise, made her rattle violently in the throat, which we considered as a sign that death was at hand: and as she seemed unwilling to take something that was offered her, we forbore to disturb her in what we supposed her last moments. But our beloved physician, coming in, observed that she was not near death by her pulse, and desired that something might be given her. A tea-spoonful or two of some liquid cleared the passage, and she revived, but her pain was extreme, and her disappointment great. I never saw her so near impatience, as upon this occasion.

As soon as she could speak, she cried out—‘Oh cruel!—cruel to recall me, when I was so happy, and so near gone! I wish you had not come. I long to go home.’

But in a few moments she grew composed, assented to what the doctor said of her duty to wait the Lord’s time; and from that hour, though her desires to depart and to be with her Saviour were stronger and stronger, she cheerfully took whatever was offered her, and frequently asked for something of her own accord. How often, if we were to have choice, should we counteract our own prayers! I had entreated the Lord to prolong her life, till she could leave an indisputable testimony behind her, for our comfort. Yet when I saw her agony, and heard her cry—‘Oh! how cruel to stop me’—I was for a moment almost out of her mind, and could hardly help wishing that the doctor had delayed his visit a little longer. But if she had died then we should have been deprived of what we saw and heard the two following days, the remembrance of which is unspeakably precious to me. When Dr. Benamor came on Wednesday, she entreated him to tell her how long he thought she might live. He said—‘Are you in earnest, my dear?’—She answered,—‘Indeed I am.’ At that time there were strong symptoms of mortification, and he told her that she might hold out till eight in the evening, but he did not expect she could survive till midnight.

On hearing this, low as she was, her eyes seemed to sparkle with their former vivacity, and fixing them on him with an air of ineffable satisfaction she said, ‘Oh that is good news indeed.’ And she repeated it as such to a person who came soon after into the

room, and said with lively emotions of joy, "The doctor tells me, I shall stay here but a few hours more.' In the afternoon she noticed and counted the clock every time it struck, and when it struck seven, she said—'another hour—and then—.' But it pleased God to spare her to us another day. She suffered much in the course of Wednesday night, but was quite resigned and patient. Our kind servants, who from love to her and us, watched her night and day, with a solicitude and tenderness which wealth is too poor to purchase, were witnesses of the affectionate and grateful manner in which she repeatedly thanked them for their services and attentions to her. Though such an acknowledgment was no more than their due, yet coming from herself, and at such a time, they highly valued it. She added her earnest prayers that the Lord would reward them. To her prayers, my heart says, amen. May they be comforted of God in their dying moments, as she was, and meet with equal kindness from those who surround them.

I was surprised on Thursday morning, to find her not only alive, but in some respects better. The tokens of mortification again disappeared. This was her last day, and a memorable day to us. When Dr. Benamor asked her how she was, she answered—'Truly happy, and if this is dying, it is a pleasant thing to die.' She said to me about ten o'clock—'My dear uncle, I would not change conditions with any person on earth. Oh! how gracious is the Lord to me. Oh what a change is before me.' She was sometimes asked if she could wish to live, provided God should restore her to perfect health; her answer was, 'Not for all the world;'

and sometimes,—‘Not for a thousand worlds,’—but the last time she was asked the question, she said—‘I desire to have no choice.’—She would often say, ‘Do not weep for me, my dear aunt, but rather rejoice and praise on my account. I shall now have the advantage of dear Miss Patty Barham—(a beloved friend who had long been in a languishing state)—for I shall go before her.’—We asked her if she would choose a text for her own funeral sermon—she readily mentioned—*Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth*—‘That,’ said she, ‘has been my experience; my afflictions have been many, but not one too many; nor has the greatest of them been too great—I praise him for them all.’—But after a pause, she said,—‘Stay, I think there is another text, which may do better; let it be—*Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord*.—That is my experience now.’—She then chose a hymn to be sung after the sermon;—the 72d of the second book of Olney Hymns.

But I must check myself, and set down only a small part of the gracious words which the Lord enabled her to speak in the course of the day, though she was frequently interrupted by pains and agonies. She had something to say, either in the way of admonition or consolation, as she thought most suitable, to every one whom she saw. To her most constant attendant she said, “Be sure to call upon the Lord, and if you think he does not hear you now, he will at last, as he has heard me.” She spoke a great deal to an intimate friend, who was with her every day, which I hope she will long remember, as the testimony of her dying Eliza. Amongst other things she said, ‘See how comfor-

table the Lord can make a dying bed. Do you think you shall have an assurance when you come to die?' Being answered 'I hope so, my dear,' she replied, 'But do you earnestly, and with all your heart pray to the Lord for it? If you seek him, you shall surely find him.' She then prayed affectionately and fervently for her friend, afterwards for her cousin, and then for another of our family who was present. Her prayer was not long, but her every word was weighty, and her manner very affecting; the purport was, that they might all be taught and comforted by the Lord.

About five in the afternoon she desired me to pray with her once more. Surely I then prayed from my heart. When I had finished, she pronounced, Amen. I said, 'My dear child, have I expressed your meaning?' She answered, 'Oh! yes;' and then added, 'I am ready to say, why are his chariot wheels so long in coming? But I hope he will enable me to wait his hour with patience.' These were the last words that I heard her speak. Mrs. Newton's heart was much, perhaps too much, attached to this dear child, which is not to be wondered at, when we consider what a child she was, how we received her, and what we saw her suffer. But her Master graciously supported her in this trying season. Indeed there was much more cause for joy than grief; yet the pain of separation must be felt. Eliza well knew her feelings, and a concern for her was, I believe, the last anxiety that remained with her. She said to those about her, 'Try to persuade my aunt to leave the room; I think I shall soon go to sleep. I shall not remain with you till morning.' Her aunt, however, was

the last person who heard her speak, and was sitting by her bed when she went away.

A little past six, hearing that a relation who dearly loved her, and was beloved by her, and who had come daily from Westminster to see her, was below stairs, she said, 'Raise me up, that I may speak to him once more.' Her aunt said, 'My dear, you are nearly exhausted, I think you had better not attempt it.' She smiled, and said, 'It is very well; I will not.' She was then within half an hour of her translation to glory, but the love of her dear Lord had so filled her with benevolence, that she was ready to exert even her last breath, in hopes of saying something that might be useful to others, after she was gone.

Towards seven o'clock, I was walking in my garden, earnestly engaged in prayer for her, when a servant came to me, and said, '*She is gone.*' O Lord! how great is thy power! how great is thy goodness. A few days before, had it been practicable and lawful, what would I not have given to procure her recovery? yet seldom in my life have I known a more heartfelt joy, than when these words, "*She is gone,*" sounded in my ears. I ran up stairs, and our whole little family were soon around her bed. Though her aunt and another person were sitting with their eyes fixed upon her, she was gone a few minutes before she was missed. She lay upon her left side, with her cheek gently reclining upon her hand, as if in a sweet sleep; and I thought there was a smile upon her countenance. Never surely did death appear in a more

beautiful, and more inviting form. We fell upon our knees, and I returned, I think I may say, my most unfeigned thanks to our God and Saviour for his abundant goodness to her, crowned in this last instance by giving her so gentle a dismissal. Yes, I am satisfied. I am comforted. And if one of the many involuntary tears I have shed could recall her to life, health, and an assemblage of all that this world calls happiness, I would labor hard to suppress it. Now my largest desires for her are accomplished. The days of her mourning are ended. She is landed on that peaceful shore, where the storms of trouble never blow. She is forever out of the reach of sorrow, temptation and sin. Now she is before the throne! She sees him whom having not seen she loved;—she drinks of the rivers of pleasure that flow at his right hand, and shall thirst no more. She was born February 6th, 1771, and died October 6th, 1785 aged 14 years and 8 months.

A child under the age of fifteen, did thus rejoice in the midst of pains and agonies. She was willing to leave all her friends whom she loved, and by whom she was tenderly beloved, for she knew in whom she believed, and that when she should be absent from the body she should be present with the Lord. She triumphed in the hope of glory, and smiled upon the approach of death. It may be presumed that whoever seriously considers this case, will not be able to satisfy himself, by ascribing such remarkable effects in so young a subject, to the power of habit, example or system. If he does

not account for them on the principles of the gospel, he will be unable to assign any proportionable cause. And it is to be feared, that if he is not affected by a testimony so simple and so striking, neither would he be persuaded though one should rise from the dead."

JOSHUA ROWLEY GILPIN.

I ATTEMPT to abridge for you, my young friends, a little work entitled, “A monument of Parental Affection, to a dear and only son;” and I 1788. regret that my limited time, and narrow bounds, compel me to compress or to leave out any part of what is so excellent. The character is so admirable, that it must excite strong desire of imitation in every reflecting mind; while the sorrows of a father lamenting the loss of an only child, and bending over the tomb which has swallowed up all his earthly hopes, must excite the commiseration of every susceptible heart, and draw a tear from every eye which confesses the claims of sympathy and compassion.

Joshua Rowley Gilpin, the only son of the Rev. J. Gilpin, pastor of Wrockwardine, in the county of Salop, England, was born Jan. 30, 1788. In infancy, when the internal texture slowly yet truly discovers itself, he displayed a remarkably mild and patient disposition, and showed no propensity to anger when what he loved most was withheld. This disposition, which promised to those around him, as well as to himself, much comfort, seemed to acquire additional strength with his years; and it is supposed that there never existed a youth less subject to

petulance or passion, or who could meet the unavoidable vexations of life with a greater degree of calmness and tranquillity. His father undertook the sole care of his education, and found the employment a source of perpetual delight.

So gentle, so docile, so industrious was his young pupil, that he never had occasion to direct to him a single expression of displeasure, and throughout the whole course of his life no correction was necessary, and no instrument of chastisement was ever seen in the house. His first perceivable inclination was for drawing, in which he engaged when almost an infant; and though his first attempts were rude, he soon began to surprise his friends with the boldness of his designs, and accuracy of his execution. While engaged in this favorite amusement, a dissected alphabet was placed before him, and his desire was so great to furnish his drawings with suitable titles, that he soon made himself master of it.

Now a new field of pleasure was opened for him to range in, and from the productions of the pencil his mind was turned to the various arrangements and combinations of these letters; so that at an age when many children have scarcely learned their names, he was forming them into short sentences, not only of a playful, but of a devotional cast. This not only ascertained the growth of his intellectual powers, but gave satisfactory assurance to his pious and affectionate parents, that even then his young heart was forming a happy acquaintance with divine things. As the higher branches of knowledge allured him, he devoted himself anxiously to their acquisition. He was cheerfully prepared for every necessary exercise, and always inclined to

exceed rather than fall short of his appointed task. He complained of no difficulty, he wanted no help ; he considered the little labors of every day as a reasonable service, and readily on every occasion submitted his will to that of his father. During his studies his sweet and placid disposition was constantly displaying itself. While a child he had become familiarly acquainted with the rudiments of the Latin tongue, and by many fair words persuaded his nurse (a very worthy young woman who attended him from his infancy) to become his scholar. Such pleasure did he derive from his studies, that he left no means untried to engage her attention, and would often set before her the honorable distinction of excelling in knowledge all the young women in her parish. He drew up for her an abridgment of his Grammar, to which he added a short vocabulary ; and was never without a few slips of paper in his pocket on which was some noun regularly declined, for her benefit. If the day had failed to afford her sufficient time to attend his lessons, he redoubled his assiduity when she conducted him to his chamber at night, and was never contented without hearing her repeat the Lord's prayer in Greek. This, while it exemplified the sweetness of his temper, showed that he loved those parts of learning which young students are apt to think tedious and disgusting, and that his mind had early put away childish things.

While he was thus anxiously pursuing improvement, his father showed him one evening a treatise on Arithmetic, resolving to observe how it might suit his inclinations. He went immediately to work on this untried ground, and so great was his satisfac-

tion that he begged that he might be allowed to have the same exercise again, whenever he should feel at a loss for amusement. For three weeks it formed part of his evening entertainment, and in that short space he became so expert an arithmetician as to consider the extraction of the *square or cube root*, nothing but mere diversion. His father now thought fit to withdraw him from the science of numbers, lest it should interfere too much with his classical studies; yet he still continued to surprise him with his abstruse numerical speculations. And when afterwards he was suffered to pursue Mathematics, Algebra and Geometry, he acquired without the help of a master, surprising proficiency in those sciences. The difficult problems of Euclid afforded him the highest delight; he would willingly have employed his days and nights with them, and no youth was ever more entertained with perusing a fairy tale, than he with solving, applying and repeating every proposition in its order.

Under the tuition of his father, he went regularly through the authors which are used in public seminaries, and that with a degree of attention very unusual in those places. His memory was so durably retentive, that what he once read he never forgot, and could always repeat, or turn to any required passage, whether found in the writings of poets, historians, or divines. His accuracy was admirable; he was penetrating to discover errors, and careful to avoid them. He would never pass over a sentence till he had obtained a satisfactory view of its meaning; or lay aside an author till he had formed a critical acquaintance both with his style and sentiments. In diligence he was never exceed-

ed; employment was the delight of his life, and whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might. His soul thirsted for knowledge, and no occasional difficulty could abate its desire or retard its progress. In cases of perplexity, so far was he from soliciting assistance, that he modestly declined it when offered, and through the whole course of his studies, it was never necessary to stimulate his progress.

His *love of order* was not less singular than his diligence. From his earliest childhood he discovered an uncommon attention to method in all his little undertakings, and this disposition gradually acquired strength, as he became better acquainted with the importance of time. To his labors and recreations he assigned their proper place and season, contriving to fill up the day with an agreeable variety, preserving himself on the one hand from listlessness and apathy, on the other from perplexity and precipitation. Had he foreseen the predetermined limits of his short life he could not have ordered it more wisely or happily for himself, or for his parents, since every period of it was marked with punctuality and enjoyment, industry and ease, moderation and composure. A clear and acute understanding might with propriety be called his distinguishing faculty, for he possessed it in an uncommon degree of perfection. It was not his custom to glide smoothly over the surface of things; nor had he any taste for that light kind of reading which so generally attracts the minds of young people. He delighted in those exercises of the mind which they usually consider laborious; having once fixed his attention upon a subject, nothing

could allure him from it until he had searched it thoroughly ; and to deal with some subtle questions, or try his strength on some difficult point, afforded him the highest gratification.

The attention of his parents was not however confined to his literary attainments ; but it was their endeavor and prayer that he might blend with it, the wisdom that is from above. They were anxious that he should not be unfurnished for the regular and honorable discharge of his duties in the present world, but were still more solicitous to educate him as a candidate for glory, honor and immortality, in the world to come. Feeling as if a failure in this would have blasted all their fondest hopes, they began this important work at a very early age, with the greatest simplicity, condescension and caution, lest they should produce disgust, where they wished to excite desire. From the beauties of Creation they tenderly led his mind to the wonders of Providence ; from the goodness of God to the unworthiness of man ; from the depravity of human nature to the redemption that is in Christ Jesus ; from this transient state of being to that eternal world, in which imperfection and infelicity shall have no place. They accompanied these discourses with none of that formality and rigor which some falsely attach to religion.—“ I will show you, my dear son,” said his father, with a smiling countenance, “ a way that will lead you from earth to heaven.” His gentle pupil listened with eager attention, and the instruction was crowned with more than ordinary success. His mind seemed to be solemnized, yet filled with every joyful and grateful sensation, and like the child Samuel he was early awakened and

purified. At his first introduction to the house of God, which took place at a very early age, he discovered such a degree of reverential awe as had scarcely ever been witnessed before ; and ever after in his stated appearance there, whether he listened to the sacred word, or bowed before the altar, his whole carriage was marked with the most unaffected decorum and piety. Oh ! think not, my dear young friends, that he then embraced anything gloomy, rigorous, or unnecessary ; he made choice of what was to increase his talents, to refine his enjoyments, to fortify his mind against the allurements and sorrows of time, and to prepare his soul to return to the hand of its Maker, after a short and happy visit to mortality.

I borrow the words of his father to describe to you the happy manner in which their Sabbaths were mutually spent. “ Unrestrained by the presence of witnesses, we gave on that day an unlimited indulgence to our affectionate and devotional feelings. We conversed as parts of the same family ; we congratulated each other as members of the Christian church ; we rejoiced over one another as heirs of the same glorious promises. Some interesting passage of Scripture, or some choice piece of divinity, generally furnished the matter of our discourse, and while we endeavored to obtain a clear and comprehensive view of the subject before us, a divine light would sometimes break in upon us, satisfying our doubts, exalting our conceptions, and cheering our hearts. We have then with one consent laid aside our book that we might uninterruptedly admire the beauties, and enjoy the sweets of the opening prospect. While thus solacing ourselves with a

view of our future enjoyments, and the place of our final destination, we have solemnly renewed our vows, resolving, for the joy that was set before us, to endure the cross, despising the shame, in humble imitation of our adorable Master. In such a frame of mind we found it possible to speak of probable sufferings, and painful separations, with the utmost composure. And with such a termination of our course in sight, we could cheerfully leave all the casualties of that course to the Divine disposal; fully persuaded that whatever evil might befall us by the way, an abundant compensation would be made for all on our arrival at home."

The sedentary habits, and intense application of the young student, it was feared by his father would injure the delicacy of his health, and he endeavored to draw him more frequently from his beloved books. But his inclinations led him so strongly to such pursuits, that the amusements and recreations of youth had for him no charm, and he would silently retire from them to seclude himself in his study. His parents still trembling at the feebleness and delicacy of his appearance, were advised to place him in a public school, where perhaps the novelty of the scene might for awhile divert his mind from too intense study, and more athletic exercises strengthen the fibres of his frame.

They acquiesced in the propriety of this advice, but the idea of parting was so insupportable, that they removed their family to Newport, and placed him at the excellent seminary of the Rev. Joseph Scott. Here he was introduced to a scene replete with novelty; he had often heard of a school, but had never seen one, and great was his astonishment

to find idleness, irregularity and ignorance, where he expected only to find industry, order and intelligence. The customary exercises of the academy were performed by him with such perfect ease, that his attendance was required scarcely five hours in the day, "and thus," says his affectionate father, "we were allowed to spend the greatest part of our time together. Twice in the day we parted, not without a momentary feeling of regret, and twice we met each other with unfeigned pleasure, as dearest friends are accustomed to meet after a tedious separation.

Though he had many seniors among his companions he rapidly rose to the highest seat in the school, a place of which he was by no means ambitious, and which he occupied with the utmost modesty and condescension. His affability and gentleness conciliated the minds and repressed the envy of his school-fellows, but between his habits and theirs the difference was so great, that he could form no familiar connection with any of them. In the head master of this seminary he found an attentive instructor, and a familiar friend. By him the young student's talents were distinguished with the strongest marks of esteem, and he never spoke of him but in the most endearing terms, calling him "the pride of his school and the pride of his heart."

The return of this amiable family to their beloved village was a time of unspeakable enjoyment. Their affectionate people waited to welcome them ;—the sight of their habitation renewed the memory of former joys, and he on whose account they had departed, gazed with unutterable emotion on the

spot of his nativity. Its trees, its cottages, the very rock on which it stood, were associated with the recollection of unmingled enjoyments; every room in his dwelling, every shrub in his garden, every field in his extensive prospect; even the distant hills behind which he had been accustomed to watch the setting sun, seemed to say—welcome—welcome to the youth who from more splendid scenes—scenes where he has been honored and caressed, returns cheerfully to us.

“How promising are your prospects in life,” said a friend, “how reasonably may you look forward to the most satisfactory events.” But with ineffable modesty and sweetness he answered, “I look forward to no future event whatever with any degree of desire, perfectly assured that no possible change in my affairs can make any addition to my present happiness.” Not even the gaieties and amusements of London could affect the inclinations of this incomparable youth, who after spending two months there, at the giddy age of 16, returned to his native village with the same delight—the same unassuming manners—the same purity of taste. As they entered the secluded spot where all their real enjoyments centered, he presented his father with a copy of Latin verses, expressive of his feelings, which at the request of his mother were thus translated.

“Lives there a youth who far from home
Through novel scenes exults to roam?
Then let the restless vagrant go
And idly pass from show to show;
While in my native village blest,
Delighted still, and still at rest,
Without disturbance or alloy,
Life's purest pleasures I enjoy.”

Every spot to this amiable youth was sweet, because he bore in his bosom the source of all true pleasure—unaffected goodness—active virtue—and an hope of the favor of God. But while he was rapidly preparing for the sacred employment to which he was destined, increasing in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man, a secret arrow from an unerring hand pierced him, commissioned to wound, and eventually to destroy. In the month of April, 1804, he was suddenly attacked by a discharge of blood from the lungs, which was repeated until he was reduced to a surprising degree of debility. “We considered this,” writes his father, “as a solemn warning from above; and while we discovered in it the absolute uncertainty of our dearest earthly enjoyments, we earnestly prayed for a growing submission to the divine will.

In the mean time it afforded us unspeakable comfort to mark the composure of our suffering child, who ‘as a sheep before his shearers opened not his mouth, neither despised the chastening of the Lord, or fainted under his rebuke,’ but lying as clay in the hand of the potter, meekly submitted himself to the disposal of a faithful Creator.” But the medicines prescribed seemed to have a beneficial effect upon him, and a journey through a beautiful part of Wales, and several weeks residence among its delightful scenes, together with the purity of its air, and the mild salubrity of the season, seemed to restore again the health of the beloved object. As they returned home with the reviving invalid, all Nature appeared to them participant in their joy;—to use the animated language of his father, “the mountains and hills seemed around us to break forth

into singing, and all the trees of the field to clap their hands. We renewed our vows at every stage, we freely indulged our grateful feelings at home, where we reared an altar to the God of all comfort, who had been mindful of us in our low estate, graciously prospered our way, and brought us again in peace to our own habitation."

During this interval of returning vigor, he formed many plans of improvement, and acquired much useful information. He was incessantly occupied, and all his occupations invariably tended either to increase his own knowledge, or to advance the happiness of his family. Through a great part of the day he was a silent and separate student; at stated periods he related to his father what he had explored alone; and occasionally associated with both his parents with the most marked satisfaction, and cheerful discourse. Their evenings were spent in the reciprocal enjoyment of the highest domestic pleasures. Their customary exercises began with music, sometimes of the most delicate and complicated kind; were continued with reading and conversing alternately on the best works, historical or poetical, philosophical, moral or religious; and closed with the lifting up of the heart and voice in grateful prayer to the bountiful Giver of all good.

In May he again resumed his studies at Newport, where he continued till the midsummer vacation, and then went on a pleasing journey with his parents. Immediately after his return he was summoned to Newport as a candidate for two vacant exhibitions. When he appeared at his public examination, and took his seat before the tutors of the college, the magistrates, clergy and visitors assem-

bled, a degree of modest diffidence was visible in him, which is often connected with real genius. But in his appointed exercises he was so ready, so correct, so perfect, that the whole concourse were ready to applaud him with one voice, his parents were loaded with congratulations for having such a son, and a paper signed by all present, was presented to the managers of the school funds, requesting that the usual sum presented to the candidate might be doubled on account of his extraordinary attainments. Yet so meekly did he bear this full tide of honor, that he manifested not the least satisfaction in hearing his own praises, and after his return home never made the most distant allusion to these flattering events. It was now concluded that he should become a student at Oxford, and in October, 1805, he was entered a fellow commoner at Christ Church College, not intending to take his residence there till the commencement of the following term.

The prospect of separation, and the dangerous examples to which he must necessarily be exposed, gave pain to the hearts of his parents, but his early and growing piety, his extreme temperance and modesty, his intense application to study, added to a certain firmness of mind, of which he had given indisputable evidences, gave them the strongest ground of hope, that he would in every situation refuse the evil, and choose the good. His classical and mathematical studies now employed almost the whole of his time, and so assiduously did he devote himself to these pursuits, that he was regularly the first of the family to leave his chamber, even during the severest part of the season. The day was too short for his active mind; and, had he been allowed,

he would willingly have added to its length by contracting the night, which he was inclined to consider as a great interruption to his progress in knowledge. It was evident that he desired knowledge for her own sake, and not on account of those flattering distinctions which she sometimes gains among men. He discovered none of that self complacency which is so disgustingly manifest in the deportment of many young scholars, nor did he ever betray the least desire to outshine an inferior. On the contrary, in every company, and on all occasions he manifested an extraordinary degree of meekness, doing nothing through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind esteeming others better than himself. Both at home and abroad he appeared as a peaceable student in the school of Christ, and as one who possessed that heavenly disposition which “envieth not—vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up—doth not behave unseemly—seeketh not its own.”

It had been the custom of this happy family to notice the birth-day of their beloved son, not with sumptuous entertainments or extravagant gaiety, but with the most affectionate congratulations among themselves, and the most ardent ascriptions of gratitude to God. In this manner, his eighteenth birth-day was spent, but amidst its pure and hallowed pleasures, little did they expect it was the last they were ever to commemorate. His mother brought forward many affecting quotations from the authors with which she was daily conversant, to remind the objects of her affection of their past blessings, and to cheer them with the prospect of future comforts :

and his father presented him with the following pleasing effusion.

The Birth Day Wish. Jan. 30, 1806.

“May all thy years serenely flow,
Nor charg’d with care, nor mix’d with wo !
And still as this lov’d day returns,
While thy glad heart within thee burns,
May gratitude prepare the feast,
And hope be there a smiling guest ;
Nor rosy health, nor sprightly joy
Refuse to wait upon my boy.”

“ Ah ! ”—writes his father, “ could I have foreseen that my son’s next claim upon his father’s pen would be—not for a birth-day tribute, but for a monumental inscription,—what a season of bitterness would this have been.”—As they were thus sweetly passing the hours of his last natal day, a servant arrived about noon, with a letter addressed to him, containing bank-bills to a considerable amount, with a request that he would receive them as a joint token of the affection of a few of his friends, who wished annually to repeat the same expression of their regard till he should take his first degree. This unexpected proof of the estimation in which he was held, was received by the object of it with the strongest indications of astonishment and gratitude.

Preparations for his removal to the university were now occasionally made. “ For eighteen years,” says his father, “ we had been inseparable companions, and now while various preparations for his departure were making before our eyes, we were often ready to address each other in the passionate language of Ruth, ‘ Entreat me not to leave thee ; for

whither thou goest, I will go ;—and where thou lodgest, I will lodge,' not knowing the appointment of God, that nothing but death should part us." The approaching spring, the wound in his vitals, which they had vainly hoped was healed, began to break out, and bleed afresh, and the influenza, which was then epidemical, seizing upon his feeble frame, fixed there an incurable malady, which no power of medicine could alleviate or remove. The sudden and painful changes of his state he met with a smile of cheerful submission ; no murmuring word was ever heard to fall from his lips ; no trace of chagrin or anxiety was at any time visible on his countenance. Neither loss of appetite, or decay of strength, neither languid days or restless nights, could break the settled composure of his mind ; and so admirable was the mixture of meekness and manliness discoverable in him, that it was not easy to say, whether his patience or fortitude was carried to the greatest extent.

He constantly aspired to the knowledge of divine things, raising his thoughts to the contemplation of God, and regularly advancing his preparation for that eternal world, to which he was making so speedy an approach. The affecting language of his father conveys a striking description of the close of his short and excellent life. " We saw the stroke descending," he writes, " which was to dissolve an union from which we had derived an unbroken succession of delights ; and we could not but tremble as it approached. But in the midst of our tremblings we presumed only to implore that its violence might be softened to all the suffering parties. This earnest prayer was offered without ceasing, and it

found acceptance with God. He knew the feebleness of our hearts, and gave charge concerning us from his holy heavens. His purpose was indeed unalterable, but it was executed with fatherly compassion.

No terrific messenger was sent to force away our darling child ; but angels came on that commission ; neither wind, nor earthquake, nor fire, were allowed to disturb us with their tremendous exhibitions, but throughout all the mitigated visitations, a *still, small voice*, was heard, proclaiming peace before us. After having been a constant and conscientious attendant on the public ordinances of grace for many years, his Sabbaths were now past in a state of comparative solitude, for so solicitous was he to preserve the order of the day, that he would never once permit his mother to be detained from church on his account. While we went up to the holy temple, and presented our supplications. on the footstool of the Judge of all the earth, he meekly presented himself in secret before the Father of spirits, in whose sight places and forms are inconsiderable things.—When the bells called us away, he seemed for a moment to lament those growing infirmities which would not allow him to obey so joyful a summons ; nor did he salute us with less satisfaction at our return, when he found a sacred entertainment in learning the subject that had employed our attention. The concluding part of these holy days was spent in our customary manner, and never was he disqualified for taking a cheerful share in our acts of social worship.

These opportunities had been always accompanied with peculiar satisfaction ; our Sabbath suns

still continued to go down with a glorious radiance, gilding even our most gloomy prospects, and giving us the promise of an everlasting day. As he approached the end of his course, he withdrew himself from every pursuit that might divert his thoughts from the great end of his being. The poets, and orators of Greece and Rome, were exchanged for the works of experimental religion, and he sat daily at the feet of some master in Israel, from whose piety and experience he hoped to gain an increase of divine wisdom. The practical writings of Mr. Law were frequently in his hands ; these he had advantageously perused in the days of health, but at this season he studied them with the deepest attention, pausing long on every striking passage, and frequently making the most solemn remarks. He then proceeded to the writings of Alleine, a celebrated non-conformist, and a little volume of his was regularly laying before him, from his rising to his retiring hour, and if at any time he visited the garden to enjoy the cheering beams of the sun, the evangelical Alleine, as he termed him, was his companion there.

By the advice of many who anxiously sought our relief, we once more changed the scene, for a short time. But wherever we journeyed, he was still making his passage through the valley of the shadow of death. Through this dark and solitary region, every man must pass : but the passage admits of a wonderful variety. Some are hurried down this valley with a rapidity, which will not allow them to mark its terrific furniture ;—while others are led through it with slow and solemn steps. Multitudes tread this road under the torpors of a stupid insen-

sibility ; and many rush along it, under the turbulence of a raving delirium. Some few favored individuals are allowed to pass in a state of complete recollection and composure, and sometimes an extraordinary personage is carried through it in a kind of holy triumph. Our dear son, went down into this desolate valley without disquietude, and walked deliberately through it without apprehension. We attended his steps from the beginning to the end of his painful journey : without ever withdrawing ourselves from his side, we observed the changes that took place at every stage, we marked every turn of his countenance, we caught every expression that fell from his lips.

But while we were solicitous to sustain his weakness, and to smoothe his path, we found him in circumstances rather to afford than to require support. An invisible arm sustained his soul, and supplied his wants. He neither felt distress, or feared evil ; for God was with him, even he “ who giveth songs in the night, and turneth the shadows of death into the morning.” Though he was fully sensible whither his steps were tending, he went cheerfully forwards, neither hinting at the uneasiness of the way or casting one wishful glance behind. His faith and patience unweariedly performed their proper work, this alleviating present pressures, and that unveiling future glories. Neither inward decays, nor outward accidents, could interrupt the regular exercise of these graces ; and under their prevailing influence he meekly triumphed over all opposition. “ This was the Lord’s doing, and it was marvellous in our eyes.” We were now strongly urged to visit the Hot Wells at Bristol, as the last hope of success.

This proposal was at first, mildly resisted by our dear son, who, fully persuaded of the nature of his case, foresaw that the experiment would occasion needless trouble, and terminate in sad disappointment. But perceiving our extreme anxiety on the subject, he was unwilling to crush all our expectations at once, by exposing the secrets of his hopeless condition, and prepared for his departure with apparent satisfaction. His chief attention was bestowed on those things which were to be left behind, and which he seemed to regulate with extraordinary exactness. We observed his provident care with no small delight ; but between his thoughts and ours, the difference was great indeed ; we fondly imagined that his views were directed to an happy return, while he was preparing for a final removal.

On similar occasions he had generally required a considerable package of books ; he now requested only that an English Bible, and a Greek Testament might not be forgotten, while he himself took charge of Alleine's Alarm, the volume to which he had become so much attached. On the morning of August 27, 1806, we left our pleasant village, accompanied by the best wishes of our neighbors, many of whom were standing to observe our departure, and to look on that face which they were to behold no more.

Our journey was completed without difficulty, and after reposing ourselves under the hospitable roof of our excellent friend, James Ireland, Esq. we removed to our own apartments near the Wells, on the first of September. The friendly visits of a gentleman of great medical skill and practice, contri-

buted more than once to the temporary relief of the invalid, and were continued without intermission to the day of our bereavement. But the season of our fellowship upon earth, was now drawing hastily to a conclusion ; though the decays of nature proceeded by such insensible degrees, that the near approach of our separation was less perceptible to ourselves than to others. Our beloved companion still rose and dressed as usual, sat with us through the day, and derived satisfaction from every thing around him. He regularly partook of our meals, and conversed with his ordinary animation ; cautiously concealing from us those formidable symptoms, which were every day increasing upon him. If at any time we lamented the diminution of his appetite, he would encourage us by commending the provision that was made for him, or if upon any sudden change of attitude we expressed our fears that he was in a state of suffering, he would acknowledge with a smile the perception of some uneasiness, but assured us that it amounted not to pain. In the mean time his pure soul had disengaged itself from temporal hopes and fears, and was silently preparing to leave mortality behind. The land of promise was ever in his view, and he waited only the welcome signal to arise and take possession of his heavenly inheritance. Under the divine benediction and guidance he had passed through the world uncontaminated with its pollutions, and uninfluenced by its maxims. His whole path had been privileged beyond the common lot of man—he had borne no burden—he had seen no sorrow—he had felt no distressing solicitude. And now, at the conclusion of his transient course, he looked like some

superior being, who having alighted on earth for the performance of an hasty commission, was again stretching his wings for an homeward flight.

At length the day arrived, which we had so long dreaded, and for the approach of which we were still so little prepared. On the morning of Tuesday, September 9th, we walked into his chamber, as he was rising, and were received as usual with an affectionate smile. He answered our inquiries with all the calmness, and caution imaginable; but there was an appearance of languor and debility about him, which could not be concealed. He presented himself at breakfast with an air of satisfaction, and joined in our morning devotions with all his usual composure. Had the weather permitted he was to have spent an hour abroad, but as it proved unfavorable he sweetly applied himself to that little volume, which was always within reach, and seldom out of his hand.

His ordinary gentleness was exemplary; but through the whole of his deportment on this day, there was a lamb-like patience which filled us with admiration, though it was observed that his respiration was surprisingly quickened by the slightest exertion, and that he was unable to converse without frequent pauses. He sat down to our dinner with a tolerable degree of appetite, and appeared at the close of it to be somewhat refreshed. After this meal, it was customary with him to slumber for an hour in his chair, while we silently watched his repose, and sent up our supplications to heaven in his behalf. We were thus watching near him, when he suddenly turned upon us an expressive look, which seemed intended to bespeak our attention.

He had long desired to make us acquainted with several interesting particulars, concerning the state of his mind ; but perceiving our inability to bear any such communications, he had reluctantly forborne to open his heart. Nor had we suffered less uneasiness on our part ; having many things to say, and yet fearing lest our awakened feelings should break the settled tranquillity of his soul, and hurry us away into an agony of distress. As it was with Elijah and his attached successor on their approaching separation, so it was with us. They maintained a delicate reserve towards each other, while they proceeded from Bethel to Jericho, and from Jericho to Jordan, the one not daring to glory in his expected ascension, nor the other to express his sorrowful forebodings, lest they should mutually agitate one another, and disturb the order of the approaching solemnity. But as the awful moment drew near, and he was about to be gone, Elijah rose above the weakness of humanity, and openly asserted the purpose of heaven. So when our dear son was made sensible by some internal and infallible token, that his hour was at hand, he thought it unsuitable to our common character, that he should leave the world without giving glory to God. Under this impression he expressed himself with all his wonted calmness and deliberation, to the following purpose.

“ I have long known my disease to be a dangerous one ; and now I perceive the danger to be very great :—but I am resigned. I have daily hesitated to make you acquainted with my real state, lest I should add to the sufferings which I have already brought upon you. But as we must all die, I think it unhappy when a man is approaching death, that

either he or his friends should fear to make it the subject of their conversation. To meditate and speak upon death, is a part of our duty even in the days of health. You have often led me to this serious duty in seasons that are past ; and it becomes us not to shrink from it now.

“ I see nothing in this state worth living for ; the whole world is replete with vanity, and I esteem it happy to be removed out of it at an early period of life. Much of my time has been spent in the study of one or two languages, to which we are apt to attach an high degree of importance—(then turning a pleasant look upon his mother, he added)—but in heaven that labor will be known no more ; for there, as Bunyan observes, they all speak the language of Canaan. Human studies and pursuits, are generally of a trifling kind, and not such as we are likely to cultivate and perfect in the future world. When I look back upon my past life, I see nothing in it but what is sinful, and it seems almost incredible to me that a dying man should ever speak of himself as a harmless and innocent creature ; though I have heard that this is sometimes the case.

If such a case is really possible, it must surely be one of the most discouraging that can fall under the notice of a pious minister. I know myself to be a sinner—and I have not been, even to you, what you had reason to expect.” Hitherto we had permitted our beloved one to proceed without interruption, imposing upon ourselves a restraint which could scarcely be maintained from one sentence to another. But at this last distressing word, we fell upon his neck and kissed him, with passionate assurances that he had been better to us than all our hopes,

and that we had known nothing but pleasure in his society.

Till this moment he preserved his characteristic serenity ; but now his tears flowed apace, his bursting sobs could be no longer suppressed, and his whole feeble frame was shaken with the tenderest emotions. This part of the scene was too distressing to be either endured or described, and it was happy that his mother could so far prevail, by her affectionate entreaties, as to assuage the anguish of our hearts. In a short time he wiped away the last tears he was ever to shed : and assuming his former composure, thus continued his discourse. “ My complaint has been of long continuance ; but I have reason to be thankful that it has not subjected me to acute pains ; for under a state of bodily torture, it must be difficult to preserve the mind from distraction ;—I owe it to the goodness of God that I have been permitted the free use of my thoughts through the whole of my sickness, and I rejoice especially in this, that they have been directed to subjects of inestimable worth. When I first took up Alleine’s Alarm, I feared to find upon myself the marks of the unconverted. But though I was once under the dominion of some of those sins, which are there enumerated, Alleine has taught me both the need and advantage of a Saviour, and I am freed from their bondage.” After a pause of some length he turned to me with the following affecting question ; “ Father, what is your opinion respecting the circumstances of the soul, immediately on its quitting the body ? Do you suppose it instantly to pass into the presence of God ? or do you imagine it to be detained for an

uncertain space in some separate and inferior state." I answered with confidence, "'The passage of the righteous soul from earth to heaven is assuredly instantaneous.'" "That," replied he, "is my opinion, for doubtless those words of our Lord concerning Lazarus may be depended on—Lazarus was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."

Thus closed a discourse which can never be erased from our remembrance, and which constrained me at the time to offer my humble acknowledgments to that God who had conferred upon our dear son the highest honors that a father could solicit for his child. After reposing himself for a short space upon the sofa, while we were endeavoring to recover our spirits from the agitation into which they had been hurried, he attended us at the tea table; where we had scarcely taken our seats when our dear friend, Mr. Ireland, was introduced, in company with an amiable lady who had interested herself much in our affairs. Mr. Ireland seated himself close by the side of our dear son, and inquired very minutely into the state of his health, examining him with a fixed observance, and counting his pulse with the nicest exactness. These were his usual attentions to the beloved sufferer, as often as they met; and they were returned at this solemn season with the most unaffected appearances of sensibility and respect. The conversation which took place was perfectly suited to our situation, and calculated to fix our thoughts upon the Great Disposer of all our concerns. Had they witnessed all the circumstances of the past day, and foreseen all the events of the approaching night, our Christian visitants could not have assumed a deportment more com-

pletely adapted to the occasion. There was an inexpressible *something*, which made the whole of this interview peculiarly serious and impressive to us all; and at the conclusion of it, Mr. Ireland secretly expressed his amazement at the invariable composure of our son, while his pulse was running on with an incalculable rapidity. The evening was devoted partly to his favorite writer, and partly to silent meditation. But however he was engaged, the happy frame of his mind was easily discernible, through his tranquil countenance; and we were unwilling to disturb the profitable employment of his thoughts.

By the vigor and activity of his soul he rose above those bodily languors, which many a sufferer would have counted insupportable; nor would he have once noticed his weakness, except in answer to our importunate inquiries. Constrained by these importunities, he acknowledged himself reduced to a degree of debility, of which he had formerly supposed human nature to be utterly incapable; yet this he mentioned rather as a matter of surprise, than a cause of complaint. His views had taken another direction, and had he found us of a temper sufficiently firm, there is reason to believe that he would have added something to his former communication. But after the painful experiment already made, he thought it advisable rather to restrain his own feelings, than to run the hazard of again excruciating ours. He was climbing the heights of Pisgah, while we were lingering below in the valley of tears. The distance between us was every moment increasing; and though this was mutually marked, and mutually lamented, he dared not venture a descent to us, nor

had we power to rise with him. Our different circumstances prevented, in some measure, our familiar intercourse. Nevertheless, through the dark cloud of our sorrow we saw him borne to a commanding station; from whence, had we been able to reach his elevated ground, he would have pointed us to all the dazzling glories of an unknown world.

It was now our evening hour of prayer; and we engaged for the last time, in a solemn act of family worship. Never before was this sacred exercise performed with so much reverence and fervor: and though it could not be performed without a struggle, yet our supplications and our praises ascended together. Many affecting considerations operated at this time upon our susceptible hearts: a deep conviction of human frailty; a strong perception of our dependance upon God; a thankful remembrance of past mercies; a soothing sense of present support; an enlarged view of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; and an enlivening hope of future blessedness;—all united to quicken our devotions at this awful period, humbling, melting and animating us by turns, beyond all possibility of description. After a short and peaceful interval, we invited him again to our frugal board, which was purposely furnished with food of the most restorative kind. He accepted the invitation with his usual affability, and gratified us by partaking of our repast, with an unexpected degree of freedom and cheerfulness. He could not refuse to sit at our table; though he was constrained to eat and drink with us in the manner of Israel, at their last supper in Egypt, his loins were girded, his shoes on his

feet, his staff in his hand, and all things prepared for an immediate removal.

The last messengers were even now in waiting to conduct him away, and in this state he received our anxious attentions with a most engaging sweetness, frequently looking upon us with expressions of great tenderness, and benignity, neither wholly restraining his feelings nor yet allowing them too large an indulgence. Though his words were few, yet they were most consolatory; and his smiles had still so enlivening an influence upon us, that we were almost ready to interpret them into promises of a prolonged existence upon earth, when they were only the glances of a happy departing spirit. The same exquisite sense of propriety and decorum, which had distinguished him in the days of health and enjoyment, was exhibited through the whole of his deportment under sickness and suffering, and continued, without any abatement, to the last moment of his life. His actions, his words, his looks, were all governed by the strictest rules of consistency and moderation. He calmly accommodated himself to the varying exigencies of his state, maintaining a lovely sedateness through all the trying changes to which he was exposed, and regularly manifesting such an equability of soul, as the maturest Christian would wish to experience in his passage through the chambers of death. ‘Let me die the death of my submissive son, and let my last end be like his.’

The volume of truth was lying open before me, and as I turned over its sacred pages my attention was powerfully called to a portion of the revelation of St. John. I perused in silence, the seventh

chapter of that mysterious book ; and finding it particularly adapted to my present feelings, I repeated the concluding part of it to my listening companions. " These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." This sublime passage produced upon our spirits a sort of electric effect, while it offered us the last delightful prospect in which we were allowed to participate below. We closed the book, and gazed upon each other in an holy extacy ; successively attempting to express what could not possibly be uttered. Heaven itself lay open before us ; the angels, the elders, the spirits of just men made perfect, were exhibited to us, and their song of adoration seemed to come pouring upon our ears, as we found ourselves involuntarily rising from our seats to ascribe with them " blessing and honor, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." It was now remarked that we had sat up to a later hour than usual ; when our dear son replied that he was perfectly ready to retire, whenever we should think proper.

Orders were therefore instantly given for the necessary preparations to be made, and we conduct-

ed him to his room ; where he requested to be left alone, for a quarter of an hour, which we soon understood to proceed from his desire of enjoying a season of secret and unreserved communication with God. On our return, we found him preparing to lie down, and offered our assistance, but without accepting it, he placed himself very composedly in his bed, and in the same posture which had pleased him from his infancy. After the interchange of a few affectionate expressions, he seemed disposed to slumber, and lest our presence should interrupt his repose, we left him to the care of his watchful nurse, and quietly withdrew to our own apartment. There we passed more than an hour, in a state of fearful suspense, feebly endeavoring to stay our souls upon God, and anxiously listening to every distant sound ; yet not without a hope that the night would prove a season of comfortable refreshment to our beloved son. At length he was heard to cough ; and his distressed mother went immediately down to visit him. After a few minutes absence, she appeared again inviting me to follow her ; her voice was scarcely audible, yet it sounded like the midnight cry in the gospel, “ Behold the bridegroom cometh,”—and I hastened to embrace my Joshua before he should go forth to meet his Lord. I found him patiently sinking under the last efforts of his disease, with a countenance full of tranquillity, and sweetness. My approach produced in him a slight emotion,—but he had proceeded too far to return. Not able to endure the thought that our intercourse was wholly at an end, I joined my face to his, softly inquiring by what means I might yet minister to his comfort. He understood my feelings,

and sought to repress them ;—replying to my inquiry with a gentle request that I would cease to speak. After hanging over him for a few minutes in unutterable distress, I involuntarily repeated my question, when in a tone of tender affection he returned me the same answer, “ *Please not to speak.*” He had already opened a communication with the celestial world, and fully surrendered himself into the hands of his invisible attendants ; and in these circumstances was unwilling to be recalled or interrupted by any importunities from below. We received his request as a sacred charge, and binding ourselves to silence, knelt about his bed in a state of trembling expectation. A short and solemn pause succeeded : when after a few soft groans, without the slightest change of posture, he peacefully breathed out his soul into the bosom of his Father and our Father, his God and our God.

At this awful moment, all the opposition of our will to the divine proceedings was totally subdued ; and we sunk under an overwhelming sense of his supremacy, whose judgments are unsearchable, and whose ways are past finding out ; the mountains flowed down at his presence ; and we laid our hand upon our mouth before him. One desire alone possessed our hearts, and it was too eager at the time to be restrained ; that we might be permitted to follow our beloved, where mortality shall be swallowed up of life. I attempt not to relate how the remaining part of the night was spent—but it was a night much to be remembered for the pulling down of all our temporal hopes, and the shutting up of all our worldly prospects,—it was a night, not of painful solicitude but of incurable sorrow,—a night of

intolerable bitterness, and a season of deep humiliation before God. On the morrow our sympathizing friends came to mourn with us, and to comfort us ; and though no human consolation could avail much in our case, yet were we sensibly touched with their affectionate commiserations.

But in how many ways our inestimable friend, Mr. Ireland, was pleased to exercise towards us his active benevolence, it would be difficult to enumerate. He took upon himself the arrangement of the mournful scene that was to follow, and at the day appointed came with a select number of attendants to convey the precious remains of our departed son to his own sepulchre. Nor was he satisfied till he had gathered us again under his own roof ; where he adopted every means that humanity could devise, for the mitigation of our growing anguish—allowing us all the freedom that mourners could desire, and daily watching for opportunities of doing us good ; neither omitting to remind us of our past felicity, nor refusing to mingle his tears with ours.

On the ensuing Sabbath a pathetic sermon was delivered on the sad occurrence, and though we exerted all the resolution we were capable of, to attend the public worship on this solemn occasion, all our efforts were not sufficient to save us from sinking under the impression of a discourse so appropriate and affecting. Our compassionate host would gladly have detained us with him through the approaching winter, conceiving that so complete a change of scene and society, might produce some desirable effect upon our spirits. But affliction had unfitted us for all human converse ; and after paying a sorrowful visit to the tomb of our beloved Joshua,

we tore ourselves away from the place of his burial to the place of his birth, that where our joys had risen without limits, there our tears might flow without restraint.

Many days have now passed since the separating stroke was inflicted ; and though spring and summer, autumn and winter, have maintained their regular courses without interruption, yet have we known but one continued season of sadness and of sorrow. Every thing around us has undergone a dismal change,—the charm of life is effectually broken ; a sable veil, never more to be removed, is cast over all the pleasant appearances of nature ; our house is become a solitude ; and the world presents us with a dreary and desolate wilderness. But it affords us consolation to reflect that we are passing through this wilderness as strangers and sojourners ; that we have already surmounted many of its difficulties, and shall shortly reach its utmost boundary. Our best enjoyments are still at a distance ; and though the remaining part of our way may probably be more distressing, yet it will assuredly be much shorter than that which is past. Our dear companion, it is true, has unexpectedly started from our side, and gained the celestial country before us. But we are hastily following after ; and a few more laborious steps will restore him to our embraces, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, or crying.

In the meanwhile, such an affliction as ours admits of no perfect remedy ; nor is it possible that the days of our mourning should terminate on this side the grave. Yet when we consider by whose appointment this has befallen us, we silently submit

ourselves to his sovereign pleasure. He hath an undoubted right to do what he will with his own. We are in his hands as clay in the hands of the potter ; and to him only are known the methods by which we may be finally wrought into vessels of honor. If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice ; if he condescends to number even the hairs of our head, we may safely satisfy ourselves, that he would not have permitted so irreparable a calamity to overtake us, except for the accomplishment of some truly important purpose. What that purpose may be, it is vain for us to inquire ; but whether it be our preservation from some formidable mischief, or our preparation for some inestimable good, we devoutly pray that his gracious design may be fully answered upon us. It was the will of our adorable Lord, that we should be employed in training up an heir of salvation. Such an appointment was both happy and honorable, and it has occupied our most serious thoughts for eighteen years together. During this memorable interval, we have put forth many vigorous efforts, and tasted many extraordinary consolations, in the execution of our interesting commission. And though our conduct has been defective in many particulars, we know not, had we our work to begin anew, that we could adopt a more promising course than that which we have industriously pursued, which has been attended with such unexampled felicity, and crowned with such complete success. Our appointment is now withdrawn, our work is done, and our finished pupil called away to the court of his heavenly Father. ‘The Lord gave,

and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

The sacred volume exhibits man under the figure of a flower.—All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field. We have formerly admired the aptness of this figure; now it strikes us in a new and affecting point of view. The flowers of the field present us with a fascinating spectacle; they charm our eyes by the beauty of their form, the delicacy of their texture, the brilliancy of their colors, and the fragrance of their perfume; they serve at once to enrich our grounds, to adorn our houses, and to regale our senses; but after all the attention we can bestow upon them, their frailty is proportionate to their loveliness. And such are those most interesting pieces of human nature, the children of a family. One of these fair flowers was lately in our possession; we saw it bud,—we watched its opening;—we admired its rising excellences; and pleased ourselves with the hope that it would flourish for years to come:—we fostered it with care;—we guarded it with vigilance, and earnestly recommended it to the protection of Him, who had formed and fashioned it with such inimitable skill. But after all our unavailing solicitude, and all our passionate supplications, we saw it languish, and fade, and die! Such was the Divine will concerning us—and now, while we wander about the place, of which this blooming plant was once the choicest ornament, we endeavor to sooth our affliction with the consolatory assertion of the prophet, 'the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.'"

To this exquisite picture of the sorrows of a

pious father, I add a sentence from his prefatory address, in which he affectionately dedicates his invaluable little work to the people of his pastoral charge. "The time is fast approaching when you will see me borne to that grave, which is already prepared to receive me. But long after my ministerial exercises shall have reached their final period ; and when you, my brethren, shall be sleeping around me in the dust, my dearest son may continue to act through the medium of this little volume, as the modest instructor of your descendants, persuading them by his own example, and haply prevailing with some of them, to become followers of those, who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

THE END.

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